

PART 441.

THE

PRICE 6d

LEISURE

HOUR



SEPTEMBER, 1888.

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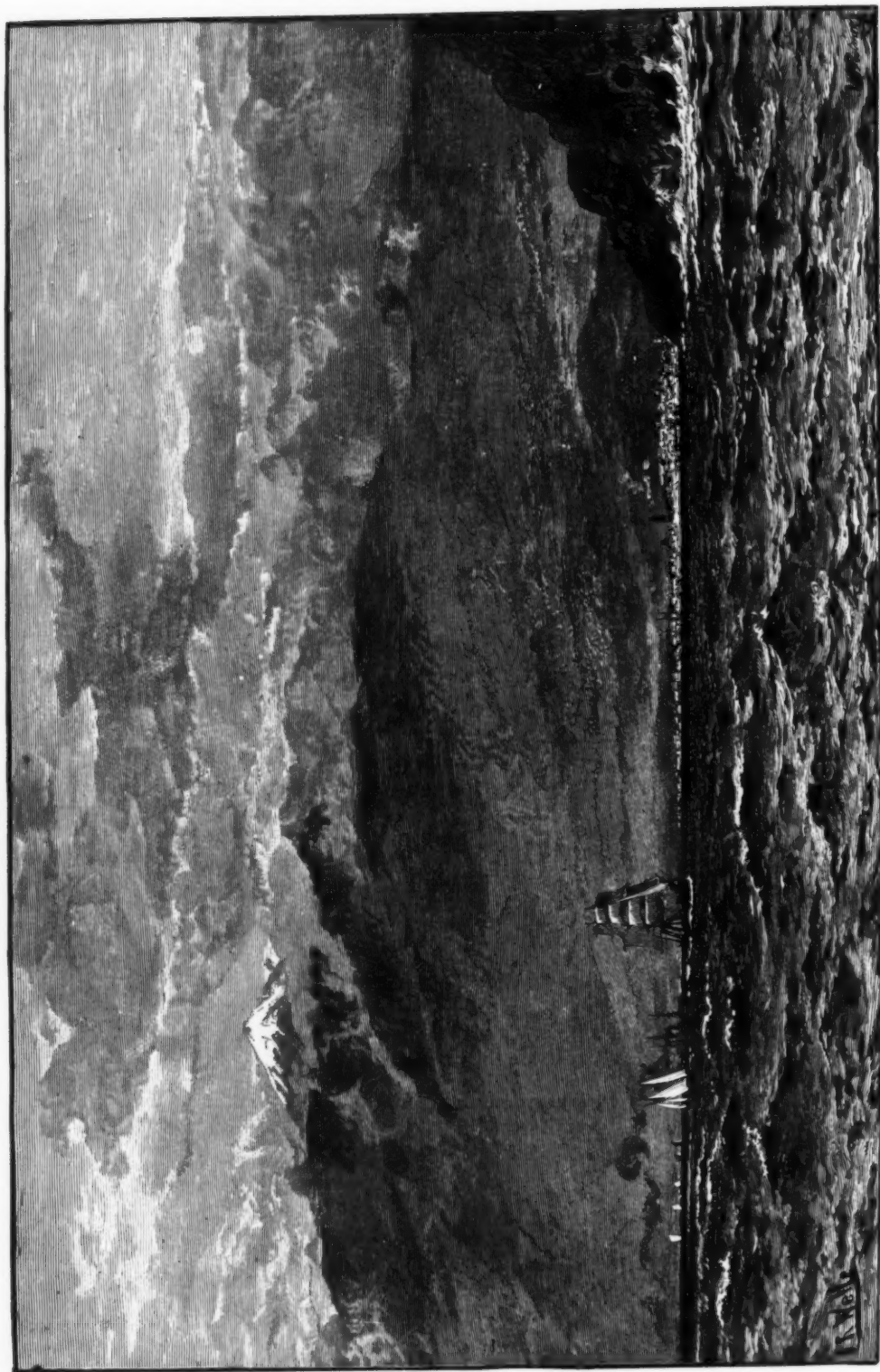
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THE PEAK OF TENERIFFE.

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GREAT-GRANDMAMMA SEVERN.

BY LESLIE KEITH, AUTHOR OF "THE CHILCOTES," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIX.—IT IS TOO LATE.



"NOTHING," HE SAID, BETWEEN HIS TEETH. "IT IS NOT YOU."

PERHAPS, if Judith had met Harry in the ordinary way—as a cousin and not simply as a distasteful matrimonial project—she might have relieved her girlish gravity by laughing at or with him, but it was no longer possible for her to take him humorously.

She took him with a seriousness that he found almost tragic, but when she left him now he allowed himself to pocket Letty's knot of scarlet ribbon which he had scrupled before to confiscate. It

is easy enough to be virtuous when you are allowed to have all your own way. Letty was part of the cakes and ale Harry had meant to renounce, and he was being begged, entreated, not to renounce, at least, this portion of his pleasures. Destiny, fate, circumstance, were all leagued against his best resolutions; it was this specious mode of argument with which he soothed himself. Judith had never before bent to ask a grace of him.

"I am an easy-going fellow; I do what I am told," he said, plaintively, to his reflection in the glass, as he reached his straw hat from the stand in the hall and went out on his mission. "If Judith had said 'stay at home,' I'd have done it. I lend myself admirably to discipline."

Letty was not altogether in the amiable frame of last night when he joined her in the big saloon. Her meekness was less obtrusively apparent, as he quickly observed, but he also noticed that there were no signs of travelling haste about her. She was faultlessly dressed, and she had an air of belonging to the great world, and of bestowing some honour on it by acknowledging the tie.

Harry paused at the door. The large room was empty, and yet the solitary, majestic little figure on the sofa gave it the illusion of being tolerably well filled with very fine company.

"May I come in?" he asked, adapting himself to this new mood.

"I should have thought you would have asked that question an hour or two earlier."

"I hope that means that you have missed me?"

"Oh, not at all; I fancied it might have occurred to you to ask if I were alive or not."

"That question would be superfluous now. As for your train"—he glanced at a clock on the mantel-shelf—"we shall catch it even if we put peas in our shoes by way of a cheerful penance. To have started an hour or two earlier would have been a waste of energy; unless you find the atmosphere of a waiting-room more exhilarating than I do?"

"I can't answer for your movements, of course," she said, with dignity; "but I have no desire to catch any train."

"Then you mean to drive, perhaps?"

"I don't mean to drive."

"Walk?" he suggested, mildly. "Wouldn't it I were you?"

"Nor yet walk."

"Well," drawled Harry, "if it's a conundrum I give it up. I'm at the end of my resources. Unless"—he hazarded the suggestion with a return of brightness—"it is the water highway your majesty has chosen to honour; a barge—"

"A fiddlestick!" interrupted Mrs. Letty, with a pout that was very damaging to her dignity. "If you have only come to tease, I wish you would go home again. I am serious."

"You are too serious for me. My lightness fails to grasp your meaning."

"Oh, Harry! I thought *you* would have understood!"

She spoke as if she were struggling with a rising sob.

"Indeed, my dear, I don't understand. Perhaps I am not intended to understand."

"How can you be so cruel! Did you only come to mock me?"

"I came because I was sent." He forced himself to make the admission, perhaps out of a sudden fear that he should presently not be cruel.

"Who sent you?" she asked, imperiously.

"The person who has the best right to command me."

"Ah," said Letty, with a perfectly natural pang of sorrow and envy; "everybody has some one but me!"

She rose, and began to walk up and down the big room, trailing her morning dress after her.

"How can I go back to loneliness, to solitude, after all those happy weeks, when I seemed to forget my troubles and sorrows, when I had a home and a family once again, and—and—dear friends to love, and who perhaps cared for me a little."

The lace handkerchief was fluttered out and came into use again. Letty's grief was real this time, however. West Kensington was but a dull refuge after The Rise, with its luxuries and its freedom from the vulgar insistence of weekly bills, and how was Harry, the simpleton, to guess it was on this ground her tears fell?

He could not bear those tears; they washed away his flippancy quite effectually. He was moved and shaken by them.

"Don't, Letty, don't," he implored her. "I can't endure to see you so unhappy."

"I am very foolish and ungrateful, I know."

She hung her head. "When you came in just now I was angry with you—yes, very angry. I had lain awake all night, planning and contriving whether I might allow myself to remain here a little—near the home where I have been so happy. See, I have the money." She took out Judith's purse from her pocket and held it up to him. "It is a little sum that I can spare quite well; and—I thought it might perhaps give Judith and you a little pleasure if I were near you, and could see you sometimes, though I could not be under the same roof."

"You know it would." He was thinking only of himself—of the difference her absence made to him while he was forced to remain as his grandmother's guest at The Rise. "I have missed you—I can't tell you how I've missed you, Letty."

"It was a plan that made me very happy. I got up early, hoping you would come soon, that I might tell you of it; and the hours went by, and you did not come."

"I had to wait," he began.

"You had to wait till you were sent! And when you did come at last you looked as if you thought it a trouble—as if you did not care whether I went or stayed."

"You know I care," said Harry, with a sudden intensity that was in strange contrast with his usual airy serenity. "Heaven help me, Letty!" he groaned, covering his face with his hands, "I care more than I have any right in honour or in common decency to care."

"Oh, Harry!" cried the widow, going up to him quickly, and putting a hand on his sleeve. "What have I done?"

"Nothing," he said, between his teeth. "It is not you."

"I—I had better go away," she faltered.

Two bright spots of colour burned on her cheeks; her eyes, in which the tears stood, had a wistful appeal in them. "Don't send me away," they said, giving the lie to her lips.

When he lifted his head, thrilled by that touch on his arm, and looked at her, a sudden spasm crossed his face and left it hard and stern.

"Oh," said Letty, drooping before his imagined anger, "I have made you unhappy, my poor boy."

"No," he said, but he could add nothing more.

"We are all unhappy, I think. Poor Judith—and I. Ah, I wish I had never come!"

"Don't say that."

"It would have been better if I had gone home the night Grandmamma took ill—if I had not come with you that day. I am punished because I yielded to the temptation. It is very lonely for me since Dick left me, but I ought to have remembered that loneliness is my portion now. It would have been wiser to have missed these few sunny weeks; it makes it the harder now."

She poured out her words incoherently in her agitation, and he stood looking at her, breathing hard, and still with that look of stern resolve upon his face.

"I must go," she faltered. "I will go home now—at once. And—and—you will please not come to see me any more."

"No," said Harry, his voice strenuous and his face pale. Her eyes were fixed on his with a curious, eager, half-frightened gaze; she looked as if a spell were upon her; so many issues hung upon his next words. What would they be?

They came at last with a passionate rush.

"It is too late for all that. It is too late to go back. And you shall not go, Letty, because I say to you—stay."

CHAPTER XXX.—FRIENDS ONCE MORE.

THE first person whom Winter encountered when he got within the old lady's kingdom on the hill, was Teddy. A very mournful and forlorn Teddy, hands in pockets, care seated on his young brow.

"Well, Teddy!" said Winter, cheerfully, "what's up now? Anything amiss with my namesake, or have you been wearing out your youthful mind with over-much study?"

"I never do any lessons," said Teddy, with an air of rebuke.

"I didn't know you had arrived at such a pitch of literary culture," said Winter, gravely, "as to be able to dispense with the alphabet."

"Did you like learning it?" asked Teddy, approaching the balustrade of the terrace on which Winter had seated himself, and showing signs of willingness to be cheered.

"Upon the whole, I preferred climbing the apple-tree, but I've since been told that it was a very base and depraved taste."

"Was it hard to climb?" demanded Teddy, resting an elbow on Winter's knee. "As hard as our cypress on the lawn?"

"That apple-tree, Ted, was the most obtrusively moral-pointing apple-tree it has ever been my lot to encounter; it carried a whole allegory of life in its trunk and branches. You couldn't get up it without barking your shins and rending your small-clothes, but you could tumble down from it

with fatal facility, as I discovered when I found myself at the bottom with a broken arm."

"What did they do to you?" asked Teddy, with a vast increase of interest.

"Spanked me."

"That wasn't fair," said the small Briton, his sense of justice outraged.

"In my day, Ted," Winter answered, glancing along the terrace with vague hopes that Judith might appear, "spanking was held to be the best kind of medicine for every sort of complaint; and besides, there were the injured feelings of the apple-tree to be taken into account. It was the time of apples."

"Well," said Ted, meditatively; "you wouldn't have climbed up if there hadn't been any, would you? You needn't look for Letty," he said, quick to notice the direction of Winter's glance, "she's gone away."

"So that's the reason of your grief, is it, young man?" Winter turned again to the child. "And reason enough, truly. Perhaps she will come back."

"No, she won't." He shook his head. "She has taken all her boxes. She went away last night, when I was in bed. I think it was rather mean to go without saying good-bye. Farthing came to me this morning and she said I wasn't to tell Granny. Why shouldn't I tell Granny? Don't you think she would be sorry that Letty has gone away?"

"Perhaps she would be so sorry that it would do her harm," said Winter, composedly. "Here is somebody who has not gone away," he said, getting down from the balustrade and going to meet Judith, who now appeared at the other end of the terrace.

"Oh, Judy's never going away," said Ted, confidentially; "she's going to marry Cousin Harry and live here always."

It was with these words in his ears that he went to greet Judith, "She is going to marry Harry." It had never before seemed to him such a thoroughly distasteful and unnatural arrangement as it did this May morning, when she came towards him with a smile. He was convinced that the step was a fatal one for Judith. He had not been blinded all those weeks, when he came and went and exchanged ironical civilities with Letty. Letty, at least, knew that he was a keen observer, and was somewhat on her guard before him, veiling some of her shafts and tucking away a few of those little tricks and airs she found so effective with others of his sex; but Harry was too indolent, or possibly too defiant, to make a pretence of concealing his pleasure in the little widow's society.

Between the two men there had risen a coolness which was none the less difficult to overcome because its beginnings could not be traced to any particular day or date. They mutually avoided each other; Winter from a feeling that if they met often he might not be able to rein in his growing contempt and scorn; Harry from a natural dislike of seeing himself arraigned before that tribunal and condemned.

Because he was weak, it does not follow that he did not know it, and possibly to a sensitive nature

the knowledge was something of a punishment in itself.

When Winter looked at Judith he saw that the nameless depression that he had noticed in Teddy was hers too, and he marvelled that two such mourners could be found for Letitia's lost presence. For himself, he felt the air to be a little sweeter and cleaner for lack of it.

"Has Teddy told you that we are bereaved?" she said, giving him her hand. "Letty went away last night, and now, it seems, Harry has left us."

He wondered if the coincidence had any significance for her, as it certainly had for him; but she explained the next moment.

"I asked him to go this morning and help her to set out, and it seems he has been called away to London on unexpected business. Probably they would go by the same train, and that would be very pleasant for Letty, who is even a worse traveller than I."

"I did not find you a bad traveller," he said, not caring to appear too surprised at Harry's flight.

"Here is his telegram." She put it in his hand.

He glanced at it, and found that he learned nothing more from it than she had already told him.

"The business appears to have been rather sudden," he said, drily; "but that is the nature of business."

"The difficulty is to get grandmother to understand that. She has a little way of thinking that business ought not to interfere. I am afraid she is rather angry with Harry."

Winter laughed.

"Then I feel sure we need not be anxious about her any more. She is better?"

"Yes, she is very much better. She has been asking for you. I think if you could make it convenient to stay till the afternoon, when she has lunched and had a little sleep, she would like to see you."

"I will stay," he said, quickly. "There is nothing to hinder. No; now that I think of it, I have one condition to make. I will stay, if you will go for a drive with me now. You daren't refuse, because, you see, Lady Severn's comfort for the whole afternoon may depend on your consent."

"I think it would be my comfort that would suffer," she retorted, with a smile; "and in that case—since you will have a base motive—I'll go with you. Mayn't Teddy go, too?"

Teddy asked the same question with his eyes, and Winter made him happy with an affirmative nod.

"Teddy is one of us. Of course he goes."

"In Granny's big carriage?" he demanded.

"Not at all. Disabuse your mind of any such vain imaginings, my son. We are going in a little open box that holds two people in front and a small person behind. Whether would you rather ride on your pony beside the box, or be the small person to sit behind?"

"I'd rather ride," said Teddy, to whom the offered back seat presented a vision of loneliness,

with your head turned the wrong way for conversation.

"Be off with you, then, and get the pony saddled."

"All right," said Teddy, joyously. But before he bounded away he turned to say confidentially, "I knew it would be all right if you came."

"See what a beautiful trust Teddy reposes in me," said Teddy's guardian. "I hope my other ward is going to follow his excellent example."

"Oh, yes," said Judith, lightly. "I am going to trust you; and if you knew what dark suspicions I have had of that dogcart of yours, and that horse with the wicked eye, you would feel that that is saying a great deal. I think I can face anything to-day except being killed. I will even forgive you an upset. I want to enjoy myself very much."

"If your enjoyment depends on an upset," said Winter, "I'm afraid I can't promise to ensure it."

They both laughed, as people will laugh at nothing when it is a May morning and the winter of their estrangement is over.

To beguile the hours when he could not be at The Rise, Lawrence Winter had bought a horse on which he rode most days in the park or across Ham Common, Teddy trotting by his side. He had also seen a little mare that pleased his critical eye, and for which he paid a great deal too much, hoping to induce Judith to join the riding parties, but as yet he had not succeeded in persuading her.

"If you are afraid, my dear, you had better say so," the old lady had frankly remarked when she heard of this project, "but in that case you had better also return to your mamma in Paris. I don't know much about the young women of this generation, but the young women of mine were not cowards at least."

"I don't think I am a coward," she answered, steadily. "I have been asked to do harder things than to sit on a horse, though I am not used to it."

"Then you had better order yourself a habit," said Lady Severn, closing the discussion.

Meantime, however, the grandmother fell ill, and the habit was not ordered, and the little mare grew wanton and frisky in her loose-box from over-much leisure.

"I will begin by trusting you," she said, when she came downstairs dressed for the little expedition. "Some day, perhaps, I may acquire the habit of trusting myself."

"I should have thought you a very self-reliant young person," said Winter, as he took the reins. "It has seemed to me sometimes that my guardianship is a very empty formality. You don't leave me anything to do for you, Judith."

"You help me a great deal," she answered, hurriedly. "More than you can guess. Now that we are friends again—I am afraid we were not friends for a time—I can tell you that you did me good though you gave me pain."

"If I gave you pain I am punished by knowing it now," he answered, flicking the horse's ear as they slowly climbed the hill. "I presumed upon my guardianship; I was new to my duties, you

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see," he turned to her with rather a sombre smile, "but I have repented long ago. I will not transgress again."

"Don't repent," she said, in a low voice; "it matters a great deal more that you should know the truth about me than that you should hurt me."

"Was it the truth?" He looked at her with a half-veiled amusement. "I think you took some pains to conceal that from me, Judith."

"Oh," she said, smiling too, "you want to remind me that I also have some repenting to do. I treated you very badly."

"Probably not more than I deserved. A meddler should look upon snubbing as his proper portion."

"I think you want to punish me now!"

"When you say that," said Winter, with comical despair, "you plunge me into deeper depths of remorse."

They both laughed, as he meant that they should, and so their breach was healed, but she had still her amende to make.

"Don't be sorry for anything you said." She laid her hand for an instant on his arm and then withdrew it. "It seemed hard to me at the time, but it did me good since it made me think."

He looked down on her hand as it rested on his sleeve for that little second, and an odd, swift pang shot through him. She had taken off her glove while she tied a stray ribbon, and he noticed how white and shapely a hand it was. Not too small: a capable hand, good for all soothing ministrations.

"If you want me to forgive myself, will you let me ask you one question, Judith?"

"As many as you will."

"Has your thinking led you to alter the decision you told me of that day?"

"No," she replied, gravely. "I have not altered it, since the reasons for making it remain the same."

"The reasons that you refused to share with me?"

"You must trust me," she said, humbly. "Don't you think," she added, after a pause, turning to him and speaking wistfully—"don't you think I shall do my duty?"

"I am sure of it."

"And that," she went on, as if she were answering some inner argument, "must of itself bring happiness."

"Virtue is its own reward," as the copybooks tell us," he replied, with proper gravity. "I am afraid I am immoral enough to want to be happy even if I don't deserve it."

"Not to please yourself, but to do what is right, though it is difficult," she went on, as if she had not heard his light interruption.

"Yes," said Winter, "it's an old doctrine, and a good many people have taken refuge in it, and doubtless they have had their recompense; but to me the difficulty begins a much longer way back than you place it."

She looked up as he paused.

"It does not lie in the doing, but in the deciding what is right to do. I've always rather

envied the people who are quite sure. It must be a comfortable condition of mind."

Judith said nothing for a long time; and he thought he heard her sigh, as if she, too, could envy.

"I think I am quite sure," she said at last, but her tone was so low he could barely catch the words.

After that, however, he refused to let the talk have a personal complexion. She had wished to have a happy day, and he knew that the best way to ensure that was to keep her from brooding too much on the future. Her marriage was still in the future; and, while it remained an unaccomplished fact, he was sustained by a quite unfounded hope that something would interfere to prevent it. At any rate, he was not going to let her dwell on it now. The hour was his.

He made a light cut at the horse, and sent it bounding forward under the green, overarching canopy. Spring had dressed the park in its best; it was none the less beautiful because the delaying oaks had as yet refused their full splendour—that suggestion of coming glory was even better than the reality. The grass shone emerald after a night of gentle rain; and the deer looked out from their Arcady at the pair whisking by with a mild-eyed wonder for all this ill-timed haste.

"The deer are a reproach to us," said Winter, pulling up; "they tell us we are taking our young world at too great a pace; we shall use it up too soon."

"It will come to an end like all the nice things. Look at Teddy, how well he rides; he is like a young prince going forth to conquer."

Teddy, indeed, was making the little horse prance and curvet and show off all its paces, now trotting beside them, now urging the pony on ahead, and looking back for his meed of praise.

Winter, though usually a silent man, exerted himself to talk and interest his companion. He pieced together all the scraps of historical interest he could remember, and duly pointed out the traditional spot where bluff King Hal had sat to watch the death-signal flutter out from the Tower, when ill-fated Anne Boleyn's head was struck off.

How did he feel when the light sprang up across that leafy distance? No doubt the historian, whose task it is to whitewash all the wicked people of our early schooldays, and puzzle us by turning the full-blooded villains into saints of light, has provided him with a very fine set of feelings appropriate to the occasion.

Winter raked his memory for scraps of lore, and, failing these, fell back on a description of his present home.

He made the picture very attractive by the unstudied simplicity with which he drew it. Judith listened with that sort of jealous interest one young woman gives to the description of another.

"Margaret has very clever fingers," he said; "I don't understand the mysteries of hemming and stitching, but I believe there is quite a competition between rival ladies for her work."

"I think I could give her some sewing," said Judith, piqued and curious, and perhaps, if the

whole truth were revealed, a trifle jealous of this other girl, in whom her guardian was interested.

"Very likely she is rather forward, and not nearly so nice as he thinks her," she said to herself.

"Would she care to do some sewing for me?" she asked, aloud.

"I am sure she would," he answered, confi-

"Console yourself, Teddy, my boy," said Winter, ironically. "I told you she would come back."

"Has she brought her big trunks, Farthing?" cried Teddy, still seated on his pony, and giving an open-eyed wonder to this news.

"Her trunks she has *not* brought," replied Farthing; "and into this house they shall not



TEDDY SHOWS HIS FACES.

dently; "but won't you come some day, and ask her yourself?"

So they took the orthodox round, loved of the Londoner, who shows his love of the people's park by leaving the signs of his picnicing joviality through all the summer days behind him; and drew up at The Rise as the luncheon-bell was ringing. To their surprise it was Farthing who opened to them—Farthing, who said, with a hint of excited wrath crossing her primness—

"If you please, Miss Judith, Mrs. Garston is here. She is in the little drawing-room with her bonnet off. I told her you were out, but she said she would stay."

"What! Letty?" said Judith, with cheerful surprise. "I thought she was in London."

She sprang lightly down from the dog-cart and ran indoors.

come unless they carry them over my body!" and with this grim threat she disappeared.

CHAPTER XXXI.—STRAINED RELATIONS.

LETTY was seated at the small piano, where she had so often sung to Harry. Her bonnet was off, as Farthing had described, and her fair hair shone in a gleam of sunlight. She was playing a little air that had a gay and martial strain, and she put so much spirit into it that she did not hear the opening of the door.

"Why, Letty," said Judith, going up and circling the slight figure on the piano-stool with her arms, "this is a joyful surprise! I thought you had gone this morning."

Letty turned round a flushed and smiling face.

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"You have not got rid of me quite yet, you see," she said. "That was my version of the Marsellaise I was playing—my pæan. Is not that the right word to describe a victory?"

"What victory?" asked Judith, smiling at the pretty face.

"Oh, a victory over things in general—over circumstances—over Granny, if you like, who is a very pronounced circumstance. Over Farthing, perhaps I ought to say, since it would seem she is the ruling power here."

"Did you think Farthing would turn you out?" asked Judith, ready to resent the very supposition.

"Oh, no!" said Letty, laughing lightly; "I think it would be rather wasted energy if she were to try. You know I always get my own way, Judy, I should be miserable if I didn't. How fortunate it is for you that you never cared particularly to have yours!"

To this assertion Judith made no reply, possibly because she found agreement with it difficult.

"Tell me how you come to be still here?" she said.

"You are answerable for my stay." Letty raised her hand and touched her sister's cheek. "See, my dear;" she held up the little purse. "You gave me this to spend as I would, didn't you?"

"Of course," said Judith, quickly.

"And what do you think of my using it to remain here for a little while near you? I have taken a room," she went on, in answer to her sister's puzzled look, "at the hotel. Oh, it's a very modest little room; *you* would not care to climb up so many steps, but it does very well for me, and I shall see you often, Judy. Granny can't forbid our meeting, and she can scarcely tell the people at the Star and Garter to turn me out, can she?"

She asked the question as plaintively as if there were a possibility of it being answered in the affirmative.

"There ought never to have been a possibility of your requiring to stay at an hotel," said Judith, warmly. "This ought to have been your home."

"Well, it is not any good saying that," said the widow, evenly, "since if Granny knew that I was here now she would get out of bed, I believe, just to have the pleasure of dismissing me."

"She knows that you have been here; I told her."

"You told her!" exclaimed Letty, her voice suddenly growing shrill; "why did you do that? Did you want her to hate me even more than she does? Did you want to take away my last poor little chance?"

"Letty," said Judith, stunned and shocked by this unexpected attack; she faltered as if she were indeed guilty. "I—I don't understand."

"No, you don't understand!" cried the widow, with a sudden burst of sobs. "How should you understand—you, who have everything? You are Granny's favourite; you can do what you like with her. She would forgive you anything—even—even, I believe, the disappointment of all her hopes. You are rich, and can do as you will;

and I, who am poor and in disgrace, because I married Dick, am to be still further punished. I think you might have spared me this."

Judith looked down in sad amaze at Letty's bowed head, deeply stung with the thought that she was credited with such low designs. She found speech too difficult for a moment, and she checked herself, lest her words should have too bitter a flavour to be forgotten by either of them. She could not estrange herself from Letty, poor Letty. With the pity for this well-loved little sister, who was the other half of herself, the old loyal patient spirit came back.

"It was best to tell grandmother," she said. "If I had not told her she would have found it out in some other way, and then she might have had reason to be angry. As it is, I do not allow that she has any cause to be displeased; it was natural that you should remain here while she was ill; the unnatural thing is that while you are in Richmond you should not be living here. And, Letty," she said, with a dangerous tendency to sob, "don't say anything again about my wishing to lessen your chances; it hurts me."

"Oh!" said Letty, with that superiority she always claimed on the score of her bereavement, "it is not much if you have not more than my cross words to hurt you. Was I cross, poor love? Then I am penitent." She put up her face for the kiss Judith gave rather sadly.

"I think I have earned the right to be a little cross," she said. "When one has suffered as much as I have one may be allowed to set up a temper. It's a privilege that should be left to poor widows."

"Very well," said Judith, making a great effort to speak gaily. "You shall set up a temper, Letty, so long as you don't annihilate me with it."

She had a dread of beginning any subject that might tempt her to hot speech, and so, by sad degrees, to a fracture of the love she desired with all the ardour of her nature to keep whole and unflawed. If she lost even a little of her faith in Letty, her life would be indeed barren.

"Tell me how you chanced not to see Harry?" she questioned, cheerfully. "I asked him to go to you."

"I did see him."

"Then, perhaps, you can tell us what has called him off so suddenly, Grandmother is anxious to know."

"Then she had better ask him herself," said Letitia, petulantly. "Am I Harry's keeper? He has gone to London. He will come back." She looked down and played absently with her watch-chain. "He will come back," she repeated, her face hardening. "I don't suppose *you* miss him very much?" She looked up suddenly at her sister.

The colour mounted up to Judith's brow, but her dark eyes did not fall before Letty's gaze.

"Don't prevaricate!" Letty gaily shook a finger at her.

"You pride yourself on your truthfulness; you can't say you have been longing for him this morning. You have been out driving with Mr. Winter. I screwed that fact out of Farthing,"

she laughed. "It is a perverse taste on your part, my dear; but I believe you prefer Mr. Winter's society. For my part, I should give the preference to Harry's."

"Mr. Winter is an old friend," said Judith, feeling a strong dislike to defend herself. If it had been any one but Letty who made the accusation she would have met it with a haughty silence. "And, Letty, I think you forget; I have given my promise to marry Harry."

"Am I allowed to forget?" said Letty, shrilly. "Am I not reminded of it every hour? Granny is not the person to allow any one to forget her favourite scheme. You will be the best dressed bride in the county; but if you think Harry will be satisfied with that you will find out your mistake. I have been married, and I speak because I know. A man wants something more than a beautiful statue to adorn his house. He wants to be made much of and cared for. In marriage it is much more important for a man to be loved than to love."

To hear her speak, what a docile and self-forgetting wife one would have supposed Mrs. Letty to have been!

"Why do you say all this to me?" Judith controlled her agitation as well as she could.

"Because I can't shut my eyes!" said Letty, with passion. "Because you can't pretend to me!"

Judith let her arm fall wearily at her side. She felt a sickening, horrible distaste of the whole subject. Her secret dread—the fear she had wrestled with and conquered, as she supposed—started up, stung into new life by Letty's tongue, as if it were the ghost of some buried thing that could not rest.

Would it be so? Would Harry learn to tire of her—to hate her—because she could not give him the love she never claimed for her own share? He could make no such demand, their bargain excluded love by its very nature; but if it excluded peace and harmony too, then what was left to give their union even a semblance of sacredness?

With a determined effort she checked her imagination at this point. She would not live in the scenery of her married life, as some happier bride might do; she needed all her strength to face each day as it came. Still, she could not quite control the trembling of her lips as she answered Letty. She could not touch on the larger question; it was easier to defend herself from the charge of duplicity.

"I have not pretended," she said; "no good could come of that. It is only by beginning with our eyes open that Harry and I can hope for any satisfaction in our life together. He knows that: if he is satisfied—"

"Oh, if he is satisfied," said Letty, with a sudden resumption of her airy manner, "I ought to be, oughtn't I? That is very true, only, you see, I felt it my duty to warn you. Marriage is a plunge into the unknown, at the best!" cried this experienced matron. "You can't in the least tell what sort of a husband your lover is going to make, and if you begin without even the lover—"

Letty left the consequences to be imagined. "But there, you always had a knack of choosing uncomfortable things, and of making a sort of duty of being unhappy about them afterwards," she ended, as if this accounted for everything.

Judith found nothing to reply. Letty's change of front, her desertion, stung her keenly. She had no clue to the perplexity of Letty's speech; that the widow should think of marrying again she had never so much as imagined. To have dreamed even in the secrecy of her own mind that Letty, who had parted but nine months ago from Dick, could meditate replacing that much-lamented husband, would have been an affront she was incapable of offering her sister. She was resigning herself to be misunderstood, and to accept the pain of it as part of the discomfort which Letty had accused her of embracing, when the luncheon-bell again made itself imperiously heard. It was a welcome sound to both, giving them a chance of relaxing the strained attitude into which they had fallen.

Judith's hand had all this while rested on Letitia's shoulder; she had not withdrawn it, fearing to give outward expression to the coldness with which she was fighting. She stepped back now; Letty started up.

"I must go," she said. "I had better retire gracefully before I am sent away."

"You could have some lunch here."

"Oh, no," said Letty, smiling, "that would be too great a humiliation; as if I were a naughty child forbidden to eat with my elders. I shall be in time for lunch at the hotel."

"Come again soon," said Judith, urgently, with that dread of an opening chasm once more before her eyes. "Let us see each other while we can."

"Oh, I will come," said Letty, "a whole regiment of Farthings would not keep me out. And you will come to see me? They don't lock the gates to keep you in, do they?"

"No, I am not a prisoner," said Judith, kissing Letitia with more than her usual tenderness, and yet, as she hurried to the dining-room, she felt as if unscalable walls were rising about her and hemming her in. She longed for a breath of the summer air, but Lawrence Winter had consented to remain to lunch, and she could not keep him waiting.

To her great surprise Lady Severn sat at the head of the table.

"Yes, I am better," she was saying to Winter, who offered his congratulations, "and I defy you to deny that I am looking very well."

"As you always do that, I will amend the assertion. You look, if possible, better than ever."

"Yes," said the old lady, "I am quite aware of it. A little illness is very good for old people. It answers the same end as a sleep for a fractious child. We both come out of it quite amiable and hungry. Give me a slice of that mutton, if you please, and a glass of sherry, and be quick about it, for here comes a tyrant who will stay your hand if she dare."

"Grandmother," said Judith, in remonstrance, "you know it was to be only chicken or jelly."

"My dear," said the old lady, with an amia-

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bility Winter had never before seen her exhibit towards her granddaughter, "your kingdom lies at the other side of that door." She pointed to her bedroom. "On this side of it our relations are reversed. I am queen and you are my obedient subject. Sit down and allow Mr. Winter to give *you* some chicken."

"But the doctor, grandmother—"

"The doctor, poor man," said Lady Severn, serenely, "has to say something. He generally says something which you or I could have said just as well, could we but give it the oracular turn. In this instance it was, 'Let her keep to a light diet, chicken, fish, jelly.' I prefer mutton, and I consequently order that—a little more gravy, if you please—and so long as I do not happen to mention my preference to my excellent medical man we are both quite comfortable."

"You have very little faith in the profession," said Winter, with a smile.

"Have you so much?"

"I have never required to put it to the proof. I dare say I had measles when I was a child, but I have scarcely been a day in bed since."

"Ah, well, when your time comes you will send for a doctor, possibly for two, as I did; there is safety in numbers. It always takes both of them to cure me—one of them to feel my pulse, and say, 'Keep her quiet,' and the other to examine my tongue and remark that with care and time I shall be brought round. I have been brought round, as you see, and now I have the pleasure of rewarding their joint wisdom with a handsome cheque. I have a great respect for the medical profession. It is not difficult to prescribe when you have learned the formula; it is respectable, and it is lucrative. If Harry had only been able to cultivate a Delphic manner I might have set him up with a brougham and a brass plate in Harley Street. How would you like a consulting physician for a husband, granddaughter?"

"I shouldn't like him to degrade the finest profession in the world by equipping himself with nothing but the tricks of a charlatan," she answered with unexpected fire and spirit.

She could not join in Winter's amusement: it was for her to remember the long night watches, the impotent anger and rebellion, the fear of death, the clutch on life.

"We owe it to the doctors that we see you here once more with us," she said, earnestly.

"I should say that I owe it to the tyranny of my nurse," said the old lady, with unshaken amiability.

"What shall we do to reward this young woman, Winter? Shall we send for the parson, and marry her to-morrow? I am told she stands in need of change."

"It is you who are ordered a change, Granny. We are going to the sea."

"My dear, I have not been recommended to go on a honeymoon trip that I know of. Don't look so confused, though under the circumstances perhaps it is only respectable that you *should* look confused. I am not going with you. Even Harry's compliance, elastic as I have found it,

might rebel at such a proposal. I never knew of any one who took his grandmother on his wedding tour with him, and I don't like to act without a precedent."

"But, grandmother—" Judith began, striving to master her confusion.

"But, granddaughter"—the old lady showed a hint of her accustomed petulance—"I choose to remember that, after all, I am an invalid. You have the doctor's express sanction that I am to be humoured, and you believe in doctors. I am not to be contradicted—I am to have my own way. Lawrence Winter, if you please, don't sit and stare at me as if you would allow yourself to be impolite enough to say that I always get my own way. If you could have penetrated behind that door any time these last four weeks, you would have had reason to pity my subjugation. But I am under subjugation no longer. Do you hear me, granddaughter?"

"Yes, I hear you, grandmother. It is I who am under subjugation now."

Her prison walls were closing in. There was no escape.

"I am glad you are sensible enough to recognise the position," said the old lady, with a nod.

"Lawrence Winter, as you seem to have no spontaneous remark to make, I will give you the opportunity of answering a question."

"As many as you will, Lady Severn."

"One to begin with. Is not the month of June the best of all months, in your opinion, for a wedding?"

"It depends," he answered, with remarkable lucidity, "on the wedding."

"Let us suppose it to be your own wedding," said the old lady, with delicate irony. "It may restore your brilliance if we make it a personal matter."

"If it were my own wedding," said Winter, with remarkable energy, "I should say June was the month of months."

He lifted his eyes and looked across at Judith as he spoke. Her own were cast down, but a faint colour stole over her cheeks and deepened under his gaze. He could not be mistaken. Then suddenly, unaccountably, he felt the answering colour mount up into his own face. He was amazed, annoyed, angry; and it did not lessen his confusion to become aware, as he instantly did, of the old lady's smiling ironical glance fixed upon him.

What was the meaning of it? He had not blushed since, as a boy, he was caught surreptitiously stealing the jam.

CHAPTER XXXII.—THE BITTER IN THE SWEET.

WHERE was Harry all this time? He had been sent to help the widow with her trunks and bandboxes, to tip the porters, and take her ticket—to do all a privileged cavalier's duties, in short, and otherwise see her set out safely on the arduous journey to Kensington and yet it was she who remained behind, and he who had gone travelling up to town instead.

"Business," he had said in his succinct telegram. A delightful and accommodating term this, as Lady Severn cynically remarked, when a gentleman wants to take a little pleasure unshared by his wife.

What do women know of business—except, indeed, that it is a disagreeable necessity which they are bound to respect, and with which their whims and fancies must not interfere?

Harry, however, was not bent on securing any private pleasure, and his plea of work was readily enough accepted by his womenkind. He had lived his own life, and busied himself after his own fashion, until the arbitrary old grandmother undertook to arrange his future for him. The past might well have claims on him still, and this they were the more ready to believe because their conception of the real nature of his occupation was extremely vague.

Harry belonged to the scribbling ranks, for which great-grandmamma had a very fine contempt; but even she lent herself to the popular delusion that an author has moments of inspiration to which he must needs yield. A prompting had no doubt seized the young man to disburden himself of his ideas on some special topic, and he had gone to London in obedience to it. This was a very innocent conviction on the part of so shrewd an old lady, but what could she know of the means Harry employed to enlighten himself in the first place and the world afterwards? This was a little secret which he was not very likely to reveal.

"He has gone to share with his public a little of that superfluous wisdom with which you are all overburdened in this generation," said great-grandmamma; "'tis the mission of the young in this age to instruct the old. If you are willing that his pen should be your rival, my dear, I have nothing to say; all I beg is that you will not expect me to be one of the learners. I belong to the pre-education era, and my years may well excuse me from entering the schoolroom again."

Judith privately thought it improbable that Harry would claim her admiration of anything he might write, but she, too, could very well believe that he might have business appeals of which she could know nothing; so, after an exhibition of temper on Lady Severn's part, Harry's absence was permitted, and no one so much as guessed the real reason of his exile.

But, as we know, he was not obeying any sudden claim on his time and attention. The newspaper which had sparingly employed him had not telegraphed for his services. The "Lighted Lantern" was lit no longer, there was not even a flicker left to illustrate the world's darkness, and as for the sparkling paragraphs Harry had written for the society journals somebody else was writing them now, and doubtless giving them a far subtler flavour of spice and malice than our young man's good-nature allowed him to put in.

There was no work for Harry to do in London; he was a young gentleman of leisure, with money in his pockets, and quite a number of kind friends now that the sun of prosperity was shining on him.

He went to London out of a sudden wish to evade the consequences of his own folly. As the truth does him no harm, it may be owned at once that he was ashamed of himself—too ashamed and humiliated in his own eyes to go back to The Rise and take up once more the false rôle of lover and bridegroom.

Judith's serious eyes would surely have discovered the poor pretence; her scorn would have shrivelled and scorched him. That she did not love him would scarce prevent her from despising him for his duplicity; he did not relish the picture that his imagination called up; the old grandmother's violent anger—even of that he did not like to think.

And all this to arise from a look—a glance of a pair of tearful blue eyes—a pressure of the hand. Letty had but to cry and blush, to falter out a timid expression, and he was immediately false to all his promises.

"It doesn't matter that I didn't love her," he groaned; "the dishonour remains all the same."

"I hope you don't think it a dishonour to love me," said Letty, meekly, and then he would, of course, say that he had loved her from the first—that it had been Letty always, even from those very early days when Farthing had brushed their hair and sent them down, hand-and-hand, to dessert.

"Why didn't grandmother choose you?" he asked, wonderingly. "You were here—in London. Why did she send to Paris for Judith, whom your mother wanted, I dare say?"

"Why does grandmother do anything?" said Letty, plaintively. "She is a law to herself. She never cared for me from the first—even from those far-off days when we were here together, and you liked me a little, you say."

"More than a little."

"More than—Judith?"

"It was never Judith!" he said, fiercely, and then remorse seized him; "that makes it the worse!" he said, plunged anew into gloom.

It was easy enough now to fancy he had been attached to the widow ever since Dick left her free to choose another husband. Perhaps it was the case; he had lounged in her drawing-room, and laughed at her lively attempts to amuse him. Perhaps it was love all the time; Letty, at least, was quite anxious to encourage the belief.

"Ah," she said, "you can guess now what I suffered when I saw you bound to Judith!"

"Did you really care for me then, Letty?" said the young fellow, wondering, and grateful and gratified too, no doubt, by this evidence of his power.

"Must I really tell you that? Must I tell you how envious I was—how miserable—how—how—forsaken I felt? It is cruel of you to make a poor girl confess all this!" She hid her blushes in her hands, on one of which Harry's diamonds sparkled.

He took the hand in his own.

"So it was our engagement ring we went to buy after all?" he said, and he kissed it and the little pink fingers that fluttered in his clasp.

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Surely he was simpler than the wont of lovers. Dick Garston had been scarcely ten months in his grave, and yet Letty had confessed to palpitations, dreads, jealous pangs on Harry's behalf during many months past. Was the love worth much that could so quickly change its object?

For the first half-hour everything went beautifully in the big saloon of the Star and Garter. They retired to a distant window-seat, and when a waiter or a stray visitor came into the room they pretended to be absorbed in the prospect without. But after a little while Harry began to wake out of the fool's paradise into which he had walked blindfold, and to suffer retributive pangs and stings. Letty refused to notice his dulness for a time; she was kinder to him than ever, and brought out all her little wiles, her airs and graces, on his behalf. She had had some practice and she knew how to do it very well, and as she had a very kind affection for Harry, and truly desired to marry him, she did not find it difficult to be gracious.

But presently all her arts and artifices, her coaxings and persuasions, appeared to be in vain. Harry was plunged in gloom and distress, from which she could not rouse him.

"What have I done?" he said. "I am bound to Judith, and I can never marry her."

"I hope you don't regret it, dear Harry," said Letty, sweetly; but he never so much as heard her.

"How can I look her in the face!" he exclaimed. "I have treated her like a ruffian."

He seized Letty's hands.

"I must go now, at once," he said.

"Go where?" she asked, calmly.

"To The Rise. I must see Judith before lunch. I can tackle Granny after," he went on grimly. "It is Granny only who will be disappointed and enraged, and yet I would a thousand times rather face her anger than your sister's scorn."

"You mustn't go now." Letty took hold of his arm and spoke with quiet firmness.

"It will be no easier later; it will be harder. Don't keep me." He gently tried to free himself.

"Why need you say anything at all just now? I see no cause for such haste."

He stared at her in dull surprise.

"Do you think I can go back to The Rise and act a lie?" he said, with sorrowful indignation. "The only poor amends I can make is to confess everything at once."

"Would it truly and really be acting a lie? Am I to understand you to mean that you have been in earnest all this time in your courtship of Judith, and that you are playing with me?" She flashed an angry fire at him out of her blue eyes.

"Letty," he said, astounded, "what do you mean?"

"What do I mean?" she echoed, with rising indignation. "I mean that you seem to regret all that you have vowed to me within this hour. What else am I to think when you talk of your dread of seeing Judith? your reluctance to give her pain? Do you never think of the pain you

are giving me? If you did not love me, why did you come to disturb my peace?" The laced handkerchief was pulled out once more. "I—I could have hid my trouble and lived without you."

Harry looked at her with a sad, fond expression.

"Don't let us quarrel at the very outset," he said. "Things will be hard enough for both of us, and we shall need all our love and faith in each other to sustain us." He soothed and consoled her as best he could, and by-and-by she allowed herself to stop crying.

"You see, dear," she said when they were once more seated hand in hand, "it would not be acting a lie at all. You consented to marry Judith as a convenient family arrangement, but you did not include love in the bargain."

"Love cannot be commanded at will."

"And you never won Judith's."

"You need not tell me that," he said; "I felt it every moment I was with her."

"She never would have loved you," Letty went on, with conviction. "She is the other half of me; I know her as I know myself. She would have done her duty—she has a tremendous sense of duty—but that is all she would have given you. She would have been miserable—and so would you, my poor boy! Oh, Harry, do you think if I believed I was robbing either of you that I would have consented to listen to you just now? I am taking nothing from Judith. Her pride—she is very proud—may suffer a moment, but she will one day thank me for releasing her from a false position."

"I shall thank you all my life," said Harry, fervently, but he still stuck to his determination to go to The Rise and swallow his bitter pill there before the fiery old lady and the insulted young one.

Then Letty used another argument.

"Go, if you will, dear," she said, meekly. "Why should I keep you back from doing what you think right? You will see Judith, and you can tell her, but they will hardly let you see Granny. She is not out of her room yet; she is still taking doctor's stuff; they scarcely let a breath of air blow on her [Letty knew nothing of the toilet Lady Severn was at that moment making for her return to the world]; they humour her most absurd whims. Even supposing you overcame Farthing's scruples and got into her room—and that is supposing a good deal—do you not see that your confession would be fatal to her on the spot? She is a very old woman, and she is too weak to bear her own burst of passion. I do not particularly love our Granny, as you know, but I don't care to add her murder to our other crimes."

He was forced in the end reluctantly to respect this argument.

"I shall have to wait, I suppose; but I can't wait at The Rise, that is certain."

"Where do you propose to wait?"

"I shall go to town. In common decency I couldn't return to my grandmother's house as her guest and Judith's promised husband. I can't go there again until they know everything."

Won't you come home, Letty? I could see you sometimes if you were in Kensington."

"No," said the widow, with decision; "I have engaged a room, and I shall stay here. Granny shall not say that I fled before her. I think you might have gone back to The Rise very well; but since you won't, why, then, you must be indulged, I suppose." (She yielded with gay grace to the inevitable.) "And you will be patient, dear Harry? You won't kill Granny by a premature explosion? That would do no good, and would only complicate affairs. Go and enjoy yourself, and I will let you know how matters progress here. When Granny is safe from the effects of her bad temper we shall go together, a pair of penitents, and make our confession. It will help you, won't it, poor, silly boy! if I am with you?" "I can't drag you into it, dearest. It isn't your fault."

"It is nobody's fault," she said, promptly. "Is it a crime to love each other? Go and enjoy yourself in London, and if you are very good I will write to you every day. You may trust to me. Haven't I your honour in my keeping now?"

And so, with many pretty phrases and kind caresses, she dismissed him, and then she put on her hat and ran down to The Rise, and played that triumphant march on the little piano.

Her secret did not cause her a single pang when she looked into Judith's truthful eyes. On the other hand she sustained herself by the virtuous belief that she was doing her sister a signal kindness in ridding her of an unwelcome husband.

"Granny has set her heart on a wedding," she said to herself. "I suppose one sister will do as well as another. I shall make a much prettier bride than poor Judith, with her tragedy face." As for Harry, he had proved himself rather intractable, but he would yield: next time he would do her bidding. He was powerless before her stronger will. Her former practice in the art of management had not gone for nothing. It is there that a widow has such a pull over her spinster sister: Letty's light blue eyes had read Harry through and through, and she could put her rosy little finger unerringly on every one of his weak points. He had left her; but he would come back, and in her time—not in his—he would make his confession.

MY WILD GIRLHOOD.

WAR'S ALARMS.

ENGLAND, it is sometimes said, is in a chronic state of war, and yet English men and women know nothing of war. It has never been brought home to them. Some outlying savage or semi-civilised people does something—one is not always very clear what—that is prejudicial to our interests, and chastisement is administered. Some thousands of soldiers embark at Portsmouth amid waving handkerchiefs and shouting crowds. People turn out to see the gallant sight, and then go placidly home to dinner, and the soldiers sail away. By-and-bye the illustrated papers flame with battle-scenes, every night the evening newsboys cry out, "Total defeat of the enemy!" or "Great slaughter of British troops!" the savage or semi-civilised people is chastised, or they chastise us, as the case may be, and "there's an end on't." It hardly leaves an impression on our memories, and few people in England—except, perhaps, the clerks at the War Office—could tell us offhand how many wars there have been in the last fifteen years.

The glimpse I got of war was brief enough, but it was sufficient to leave a picture on my mind which a score of these English wars have failed to obliterate. The great American war was at its height in 1864, but we in Kansas lived out of its baleful track, so that to me, until the autumn of that year, it was little more than a vague story. It was an ever-present story, no doubt, which made military terms and commanders' names very common in our daily conversation, and each battle was fought over again for our benefit by my father

when the weekly papers arrived. Still up to this time it was to me but a name. In that year, however, it became a fact. Towards the end of October, while it was still pleasant weather, we went away for our annual shopping—a week's trip over the prairie with waggon and horses to Leavenworth City. As we neared the town we were met with all sorts of disquieting news. Martial law was declared, said one; the shops were all closed, said another; our four horses would be pressed for military service, affirmed a third. As this last seemed a likely contingency, my father immediately on arriving offered his horses to the commanding officer, who, however, declined their services with thanks.

The cause of all this excitement was the knowledge that a raid of the Confederate troops was in progress. General Price with an army of thirty thousand men had made a dash northward as far as the borders of Iowa, leaving a trail of desolation in his wake. Bad as was ordinary warfare, the raid was many degrees worse. The Northerners were also given to this species of hostilities. I do not know how they behaved, but I suppose pretty much the same as did the Southerners. These latter took everything that could be useful to them, or that could amuse them for the moment, and then destroyed the remainder. Women and children were not generally molested unless by drunken soldiers beyond the reach of their officers, but negroes were killed, and so frequently were white men if they said or did anything to vex the raiders. After three years

of warfare soldiers become very brutal, discipline is relaxed, and one has everything to fear at the hands of the enemy.

Such being our knowledge of raiders, it is no wonder that we should have been in considerable anxiety, and in a hurry to get back to our house. My father was arrested at one place as a spy when doing some of his shopping, but he got off all right, and we set our faces southwards towards our distant home. Once on the prairie, we heard little news, for the few houses we passed were tenanted by women and children only, a sure sign that trouble was apprehended.

"Any news, stranger?" was the universal greeting between wayfarers on the prairie.

"Whar d'ye come from?" said one to us as we journeyed homewards.

"Leavenworth City. They are busy getting ready for Price and his raiders. He may come any moment."

"That's so, you bet. I hearn tell as he's a-goin' to wipe out Mound City an' Fort Scott clean."

"Perhaps we'll not be wiped out," was the rejoinder.

"The rebs are makin' tracks for Dixie's Land [popular name for the Confederate States] now right smart. Pleasanton and his boys are after 'em. We'll see tall doin's now, an' no mistake! Militia's called out. I'm a-goin' to the front. G' night."

"If the Militia is called out, then I'll volunteer," said my father. "I won't be the only man left at home when every one is gone to the front."

My father was not liable to military service, being a foreigner, but in pursuance of this resolve he got his arms all ready, and we all went in our waggon to Mound City, where he reported himself as ready to serve where wanted. His offer was eagerly accepted. Mound City was a small town some eight miles from us, and was the heart of our small prairie settlement. The post-office, the hardware stores, the dry-goods shop, and for the moment the headquarters of the county Militia, were all located there. Leaving my father, therefore, we two lonely mortals returned to our desolate home, a delicate woman and a little child, with the enemy almost within sight and the unknown before us.

We remained a couple of days in this state of utter uncertainty. People who are surfeited with three or more posts in the day, with morning and evening papers delivered at their houses, with large-lettered posters and long club telegrams staring them in the face when they go out, can scarcely realise what it is to be unable to get any news, and that too when the news may be a matter of life or death to one's nearest and dearest.

That the enemy was close at hand we knew for a fact. We had never heard the sound before, but it needed no interpreter to tell us the meaning of that soft low thud which every moment or two vibrated through the quiet autumn air. But what was the result? How were we to act? We have all laughed in our armchairs over Joe Sedley's fright and the Countess Bareacre's distress when Waterloo was yet undecided, but there is a total

absence of the comic to those who wait and listen to the sound of a battle.

If the day went against us we were to drive westward out upon the prairie and camp among the grassy hillocks of the plains until the raiders had departed, and then we were to make our way to Leavenworth, where there was a fortress and garrison—safety, in short. We would learn when the enemy had passed onward by the houses ceasing to burn. In the meantime our waggon was provisioned for a week and our best horses stood harnessed, placidly eating unlimited provender. The cannon boomed gently on, but we did not know with what result. Towards the middle of the afternoon I rode out to get news from the front. It was a strange errand for a little girl, but there was no one else to go. Our negro workman was hiding in the bush along with every other creature of his colour, for they knew, poor wretches, there was no quarter given to "niggers," whether found with arms in their hands or not. However, the chances were that even if I did see any of the raiders I could get away from them. The prairie was open, my eyes, untroubled by school-books or sewing-needles, were as good as a telescope; my horse was powerful, and I could ride like an Indian.

I went some four miles in the direction of the cannonading to the house of a friend, but she had no news, and I did not dare to advance farther, for there was a belt of low-growing trees in front of me, where my keen eyes, my strong horse, and my swift riding would have availed me nothing, had I met with evil-disposed persons. I remained some time at the friend's house, where we stood outside the door listening to the distant booming. We did not speak much as we stood there listening, for she had her husband and I had my father in the region of that booming, and we did not know how it fared with them. The sound gradually lessened, and then ceased altogether, and yet we knew not what had happened. All was as still as death, and no one came from the front.

Stay, I am wrong. One friend did indeed return, but he could give us no tidings. As I was looking along the road that led to Mound City I saw a white speck appear in the slanting evening sunlight, and move swiftly towards us. It was Pluto, my dog, who had followed his master to the wars and now returned to me. We did not know what this might mean, but I hoped that it was my father who had only driven him home. The poor dog came up with a long steady gallop, as if bent on some desperate purpose, his tongue hanging far out of his mouth, and his eyes blood-shot and staring, he looked very unlike the frisky animal who used always to greet me with a bark and a gambol.

"Pluto! Pluto! old fellow, what is the news?" He looked mutely at me. I offered him some water; though panting hard he refused it.

"He is hurt, there's blood on him," said my friend, and sure enough we found several small purple holes in his body. We knew that they were gun-shot wounds; so with this silent messenger from the front I was obliged to go home. As I passed the different houses I stopped to tell

the anxious inmates the nothing that I knew, and then we spent the long night in suspense. But by morning the news of the battle's fate had nearly reached our lonely house, and I had not far to ride before learning that the raiders were defeated and our side victorious. The Federal troops, too, had come up in the nick of time, so that the Militia was not left to its unaided efforts.

My father was as ignorant of what had befallen us during these eventful days as we were of his fate. He returned home late one night and saw a light shining in the window. Dismounting, he crept carefully up with cocked pistol, for the house might have been tenanted by straggling raiders, who in great numbers still lurked about the country, and did direful mischief when least expected. He therefore crept softly up to the window, ready for any emergency, peeped cautiously through, and saw—Auntie sitting at the table reading.

After the battle came the nursing. After using every expedient which science could devise to crush the life out of men, science was called upon for every possible expedient to bind up and mend their shattered anatomies. All the settlers within reach of the battle-field came trooping in with waggon-loads of necessities, and even delicacies, for the sick and wounded. We, too, brought our waggon-loads, and my father desired that our contribution should be reserved exclusively for the use of the wounded rebels. I may safely affirm that that special condition applied to our load alone of all the scores that were delivered in Mound City after the battle. My father's strong sympathies with the Unionists in their struggle were well known. Even without this previous knowledge, the fact of his volunteering for active Militia service would have sufficiently proclaimed them, for, by the year 1864 volunteering had become very rare in the United States. Four years of desperate warfare had long ago exhausted all the volunteers and forced service was the order of the day. As foreigners, with strong Unionist sympathies, we might therefore safely show some humanity to the wounded rebels, even in Kansas, where party feeling was very violent. Words can scarcely express the virulence of the hatred between the North and the South during the life and death struggle, for it was a struggle for national life as the current terms of Unionist and Secessionist most aptly express. Those who were children during the war-times can recall how intensely their childish hatreds reproduced the public feeling of the moment. Indeed, for years afterwards for one child to call another "Secesh" was the direst insult that could be offered. It was only to be wiped out by blows, in the case of boys, and by the total suspension of friendship—for at least a week—in the case of girls.

Mound City was full of activity that day when we arrived; there were soldiers and settlers in great numbers, with waggons, horses, and oxen. There is a misty haze in my mind, scarcely to be called recollection, of seeing people—numbers of people—coming and going continually. What I most vividly remember, however, are three figures, silent and motionless, which impressed me more than all the noisy moving crowd. Outside the

post-office, at the edge of the roadway, lay three straight forms side by side. They were covered with blue military cloaks, which concealed their faces, but their booted and spurred heels lay listlessly in the mud, near where our waggon-wheels were rolling. They were three Federal officers killed outside the town, and brought there until somebody had time to bury them decently. Scores of other men fell at the Battle of Mound City, and many men of note and renown were killed during the long struggle between North and South; but when the Civil War is mentioned, the picture that I always see is that of those nameless dead lying at the roadside with their motionless feet among the cartwheels.

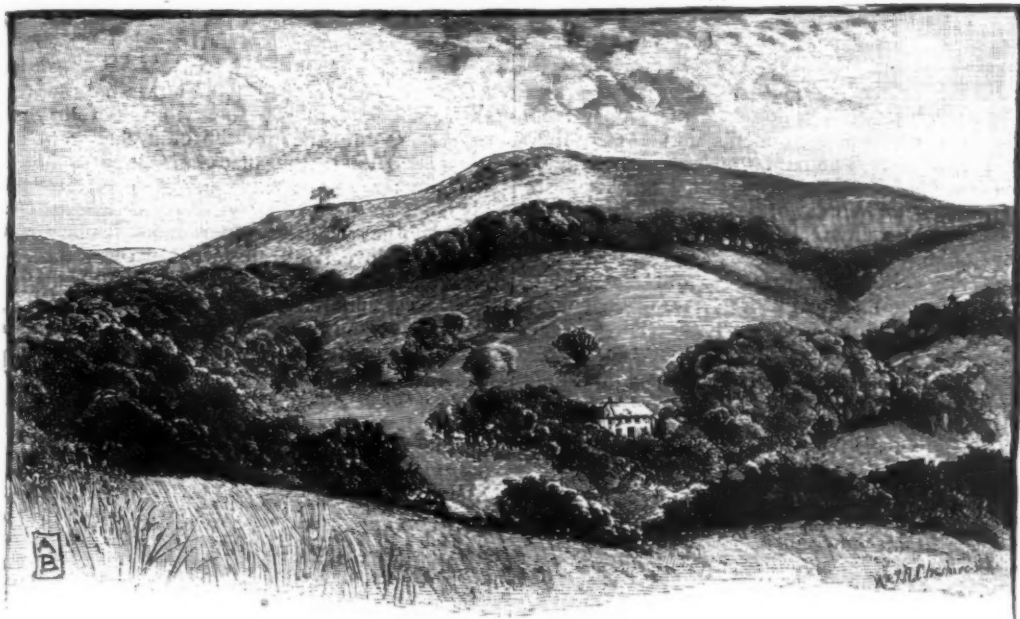
I remember one incident which will illustrate the axiom that in war time every man is a foe until he is proved to be a friend. As we drove along we espied a person riding near the edge of the bush. My father instantly determined to ascertain who he was, especially as he seemed to have no badge on his cap to denote that he belonged to our Militia. Accordingly, having rapidly unslung his rifle ready and pulled his pistols into convenient reach, my father left the waggon and moved cautiously towards the stranger, who as cautiously moved towards us. That he was armed we could see by the flashing light on his rifle-barrel. Auntie and I sat still in the waggon, looking at the two men slowly approaching each other, in dread suspense as to which rifle would go off first, and as to who would prove the better marksman. War is a horrid thing when all the gold lace is stripped off, the drums silent, and the banners gone. It is a very grizzly reality which then remains. How long the suspense lasted I cannot say, but I well recollect how thankfully I at last saw the men raise their caps to each other high over their heads. They were both militiamen, but the blinding sunlight had prevented their recognising one another as comrades. Many more mistakes were made, some tragic ones, owing to the fact that the Militia had no sort of proper uniform, only a piece of red flannel sewn to their caps.

The raiders came and went, and in a fortnight's time our daily life flowed back into its usual placid and regular movement. It was the same to all, except to me, for whom it had an enduring effect. It had shown me some of the realities of war, and personally it affected me also. I have mentioned that Pluto came home on the day of the battle. We soon saw that the poor dog was severely wounded. He used to lie and groan by the hour together, and we could do nothing for him. If I spoke to him he would always stop groaning, and sometimes would try to wag his tail. At night he lay under my bed, moaning feebly. One morning I awoke and heard no sound. I called to him, and for the first time since he had learnt to know me Pluto had no answer for his mistress's voice. I knew by that silence only too well what had happened. We buried him near the garden, where he and I had often played together. He was my first dog, and the one I most loved. It is many years ago now, yet I would hardly like to confess how sorry I feel for him still. A. E. ORPEN.

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THE CRADLE OF THE LAKE POETS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HARVEST OF A QUIET EVE," ETC



ALFOXDEN, FROM NEAR KILVE.

THE Quantock Hills are now becoming less unknown than some few years ago they were.

The Malverns, the Black Mountains, the Cotswold, and the Mendip Hills, familiar are the names of these. But, even now, the Quantocks, so lovely in themselves, so classic in their associations, are strange ground to most tourists, strange names to many. Or, if the name has come lately into more prominence, how few are aware of the associations which cling about Alfoxden, Holford, Stowey, and which, to the lover of poetry, hallow the peaks of Danesborough and Willsneck, and even the little town of Watchet! The Lake District, Keswick, Grasmere, Windermere, with these the names and memories of the Lake Poets are inextricably connected. But the Quantocks, the Cradle of the Lake Poets, these are too much defrauded of their claim to the first and greatest share in the poems and the poets that began, in the far away year 1797, to revolutionise English literature.

It is, perhaps, difficult to realise, in our calmer days of criticism, the personal bitterness with which Wordsworth, Coleridge, Keats, and Southey were met when they ventured to exchange wax-work artificiality for real human beings, and arcadian landscape for fresh English scenery. Of course, such a "poem" as "The Idiot Boy," which Wordsworth "threw in the face of the shallow critics of that day, as a kind of wanton affront to their prejudices," might challenge, and justify, ridicule. But the abuse and violence was

indiscriminate; nor can we, in our day, realise the spirit which could parody Shelley's lovely—though heathen and hopeless—threnody on Keats's—the "Lament for Adonais," with an "Ode on the Death of a Tom-cat!"

Well, Time has its revenges. If it may be truly said of *some* of the great Poet's *later* blank verse, that, in this, his

"example shows

That prose is verse, and verse is merely prose,"

as Byron wrote; and if we can smile at the lines in "Hours of Idleness," which treat of the aforesaid "Idiot Boy," lines at which, I dare say, the Bard himself smiled:

"So close on each pathetic part he dwells,
And each adventure so sublimely tells,
That all who view 'the Idiot in his glory,'
Conceive the Bard the hero of the story!"

—if thus, irreverently, his weaknesses may have been treated (and great Jove sometimes nods), yet will the world now readily endorse Matthew Arnold's exquisite lines, laid as a flower-wreath upon Wordsworth's grave:

"He, too, upon a wintry clime
Had fallen—on this iron time
Of doubts, disputes, distractions, fears.
He found us when the Age had bound
Our souls in its benumbing round;
He spoke, and loosed our heart in tears.

He laid us, as we lay at birth,
On the cool flowery lap of earth;
Smiles broke from us, and we had ease.
The hills were round us, and the breeze
Went o'er the sunlit fields again:
Our foreheads felt the wind and rain.
Our youth returned; for there was shed
On spirits that had long been dead,
Spirits dried up and closely furled,
The freshness of the early world.'

But this "venerable nomen" of Wordsworth is but little connected in men's minds with the Quantock Hills. The names of Holford, Stowey, Alfoxden, which often head some of the best known poems of Wordsworth and Coleridge, are, I dare say, by many readers, supposed to be the names of places in the Lake Country. The later life at the Lakes, has, seemingly, obliterated the scenery of the old, gay, mirthful days of the youth of these poets, whose name of "Lake Poets," has identified them with the North, and left the South-west of England robbed of its just due.

A day among the Quantock Hills may well prelude some notes as to their classical associations. Quite apart from these, this compact and beautiful range is deserving of the pen of the writer; of the visit of the—let us hope—appreciative and *unfrequent* tourist. The Quantocks, then, take their rise inland, and undulate—for this is the best word to express their character—from Taunton (with its group of stately perpendicular towers)—undulate, smooth with lawn-turf, or clad with climbing copse and shadowing wood, or astir with tossing bracken, or purple and gold in the heat of August—on towards the Bristol Channel, in sight of which they die into rolling plain at the foot of the classic village of Kilve, and of the parish of Quantoxhead, and of its neighbour, pretty St. Audrie's.

And how can we better introduce strangers to "the classic Quantocks," and revive the remembrances of those acquainted with them, than by selecting them for a genial outing in a warm, early August day? For it is in the later Summer that the Quantocks are in their utmost glory. They are lovely at all times, even in winter, in their Quaker drab; there is always the rounded swell, the moulding, and the slope, with bold heads of light and breadths of shadow, though their colourless is their least becoming wear. They are at their best *à la Cavalier*, not *à la Puritan*. In June, for instance, it is a rare delight to descend into Holford Glen, or into Butterfly Combe, or any one of many such retired nests of delight and sweetness. To descend through the trees and low bushes, that are yet in the youth of their green, fresh and dainty on every twig, and delicious against the soft June blue; or anon through the youngling ferns, the thick-stemmed bracken, just fully uncrumpled, not tough now but juicy and delicate and perfect, and clothing the hillside with the new and vivid verdure. The rabbit starts up at your feet, and you watch, well-pleased, his hurried scuttling, and the bobbing of his white tail, as he disappears among the fern. The bilberries (or whortle-berries, as

they are called here) are coming into their little colourless waxen bell of a flower; the heather is doffing its dull winter grey for its summer sober green; here and there the golden though sparse flower of the gorse gives its never-failing warrant for the meeting of lips that love. Under the trees, as you enter the wood again, nearing the glen, the foot sinks into soft beds of many generations of the leaves, not cremated here, as in Millais's painting, but changing into rich gardener-loved leaf-mould. Overhead, "the mavis and merle are singing," the trill of the willow-warbler casts silver spray into the air; the chiff-chaff reiterates his cheer-notes, the blackcap sings amid the warbling; in the opposite wood the cuckoo "tells his name to all the hills;" everywhere the ash-grey dove soothes with the earnest and soft pleading of his tale of love. So you drop down into the glen, and lo! it is a garden! A garden of tall, dappled foxgloves, hundreds upon hundreds sloping down the hillside and overspreading the valley, tall and stately, and dull-rose in hue; here and there a conspicuous white spire among the rest, each a sceptre for a Queen; six feet high the tallest.

Yes, June is the loveliest time, take it altogether, of the whole year. So much attained and yet more to come! Attainment, with, still, Anticipation; not yet the "overmastering graveness," the ominous pause of fully achieved growth, which preludes "the check, the change, the fall."

But August is, *for the Quantocks*, the regal time, the season of perfection. Then they are, without doubt, in their chief glory. For their speciality is *colour*. Their characteristic has been well described¹ as being that of "cheerful beauty." You have not grandeur, not sublimity. No lofty crags and stern acclivities, no wilderness of frowning rock, nor soaring of lonely peak. Smooth and rounded and easy of ascent, these hills rise from the plain. An intricacy of rising slopes and slanting descents, a continued alternation of hill and valley, unlike, for instance, the Malverns, which you ascend from one county and descend straightway into another;—among these interlocking swells and glens you may easily lose your way. And this gives a discoverer's zest to the endless explorations possible to the sojourner on the border of this range.

But the distinguishing and peculiar beauty of these hills is the colour. And this is richest and most splendid in the full Summer. Then the low whortle-berry bushes, with but gleaning left of their damson-coloured fruit, are rich in their scarlet-splashed foliage. Then the ripe green of the seas of bracken is diversified with chrome and ochre, and rich golden brown, with here and there an oasis in the midst, a vivid emerald lawn of mountain turf, with, it may be, the grey eye of a tiny lakelet reflecting the still heaven above; or, down the hillside, the bright, narrow line of mossy green, which traces the course of a streamlet oozing out of the rock. And what can be said of the Heather in its glory? The splendour of its purple and rose, with masses of the golden gorse interspersed,—a carpet is a poor thing to which to compare it;

¹ By the Rev. W. L. Nicholls, M.A., F.S.A., in his charming (privately printed) booklet on the Quantocks.

but it does overspread the hillside and the table-land with richness of deep velvet-pile, glowing from the loom of the Summer.

"These are words,
Their beauty is their beauty."

Still, even coloured words may suggest, or recall.

But Holford Glen shall be the scene of our

with its special beauty. Crow Combe, for instance, and Thorn Combe, wooded with oak and beech, seductive with many a turn and peep, a new revelation at each. But it is plain that one entrance must be selected, and it is by this gate that we will now enter the fortress of the hills. By this we have the special glory of the range well revealed to us. For, except a clump of blue pines, which we leave below us in our ascent, there is little wood to be seen as yet. And all around us, slope fitting into



HOLFORD GLEN

outing. This is a gateway to the Quantocks, opening out opposite Alfoxden Drive, and its hollies. How often Wordsworth must have paced meditatively alone; or, joyously, with his sister, that dark and twilight drive, and have from it entered upon the deeply-rutted path which winds past a quaint little octagonal cottage, between the slopes of the presently enclosing hills, and along the vagaries of the brown pellucid streamlet that eddies on, now close by, now further from, the track, now deeply buried under high banks and overhanging ferns, now wandering and zigzagging along the meadow, which spreads out presently on the right hand. He does not speak of the glen (though he speaks of the *village* of Holford, in which occurred the incident that produced "The Last of the Flock"). Not of the glen; it would but be one of many lovely glens; though, to the present writer, it is the dearest, and—it may be, from many pleasant associations—the loveliest.

Let us enter it, then, as of old, from the Bicknoller Combe. Many combes there are, and each

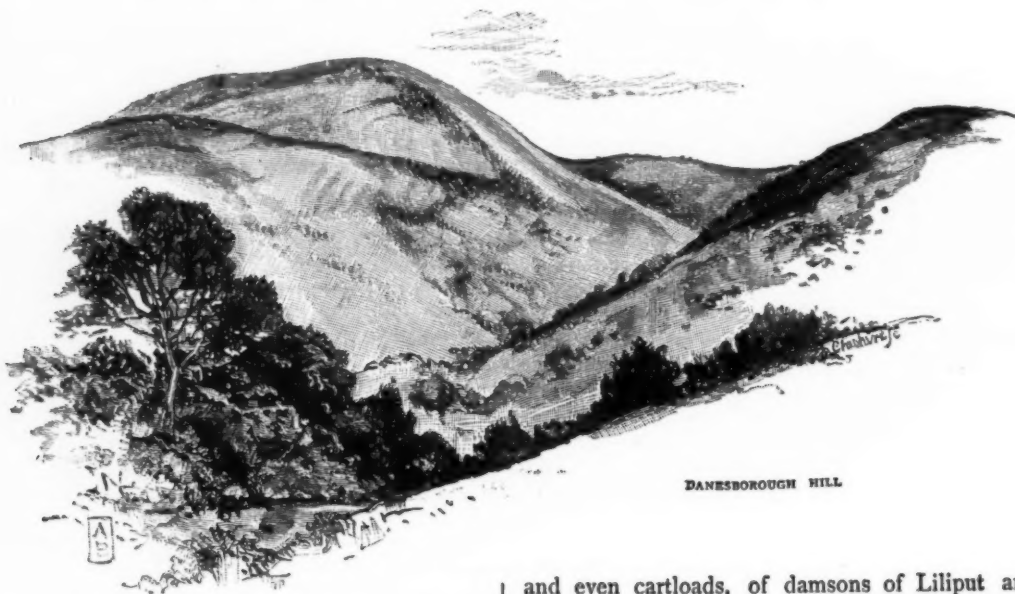
slope, the bare hills rise out of the frequent valleys. Bare? Nay, rather "with verdure clad," and crested with Syrian purple and cloth of gold.

Let, therefore, the brother who then was, but now is no longer, pastor of the village, be there as of old; and let an expectant group be awaiting the advent of our party. Let a stout donkey be chartered for convoy of the provisions, also for the assistance of the less sturdy in the steeper climbings. Let the day be lovely and the grass dry, and the hour early. Let those who are in the fifties now be, as it were, only in the thirties, and let sober joyousness well up in the bosom, and let care and care be left behind in the plains, while we ascend to the higher atmosphere. Was it hot when we began the ascent? But soon a fresher breeze begins to meet the brow, and even the poorer walkers grow invigorated with the mountain air. Soft and lawn-like is the turf, here and there treacherous with a patch of swamp, easily perceived, by the more vivid yellow-green of its verdure. We skirt it, calling out to the younger folk to do the same.

Should not the experience of the elder lives be utilised for the guidance of the young? Some, of course, rashly draw too near, and, sinking in, carry away more or less of a stain. Which incident supplies an allegory to the meditative mind. But on; and we must here note one great charm of these hills. Every combe has its delicious tinkling streamlet; grey, where it opens a little to the sky, amber-brown between its banks, with a break here and there of silvery foam. Now on this side of us, now on that; now hidden and now seen, but ever going on with its "quiet tune"—Coleridge's description of it. And Coleridge has, doubtless, seen this very streamlet. "For men may come, and men may go, but it goes on for ever." Sometimes scarcely trickling; sometimes

plumes, graceful and vivid, of a more delicate, frailer fern, surely, than the *Filix Mas*, quite distinct, too, in habit of growth, from the ethereal Lady Fern. Its fronds taper down to the stem, its plume is more compact and trim. Yes, it is the *Oreopteris*, or *Montana*, which refuses a valley habitat. Lemon-scented, it is commonly called, albeit in vain have we tried to conjure up perception of any aroma which should justify the appellation.

And now we reach one summit of the many around us. Deep down slopes combe after combe on all sides; this, wooded, that, a tossing of fern, that, regal with heather, or rough with the myrtle-like little shrub, *vaccinium myrtillus*, or whortle-berry, whence a harvest of basketfuls,



DANESBOROUGH HILL

fairly full, as now; sometimes a torrent carrying ton-loads of stone in its impetuous course, sometimes under blue skies, and sometimes under black, sometimes in the sunshine, and sometimes in the shade. But ever hurrying, or loitering, or gliding on, the *water* never for a second the same; the *form* and *appearance* varying nothing from hour to hour. Which reminds me of Lotze's "comparison of the body of man to a ripple around some hidden stone in a stream. We see, day after day, the same ripple on the stream, the same wave-form produced by the same cause, but the drops of the water are always changing." Even so, from period to period our bodies wholly change, yet we, the self of us, remain the same, body, soul, and spirit—Which might have set us musing on the mystery of the Resurrection-body—Only the rest of the party is tiring of this pause beside the eager, eddying stream.

So we must go on, only there is so much to "bid us pause," even in the ascent. See, on the bank which rises above the stream, these tall

and even cartloads, of damsons of Liliput are garnered in the season; the "whort harvest," preceding (to the grief of schoolmistresses) the harvest of the fields.

"So now we stand
On sea-ward Quantock's heathy hills,
Where quiet sounds from hidden rills
Float here and there like things astray."

Thus Coleridge, quoting partly from Drayton, long before:

"What eare so empty is, that hath not heard the sound
Of Taunton's fruitful Deane? not matcht by any ground;...
Where sea-ward Quantock stands."

Yes, now we group "beneath the wide, wide Heaven," Coleridge and Wordsworth by our side; Coleridge, as usual, impatient to speak. He shall do so in a minute, but let me just point out first some details in the loveliness of the breezy prospect. On one side see the narrowing Bristol Channel, leading on to Weston and Cardiff; set in this, the Steep Holms, and, farther from us, the Flat Holms. Beautifully does the sunlight

rest in glow and shade upon the cliff ramparts of the former, the "bold, rocky islet rising abruptly from the Severn sea, yellow as the Tiber,"¹ concerning which islet, 'tis said, the pirate Danes, repulsed in 915 from Watchet, "sat on the island, foodless and forlorn, till most of them died of hunger." The sister islet asserts itself at night chiefly, when—(let Coleridge tell us)—

"Dark reddening from the channelled isle,
Twinkles the watchfire, like a sullen star."

But we look behind, and there is the wide valley between the Quantocks and the Brendon Hills, with Dunkerry Beacon, known to readers of "Lorna Doone" (that poem of stories), and Minehead Point, jutting out into the sea, which grows blue and sapphire-clear towards Swansea and Porlock.—But the Poet grows impatient. Let him, then, tell us of

"The many-steeped tract magnificent
Of hilly fields, and meadows, and the sea,
With some fair bark, perhaps, whose sails light up
The slip of smooth clear blue betwixt two isles
Of purple shadow!"

Or, again, follow his hand-wave, pointing out

"This burst of prospect, here the shadowy main,
Dim-tinted, there the mighty majesty
Of that huge amphitheatre of rich
And elmy fields:"

And agree with him that such a view

"Seems like society—
Conversing with the mind, and giving it
A livelier impulse and a dance of thought!"

and that in presence of it a wholesome influence
overspreads the appreciative spirit, for that

"By nature's quietness
And solitary musings, all the heart
Is softened, and made worthy to indulge
Love and the thoughts that yearn for human kind."

But we must go on, and leave for another time further recollections of the poets, whose genius was cradled in these hills. We must go on, counting, among the surprises of the hills, the pleasure of startling nearly at our feet a black cock, or a grey hen, for these birds are denizens of the heather on the Quantocks.

And now we begin to descend; and the beautiful leafage gathers about our path. We lose the wide grand prospect, but with deep enjoyment we wind down into the woods, along the narrow, moist ways, every here and there having to cross a brooklet; setting stepping-stones for the ladies' feet. We descend lower and lower, looking on this side and on that for the rare *Lastrea æmula*, (Hay-scented fern), which is known to grow hereabouts. The snap of the sticks on which we

tread, the scent of the woods, the bits of blue and white which open through the branches, the twitter of the birds, the dart of a squirrel across the way; the dream that we might possibly gain a glimpse of one of the royal-antlered Red Deer, wild in these hills: all these several accompaniments of our progress delight and soothe the mind, and take the furrows from the brow. Still we descend, and presently the wood falls away off this side and on that, and opens into the lawn-verdure of our glen. Eagerly the young folk run on, rapidly a smooth plot is chosen, under a low-pollard spreading Oak. Rapidly a cairn of big stones is made, and heaps of dried sticks and of last year's bracken collected, and soon a fire twists and crackles between the



HOLFORD CHURCH.

clefts of the pile, and the abundant smoke rises, a cloud of pale cobalt, a new feature of pleasure to the eye, against the rich green of the wood, and the duller hues of the naked hillside. And a cloth is laid, and there is business of preparation—unpacking and arranging. Close by runs the stream, in which bottles of milk, etc., are placed to cool, and in which, presently, there will be easy washing of plates and dishes.

There is always a charm about a picnic. A casting off, for a time, the conventionalities of every-day routine, different fare, different adjuncts, the tablecloth laid on the swell and fall of the turf; stones at the corners to steady it; new experience of boiling of potatoes; waiting on self and others; only the canopy of sky or trees above. Voices of birds, sounds of the wood. Young people eager with glee. Old folk chewing the cud of passive and serene meditation. Here, then, we stay for awhile. Shall we call Coleridge to us again, and let his description of it enable others, besides those who are there, to lie back on the resting turf, looking between the rhythm of swaying branches, at the grey sky overhead?

¹ W. L. Nicholls.

"A green and silent spot, amid the hills,
A small and silent dell! O'er stiller place
No singing skylark ever poised himself.
The hills are heathy, save that swelling slope
Which hath a gay and gorgeous covering on,
All golden with the never-bloomless furze,
Which now blooms most profusely: but the dell,
Bathed by the mist, is fresh and delicate
As vernal corn-field, or the unripe flax,
When, through its half transparent stalks, at eve,
The level sunshine glimmers with green light.
Oh, 'tis a quiet, spirit-healing nook,
Which all, methinks, would love; but chiefly he,

The humble man, who, in his youthful years,
Knew just so much of folly as had made
His early manhood more securely wise.
Here he might lie in fern or withered heath,
While, from the singing-lark (that sings unseen
The minstrelsy that solitude loves best),
And from the sun, and from the breezy air,
Sweet influences trembled o'er his frame;
And he, with many feelings, many thoughts,
Made up a meditative joy, and found
Religious meanings in the forms of nature.
And so, his senses gradually wrapt
In a half sleep, he dreams of better worlds.'

ITALIAN EXPLORERS IN AFRICA.

BY SOFIA BOMPIANI.

IV.

DOCTOR PELLEGRINO MATTEUCCI was the companion of Gessi's unsuccessful journey up the Blue Nile towards Kaffa. He made another expedition with Bianchi into Abyssinia, and finally immortalised his name by the famous journey across the continent from the Red Sea to the mouth of the Niger. This was one of the boldest and most important journeys yet accomplished in Africa, but a violent malarial fever contracted there terminated his brilliant career in London while on his way home to Italy.



PELLEGRINO MATTEUCCI.

The letters of Matteucci on his first expedition are eloquent and copious records of the strange scenes and curious customs of African life, his vivid imagination revelling in the wild and romantic scenery through which he passed. He describes the desert from Cairo to Khartoum as "space lost in the distant horizon. Here there is not a square inch of shade, not a blade of grass, not the possibility of finding a drop of water. The yellow sand makes a strange contrast with

the whitened bones of thousands and thousands of camels which have been the food of hyenas inhabiting the desert."

Almost the only flower near the springs of the oasis is the Nilotic acacia, which diffuses rich fragrance in the air. The safety enjoyed in the desert is phenomenal, as the Bedouins, instead of being, as they are often described, robbers and assassins, are as proud of their honesty as of their independence.

Once, on the Nile, going up to the region whence they intended to travel by land towards Kaffa, they raised the Italian banner on the vessel to please the Arab captain; but the rattling of heavy chains below called their attention to a young girl, an Abyssinian slave, who was condemned to receive two hundred blows. Matteucci and Gessi told the captain that the Italian flag should never wave over such cruelty, and thus obtained the release of the girl, who returned to her duties with a smiling face.

The defeat of the expedition to Kaffa was a bitter disappointment, but Matteucci went the next year to Abyssinia with Bianchi, both being sent there by the African Commercial Society of Milan. He observed everything, the patriotic thought for Italy being supreme in his mind. "I do not seek," he says, "easily bought praise, but care only for the interests and the future of my country and to increase the love for geographical studies in Italy, most happy if this should be with the sacrifice of my own life."

He had already paid tribute to the malarious climate of the White Nile with four fevers, but on his return from Abyssinia plunged again into the unknown darkness of the African continent.

The last journey of Matteucci, commenced with Lieutenant Massari and Prince Giovanni Borghese, was from the Red Sea to the Atlantic Ocean. The youngest son of the Borghese family of Rome bore the expenses of this expedition, and himself went as far as Wadai, killing a lion on the way, and bearing himself like a true explorer, but there reluctantly yielded to the wishes of his family and

returned. Matteucci and Massari left the fantastic minarets and shady palm groves of Khar-toum and El-Obeid behind, and travelling on camels at night, when the siren of African scenery presented itself with the most lovely aspect, over thirsty plains, though sometimes attacked by savages, traversed the kingdoms of Wadai, Bornu, Kano, and Nupe. Their journey, which crossed Africa diagonally, traversing thirty meridians and parallels, was believed impossible at Cairo.

The tribes here fear the Turkish and Egyptian power, and with difficulty permit the entrance into their territory of any white man—as to them all men not black are Turks or Egyptians. Matteucci and Massari went as pilgrims with no show of wealth, but they persuaded the Sultan of Wadai that the King of Italy would avenge their death if they were not protected, and would make presents if they were.

They saved the lives of four hundred prisoners of war by telling the sultan that he could make no more acceptable present to the King of Italy than by sparing them. In Bornu they found an Italian who had been a slave there for nineteen years, having been left behind by Nachtigal. Valpreda reluctantly let them depart, and fell weeping on their necks, but was consoled by the promise that they would send for him. When the travellers reached the English settlements at the mouth of the Niger they were received with kindness and sent in a vessel to London. But Matteucci was destined never again to see his native Bologna, and the inanimate body was brought home by Massari, and buried with great honour.

v.

Besides Miani, Piaggia, Gessi, and Matteucci, there is a company of explorers, the chief of whom was Marchese Antinori, the brave old man who dedicated the last years of his life to founding an Italian station in the Scioa. He was sent by the Roman Geographical Society in 1875, his companions at various times being Chiarini, Cecchi, Martini, Bianchi, and Antonelli. The grand idea of the society was to form a depôt of supplies and relief in the Scioa, from which the hardy explorers might push onward to the equatorial lakes and discover the secrets of that vast, unexplored region, twice as large as Italy, between Abyssinia and Lake Victoria.

The project was received enthusiastically, and large sums of money were subscribed. Antinori, then sixty-five years of age, was selected as the chief of the expedition, and Chiarini and Martini were his first companions, the others being added afterwards.

The results of this effort have been inferior to the anticipations, yet a flourishing station now exists in Africa; the region has been thoroughly studied, and the Italian influence prevails there. None of the explorers penetrated the inhospitable region between the Italian station and the lakes, and their ambitious hopes were disappointed.

Antinori died in 1882, at the station Let Marefâ; Chiarini died while a prisoner to the savage

Queen of Galla, and Cecchi after incredible sufferings escaped from that terrible prison-house.

The journey of Antinori and his companions from Zeila on the Red Sea to Liccè, the residence of the half savage king Menilek, who gave them land for a station, was dangerous and difficult. They were often obliged to shoot animals for sustenance; sometimes there was no trace of vegetation, and the savages they saw were half nude and armed with lances, while their servants robbed them when it was possible. Where the rivers were swollen they crossed by swimming, often losing their effects and having their barometers and watches ruined by the water.



ORAZIO ANTINORI.

But these discomforts were forgotten in the splendour of the reception given them on their arrival by King Menilek. Four hundred horsemen came out to meet them preceded by fantastic music, while two caparisoned mules were sent for Antinori and Chiarini. An immense crowd of negroes and Arabs had gathered to witness this triumphal entry, and the booming of the sole cannon owned by Menilek, added warlike glory to the occasion. Menilek, surrounded by his princes, and by Monsignor Massaia, the bishop, who lived in the Scioa thirty years, received them, and asked with infantile greed and curiosity for the gifts sent by the King of Italy. Menilek—"King of kings and conqueror of the Lion of the tribe of Judah"—is a fine-looking young man, with black hair and beard, a frank expression; is a great friend of Europeans and eager to possess arms, the mechanism of which he understands.

The natural beauties of the Scioa, the delightful climate and fertility of the soil, are dwelt upon by Antinori with the enthusiasm of youth.

It is there a perpetual spring; the roses and jasmines, the acacias and mimosas, the bananas, cotton plants, sugar-canes and lemons, the grain, lentils, beans and peas, the mint and sage, the wild olives and monstrous sycamores; the monkeys with silvery white tails and black coats; the birds, with green bodies and red wings, or yellow bodies and black heads, charm him;—and he writes long letters home with his left hand, the

right having been rendered useless by a wound received in the chase.

Menilek granted Antinori thirty or forty acres of land situated on the side of a hill in a kind of delta formed by two torrents that met at its base. The harvests on this fertile soil are gathered three times a year, and Antinori found ample subsistence for the explorers and forty Abyssinian servants, whom he gradually gathered around him. Let-Marefià is a bit of Italy in Africa, where the Italian banner still waves. The explorers studied the animals and flowers, the insects, the soil, the people of the land, and soon collected specimens that filled thirty cases. With these proofs of their skill and industry, and also to procure supplies, Martini returned to Italy. Not less than thirty-four days were required to reach Zeila, there being no road, and the tribes often hostile or thieving.

On his return with the sea captain, Cecchi, they were even obliged to fight a battle in aid of the tribe which was escorting them, while some of their camels were lost and some died.

The duty of Martini, aided later by Bianchi, Antonelli, and Giulietti, to carry the coveted gifts from Zeila to Liccè was not an easy one. The way lay through dense forests, over desert plains, and unbridged rivers, or in the pebbly beds of dry summer torrents; while the idle character of the natives, their lying, thieving, and wars, as well as the dreadful epidemics to which they are subject, added to the difficulties in communicating with Italy. One, or even two, years sometimes passed without news from Antinori's isolated station, an Arab messenger often keeping a letter by him without thinking that haste was necessary. Caravans of three hundred camels leave Liccè once a year, carrying ivory, coffee, wax, skins, spices, and feathers.



GIOVANNI CHIARINI.

We can imagine Antinori settled in the beautiful home at Let-Marefià. The grounds are watered by perennial streams, and adorned with lovely vegetation, and a gigantic sycamore growing on one side served for shade as well as to attract birds for Antinori's collections. The old hero confesses that after all his journeyings he longed to return to Italy, but yet continued his

indefatigable labours, and was determined also to accompany Chiarini and Cecchi towards Kaffa and the Lakes. In fact, he began the journey with them, but the younger men persuaded him, on account of his mutilated hand, to return. Antinori says, "Cecchi, with tears in his eyes, threw his arms about my neck, and Chiarini did the same, imploring me not to proceed, and I, sadly kissing them on their foreheads, left them almost without a word." It was a final parting with Chiarini, who never returned.

Antinori died, and was buried at Let-Marefià, in 1882, but a memorial service was held at his native city, Perugia, when the sad news reached Italy. Cecchi was there, but although not thirty years of age, already grey and wrinkled from the terrible privations he suffered during the five years he spent in weary marches over torrid plains; in climbing precipitous mountains, or swimming wide and turbid rivers; in anxious days, with robber bands of savages; in fevers, imprisonment, and slavery.

VI.

The story this bold mariner of the Adriatic told to the Geographical Society of Rome on his return brought tears to all eyes.

They left the delightful climate of Scioa, and the comparative comfort of Let-Marefià, with a small armed escort of hunters and servants. The country before them was new, and charmed them onward with the hope of making some discoveries. Even in the delirium of the fevers which they contracted they cried, "We must go to the equator to die. The national honour requires it."

The hardships began immediately, and on the first day they were persuaded that Antinori ought not to accompany them.

The inhabitants were treacherous and ferocious; lions and leopards sprang out from the tall grass, and serpents coiled near their tents. The sun scorched, insects annoyed them, and the rivers were broad and deep. They were obliged to burn part of their stores; the guides refused to lead them; they swam rivers filled with crocodiles, and transported their boxes on rafts guided by a rope stretched across the streams. They were left at last in a strange and hostile country, having passed from one robber chief to another—despoiled, deceived, and ill-treated by all. In these primeval forests they were obliged to cut their way through the thick, low branches of the trees; and the pestilential air of the river banks, where they were compelled to sleep after swimming across, brought on fevers. When they reached the limit of their doleful pilgrimage there was nothing left for the Ghenne-fa, the rapacious Queen of Ghera in Galla.

Their mules were drowned or starved, their people were dead with fever, or had deserted them, and every robber chief along the way had chosen for himself the most valuable articles out of their boxes. Ghenne-fa saw that they had no guns, no rich carpets, no jewels or silks for her. She could not understand why they had undertaken so perilous and difficult a journey, or why

they desired to pass through her kingdom. But they told her that their king wished to know all the wonders of the world, in order to write them down in his great book; and, as he had heard that beyond Kaffa there were mountains that threw out fire, and are always covered with snow, and little men, and the wild unicorn horse, he had sent them to travel through those countries.

But the queen, believing they knew the secrets of many arts, resolved to keep them as slaves, and exacted of Cecchi carpets, stuffs, and arms, and of Chiarini mirrors and ornaments. Chiarini succeeded in making a mirror that pleased her by using the glass of an old Arab lantern and the mercury from a scientific instrument. But at last, worn out with grief and disease, Chiarini died, leaving Cecchi desolate. This slavery was harder to bear than ever alone. He fled, but was retaken, and kept in a dirty hut, where he was watched night and day, and allowed only a little bread and water. Once he was condemned to be eaten by the crocodiles, but at the last moment was saved from this fate by the cupidity of his tyrant.



ANTONIO CECCHI.

"Tell me your secrets, or I will have you drowned in the Gogeb." "But I have no secrets; I came here to learn. What *can* I make you? I cannot weave a carpet, but I will paint flowers on linen cloth." The queen was pleased with this, and gave him double rations of food.

But the hour of relief from this torture at last came, Antinori having persuaded the King of Abyssinia to reclaim the prisoner and threaten the queen with invasion. She then tried to make Cecchi forget her ill-treatment and persuade him to call her "his kind mother."

The meeting of Cecchi, as he went in triumph, accompanied by an almost regal escort along the shore of the Blue Nile, with his liberator, Gustavus Bianchi, is dramatic. In the distance Cecchi sees a European mounted and a number of savages. He rises on his horse and calls out over the river,

"Who are you, generous man?" "Bianchi." And Cecchi, weeping with joy, answers, "How are my family?" "All well." "Is it true that Victor Emanuel is dead?" "Yes, he is dead." The inundation of the Nile kept Cecchi waiting not less than four months upon its banks, but his sufferings were over. He received great honours on his return to Rome, and after a short repose returned to Africa.

His work, in three volumes, entitled, "From Zeila to Caffa," has been published at the expense of the Roman Geographical Society, and he is now Italian consul at Aden.

The region then traversed by Cecchi and Chiarini has since been conquered by Menilek, King of Scioa, and any of his friends could now travel there in safety. The petty chiefs, who were then suspicious and rapacious persecutors, would now receive with hospitality any travellers arriving from Scioa. They argue that when a traveller has been allowed to pass through the dominions of a neighbouring king he must certainly be either his friend or his messenger, and, conquered in battle soon after the liberation of Cecchi by a general of Menilek, they are now careful not to irritate him.

Menilek is strengthening and increasing his kingdom by dethroning the native chiefs, and establishing his own generals in their places. Gimma, Guma, Ghera, Gomma, Limmù, Harar, and other places have fallen into his power, and he aspires to make the capital of this vast new kingdom to the south of Abyssinia in a city of Kaffa. The political and geographical importance of these conquests is evident. Menilek, who is a tributary of King John of Abyssinia, extends his kingdom to the south towards the equatorial lakes, taking with him the Italian explorers, of whom he professes himself the friend. At least, so it has been until the present war between Italy and Abyssinia, and his attitude is now uncertain.

Count Pietro Antonelli has been with Menilek several years, and taken part in three wars with these southern tribes. Dr. Traversi and Dr. Ragazzi, both sent out to Let-Marefià by the Geographical Society, have also accompanied him as physicians. The latter is director of Let-Marefià, and resides there when not with Menilek, or making collections of insects, flowers, birds, reptiles, or animals for Italy. After the long rains he gathers specimens of the rare ferns and lichens that grow abundantly near the forest, and when the sun shines he collects flowers and butterflies. Dr. Ragazzi has added several new buildings—a barn, an observatory, and a museum—and has also begun to erect a hospital there for native Africans, but Menilek was so pleased with this project that it will be established at Entotto, the capital of Scioa. He received the decoration of Cavaliere from Menilek in recognition of these services.

THE WAY OF SAFETY.

A MORNING DREAM.



THE PRINCE ACCEPTS THE CONDITION.

WE cry out against our pain as if it were always some wanton, needless injury inflicted upon us by either God or man; a surer instinct might teach us how often the way of suffering is the only way of safety for our souls.

The battle was over, and night had fallen silently upon the vast plain on which the fight had been. Of the King's great army, which had marched onwards so triumphantly in the morning, were now no traces left; the greater part of it lay dead around their monarch; the few who remained were only scattered fugitives, pursued and cut down by the enemy even whilst they fled. As

the stars shone out at length over the rocks that bound the plain, their light shone down upon an unbroken silence, in which, as it seemed, no living creature stirred.

But that silence was delusive; it was not so real as it appeared. Beneath the shadow of the greatest of the rocks three men were hiding; and under the cover of that darkness, and of the night, a long and anxious consultation was being held. These three poor fugitives, reduced to straits like these, had been in positions of greatest honour so lately as yesterday; they were Scheyn and Osrarn, the two most trusted counsellors of the King, who now was dead, and the young Prince Armanos, his only son and heir.

The counsellors talked; the young prince sat apart, and, leaning against the rock, appeared almost to sleep. That he should seem thus unconcerned caused no surprise to them, he had been brought up to remain in indifference whilst others watched for him.

But to the two counsellors he was their monarch's son—nay, monarch himself, now that the King was dead—the young prince whom they had been trained to watch over, and to please, the representative of the kingdom, and the darling of their hearts. As they consulted together, their beards touching as they talked, it was only for him they feared, not for themselves; their own lives, if they could be considered of any worth at all, were only of worth as things that could be sacrificed for him.

How could they save him? That was the dreadful question, the one dim question that grew darker as they talked.

On one side of them stretched the ceaseless plain, on the other was the country of the enemy. They had but the scanty stock of provisions that Scheyn carried in a little wallet on his back. There was not enough in that to support the lives of even two men in their journey across the plain, and they dared not leave the prince to undertake that adventure by himself. The confusion that was in their minds seemed to grow even deeper as they spoke, and at last they sunk into silence like the stillness of despair.

And then, all at once, starting upwards, Scheyn sprang once more to his feet, and declared, "by the beards of the prophets," that he had found the way at last. His sudden movement seemed to rouse the prince himself, though he soon leant back, and appeared to sleep again. But Osrarn, moved to excitement in the hope of counsel, stood upon his feet that he might hear with all his heart.

"Give me the provisions," cried Scheyn; "I will go across the plain, and will leave the prince to shelter himself with thee."

"Thou knowest, Osrarn," he cried, "that as days and nights pass on, the troops of the Sultan will be seeking for the prince, that they will search the plains and the rocks, and will leave no stone to be moved. But there is one plain they will not search, that is, the country of the Sultan; and there is one place where they will not seek, that is, his palace and his throne. I counsel, therefore, that in that palace thou take refuge with the prince."

"Thy father was a merchant of Sabarca," he continued, whilst Osrarn remained silent, too deeply moved to speak, "and thou hast, therefore, the power of speaking that language as thine own. Take then the Sabarkan mantle that is on the shoulders of the prince, and become once more a merchant, as once thy father was, a merchant despoiled and robbed by the soldiers of the King, but left still with a few fair jewels, and with one slave, who is dumb."

Again he waited, and then spoke a few more words, in the tone of one on whose speech some weighty sense depends. "Thou knowest how the merchants of Sabarca are wont to treat their slaves?" And again was Osrarn silent, but his silence showed assent.

"Think well then," said Scheyn, with decision in his tone, "before thou assumest the part of a master with his slave. For if it shall be said of thee that there is a Sabarkan merchant who gives to his slave no hard words and no blows, who treateth him other than he doth the mule he drives—nay, even as an animal that is far lower than a mule—if such words shall be said of thee thy destruction is at hand. Then spare not, but strike without mercy, as masters use to do; by such a pathway alone mayest thou hope to save the prince."

"And one counsel more," said Scheyn, for Osrarn was lost in silence, "if indeed thou resolvest on such a path as this. From the moment that thou art master remain a master still, let no word or glance from thee be a betrayal of thy charge. There may be spies on thee in thy most secret moments; remain then master and slave, and let the prince be dumb."

"And now farewell, for I go across the plain to return once more to the country of the King. Thou mayest find means ere long to send me some word from thee; if not, I will raise an army, and will come to thee with help. The Sultan cherishes merchants at his palace, so they say; then fear not, but play thy part boldly, and all shall yet be well. Once more before I leave (for our feet must linger not), hast thou accepted the charge I give to thee?"

He waited the answer, but Osrarn's lips were dumb, and his fluttering breath alone could speak for him. Then from out of the darkness came another voice, it sounded sternly behind them like words of doom,

"I have accepted it."

They turned and saw that the prince was standing behind them there; in the dim moon-

light they could see him stand erect. Surprise held them silent, they could not speak to him. There was no time to loiter, and they dared not linger more; Scheyn prostrated himself in reverence before his master's son, and gave to Osrarn one long farewell embrace, and took up the wallet in which his provisions were, and so set out on his journey across the plain.

For a long while Osrarn stood watching the figure in the moonlight, the one moving object in all the silence that was there. He could not think of the counsel that had just been given to him; he felt stunned and troubled as one in great surprise, and yet the words moved in his mind as if they had been commands—and as if they were commands that he dared not disobey. He turned at last; the prince stood where he had been; he went up to him and took the mantle from his shoulders, he took the sandals from off his feet, and plucked the jewels from his hair. At every moment he trembled, as if he must be struck or punished; he longed to prostrate himself before his master's feet. And yet, as if moving mechanically, his hands still did their work. He put the rich robe on his shoulders, and hid the jewels in his breast. The prince remained standing and silent, as one lost in deepest thought, or as in the haughty stillness that had been his usual mood. Beneath the royal robe he had worn one only garment, a tunic of purple linen that reached nearly to his knees, that left his arms bare from the shoulder, and was fastened with a belt. This simple apparel was often worn by slaves, and his young limbs, left bare, had a lithe and shapely look. But Osrarn would stay no longer to debate or ponder; he was now a Sabarkan master, and must perform his part at once.

"Come, son of a dog, and follow me," he cried; he knew not what instinct it was that gave harshness to his words. He had expected some movement of fury, but the prince gave no sign of wrath; he crossed his hands on his breast, as Sabarkan slaves are wont, and bending his head as one who knows himself in fault, he followed behind his master without uttering a word. In this manner, without exchanging a single word or glance, they trudged onwards in silence across the moonlit plain. Already it seemed as if their lives had changed, as though they travelled together as master and as slave.

"And if I succeed," thought Osrarn, as they marched onwards through the night, and the moon threw her shadows across the silent plain; "and if no destruction come on us, and we return once more to our land, with what sort of honour will my master greet me then? And yet I care not if but the prince return—his deepest dungeon would mean only rest to me."

And yet he trembled before his appointed task, and loathed the path he had been advised to tread. A man mild and gentle as but few were in his land, the slightest necessity of harshness was distasteful to his heart; he dreaded the conduct that he must now assume, he knew not how the pride of the prince would bear a yoke so strange. For the prince had been lapped in the luxurious harem

life, through palace and kingdom his slightest wish was law, and before his disdainful indifference all other wills had bent. Now his vizier went on before him with a sorely troubled heart, and the prince followed his footsteps as they travelled through the night.

The sun had just risen when they were suddenly surrounded, a troop of the Sultan's soldiers had discovered them in the plain. To these men Osrām addressed himself in the best Sabarcian language, for he had never forgotten what had been his father's tongue. He described himself as a merchant who was travelling to the Sultan, and who had been attacked and robbed by the soldiers of the King; he said that he had been able to hide a few jewels, which he showed; and that they had left him one slave, whom they thought worthless, as he was dumb. At every instant he feared to be detected, but the men who heard gave no sign of doubting him. On the contrary, they promised to lead him to the Sultan; and, as he was weary, they lent to him a horse. They would also have mounted the prince behind a member of the troop, but Osrām checked them at once when he heard that idea.

"In my land," he said to them, "slaves always walk."

So through all the day they travelled towards the palace of the Sultan; and although they went slowly over the rough, uneven ground the prince was so tired that he seemed ready to fall. But when the long day was over they reached the chief town of the Sultan at last.

The evening had not long fallen when they were brought into the monarch's presence, for he had expressed a wish to see the travellers at once. He sat in his garden upon embroidered cushions, enjoying the coolness of the fresh evening air. Osrām rode up towards him and made a low obeisance, and then called upon his slave to assist him to dismount. But the prince was confused, and did not seem to hear his call, so that his inattention was observed by all who were there. Osrām instantly flung himself from his horse to the ground, and, taking a stick that he saw lying near, he belaboured with that the shoulders of the prince; and then, prostrating himself before the Sultan's feet, entreated the monarch to forgive him for having first chastised his slave. The Sultan received him graciously, and bade him rise at once; and then, placing him in a seat that was at his own right hand, called out to an attendant to bring a footstool near. But Osrām entreated him not to let this be done. "In my land," he said, "we make footstools of our slaves." And then, making the prince lie down on his face in front of him, he placed both his feet on the bruised shoulders of his slave. At the same time he answered all questions that the Sultan asked of him, and that in a manner so agreeable that he charmed all who heard.

When night was come he was conducted to a pavilion, which the Sultan had ordered to be richly decked for him. A couch with embroidered coverings had been elevated there, and at the foot of that was placed a small mat for the slave.

When the attendants were gone, and they found themselves alone, Osrām longed to turn to the prince and speak openly to him, but his instinct restrained him, and he dared not give word or glance, he only commanded him with harshness to undo the fastening of his robe. The instant that he had spoken he was roused by a rustling sound; it was evident that there were watchers within the coverings of the tent. Remembering the advice of Scheyn, he gave the prince a hasty blow, and desired him to set all things in order before he dared to sleep.

Through the long night-watches, as he lay wakeful on his couch, Osrām listened with deep relief to the breathing at his feet; it was evident that the weary prince had sunk in repose at once. For himself, he could not sleep, he was trembling as one in anguish, and in heavy misgivings he lay tossing till the dawn. With the morning light there came no relief to him, there came only the need for deception and for blows, for the strange companionship in which neither dared to speak, and for the hard part he had forced himself to play.

The days passed onwards in the palace of the Sultan, for the Sultan would not consent for the travellers to depart. He loaded Osrām with presents, and took much delight in him, and loved to consult his wisdom upon affairs of state. In the evening he would invite him into the Garden of Fountains, and there, lying upon cushions, would hold much discourse with him. Osrām was embarrassed by these favours, from which he could not escape, and tried every moment to think of some excuse to depart. Meanwhile, as the fear of danger was always present in his mind, he took care that his slave should be ever at his side, and, lest any should imagine the respect he had for him, he remembered to load him both with abuse and blows.

Sometimes he imagined that his heart, indeed, was hard, and that to be cruel was natural to him. Sometimes he could not but wonder what were the feelings of the prince, who received in such silence all the hardships he bestowed. For though they were always together, they exchanged no open looks, but always remained to each other as master and as slave. Osrām could only see in silence that the look of the prince had changed—he had become thin and worn, and his skin was burnt with heat, whilst his lips had the silent look of a mouth that never speaks, and his eyes the expression of one who can only speak through them. Beneath severe blows he would give no faintest murmur, and would show no anger whatever was said to him. But his eyes would rest often upon his master's face with a soft and strange expression Osrām could not understand.

So they became famed by degrees, the master and the slave, and men came from far and near to see them both—the courteous merchant with his store of varied learning, and the beautiful slave who was patient and was dumb. There was not a man astonished at the treatment he received, but his conduct beneath it excited much surprise. The slaves of Sabarca were a degraded race,

and affection or obedience was not looked for from them. Osrām shared their perplexity in his most secret heart; even less than they could he understand the prince. Meanwhile he was much alarmed at the attention they received, and daily implored the Sultan that they might at length depart.

His request was granted, but with one condition still—that they must remain till the end of a festival that was to take place in the town. When Osrām heard this permission he began to count the days, it seemed that the end of his torment might be hoped for at last. Meanwhile he continued loaded with the most lavish favours, for the Sultan spared no occasion of doing honour to his guest. But Osrām, being thus compelled to be always by his side, found himself unable sometimes to keep the prince with him; and, although there rose near before him the hope of safety, he could not free himself from the dread of some mischance.

The day of the festival came, and it was celebrated with magnificence, and the whole populace of the town was assembled to see the sports. These consisted in a great degree of contests amongst the slaves, who wrestled and leaped and danced in the courtyards near the palace, whilst the Sultan watched them, seated on a splendid throne, with his counsellors round him and Osrām by his side. The prince was compelled to take part in all the sports, and, being quick and graceful, he soon excelled all the rest, and won the Sultan's applause and the interest of the crowd. The day's proceedings were to close with a race, and whilst all the multitude pressed close to look at that, the Sultan conversed with Osrām, who was seated close to him. It was now nearly evening, and the sun was sinking low, and Osrām began to hope that the day would soon be done.

But it was just at this very moment he became sensible of a tumult, of a violent excitement and commotion amongst the slaves. The crowds of people hid the sight of what had happened. Then they parted hither and thither, as men fiercely thrust aside; and he beheld in their midst a train of the Sultan's slaves, who, with excitement and cries, dragged the prince to him. From their discordant clamour and the crowd's tumultuous shouts he became aware of the misfortune that had chanced. The prince had rushed onwards before the others in the race, and had fallen down just as he attained the goal; and in his fall he had dragged down with him and broken one of the sacred jars of the Sultan which had been placed near the goal. The miserable Osrām, seized with unutterable despair, heard his slave accused of a crime of which the punishment was death.

Then it seemed to him for a moment as if all his senses left him, and he could feel only the fever at his heart. And then, with a violent effort, as of one who fights with death, he roused himself to cry hoarse and broken words. He cried out that his slave must not be at once destroyed, that a more severe punishment must be prepared for him; he entreated that he might be carried to the dungeons of the palace until he could himself

decide on the torture that was his due. His words served to stay the tumult, or at least to turn its course, and he saw the prince being dragged away from him. Then, in his despair, for he saw no chance of safety, a faintness came over him, and he almost fell from his seat.

It was at this moment that the prince began to struggle, for he had submitted quietly to those who laid hands on him. He made signs that he wished to be led to his master's feet, and in their surprise they let go their hold of him. Then, kneeling before his master with eyes full of love and sorrow, he bent down softly and pressed kisses on his feet. The Sultan had been observing from his throne all that had passed; and at this sight he could no more contain himself.

"And such a slave," he cried, "thou couldst condemn easily to death! By the souls of my fathers, I am not as thou! I could forgive my worst enemy, and the son of my worst enemy, if he were such as that!"

There was a moment's silence, and then, suddenly, Osrām spoke. His voice was altered; his language, too, was changed; he seemed as a man whom some sudden thought has seized.

"Rise up, Prince Armanos," he cried, "son of the King!"

The prince rose to his feet. There was silence.

"And now," said Osrām, to him, "kneel once more to the man who could forgive his worst enemy, and the son of his worst enemy, if he were such as thou!"

The prince moved forward, and attempted again to kneel, but the Sultan rose hastily and clasped him in his arms.

* * * *

Then, over all the palace there came a great rejoicing, and the sound of the tumult could be heard far out in the night. The Sultan ordered that a banquet should be provided, and that the prince should be treated as a king; he promised to make with him a treaty of peace and friendship, and when that was concluded to restore him to his throne. Around them on every side pressed the joyful multitude; but the prince had not spoken, he had become unused to words.

Only when the Sultan took his hand to lead him onwards to the palace he turned round once more to where Osrām was seated still. For over Osrām had a great trembling come; the relief had been too great, he could not rouse himself again. Then, when raising his eyes he saw his master near him, he cried out in a broken, trembling voice to him,

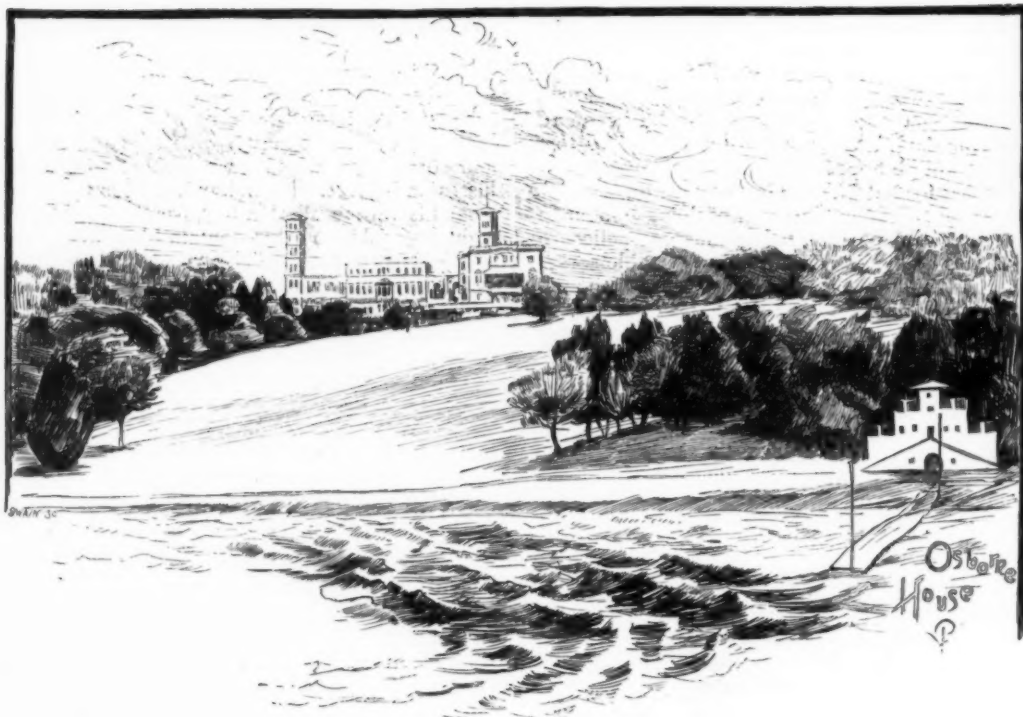
"Oh, my prince, my slave," he cried, "what shall I say now to thee?" And he would have risen, that he might bend to him. But the prince prevented him with a movement of his arms, and then threw himself down before him on his knees.

"Oh, my master, my father," he cried, in a voice broken with emotion, "say only that a lifetime of homage can never repay thee for all I owe to thee. Think not that through all these days it has been of myself I thought. I knew thy merciful nature too long, too well, for that; and felt always, through every blow, a deeper pain than mine!"

M. A. CURTOIS.

THE QUEEN'S HOMES.

OSBORNE.



WHEN the Queen and Prince Consort were visiting the old Duke of Wellington, at Strathfieldsaye, a newspaper representative wrote to his Grace for the facilities usually accorded on such occasions. The Duke's answer was short and to the point: "F. M. the Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Mr. —, and begs to say that he does not see what his house at Strathfieldsaye has to do with the public press." Nevertheless, "Mr. —'s" desire to see within it was pardonable. There was no great offence in public curiosity being exercised as to the country home and domestic life of an old warrior like the Duke of Wellington, most of whose time had been passed in camps and on the battle-field; though one may readily understand his blunt refusal to gratify it. The daily habits at Hawarden of such a man as Mr. Gladstone, for example, whose extraordinary activity and power of endurance at an age when most men are seeking repose, are the astonishment of every one, might possibly be commented upon without any very grave breach of decorum. Nor need we be ashamed of a little curiosity as to points of etiquette and matters of routine connected with the court and palace. These, at some time or other, become subjects of remark in public records and

works of reference and biography, and belong in a measure to the department of history.

In certain cases and in certain circumstances a writer does not commit any grave impropriety, in pointing out what he honestly thinks may be of public interest in the private life of public persons who have earned the country's gratitude, or in whom the world at large may be for the moment greatly interested. But when a writer seeks to overstep those limits, and asks permission, as we last year did, to visit the private Homes of the Queen (other than those under jurisdiction of the Lord Chamberlain), with a view to describing in print what he sees, he ought, in such case, to satisfy himself beforehand that the scope of his proposed paper is limited exactly to what may be properly set down, without infringing in one single point the bounds of ordinary courtesy. If he go beyond he is doing what he would resent in the person of another, who sought or ventured to intrude on his own domestic privacy.

The present writer received, through the editor of this publication, her Majesty's gracious permission to visit Osborne when she was absent; and he thinks it right at once to say that his paper will not touch upon any topic other than that belonging to a general description of the house

and grounds, with incidental reference to some pleasant associations of the place and the august lady to whom it belongs.

As a summer residence, Osborne House is an ideal home—an ideal home, that is to say, for a Queen and Empress. The best general view of it is to be had seaward from the Solent as the steamer makes her way from Ryde to Cowes, or crosses from Stokes Bay on the Portsmouth side. From Cowes itself nothing of the mansion is to be seen. It stands on the hill-top, the wooded slopes of which shut out the view from the wayfarer taking passage by the steam-launch which serves as a ferry between West and East Cowes. The estuary of the Medina, the little river which winds southward to Newport, and which has to be crossed in order to reach Osborne, presents one of the prettiest pieces of seascape to be imagined. On the east side stand the picturesque cottage-dwellings of the coastguard; and dwarf houses, stores, and inns fringe the waterside, to which the green trees on the hilly woodland above form a charming background; on the west, low-lying quays and houses reach round from the main street to a pretty promenade which is lapped in sunny days by the placid waters of the Solent. At high tide, the back-doors of the shops and the terrace steps are within a foot or two of the water, so that the daintiest lady may step from her house into her boat without soiling

of England. It is crowded with fairy craft of every class and build, from the lightest-built blue-and-gold-painted launch to the staunchest steam yacht, well-manned and well-equipped for an ocean voyage. Schooner-yachts, cutter-yachts, yawls, and every other craft in which English gentlemen love to cruise from port to port along the coast-line in the long days of summer, are to be seen at anchor in the Medina estuary when the Queen goes down to Osborne—as she usually does for a brief period—in August. Hardly a first-class yacht sails from this country but she makes for Cowes in the regatta week; and for liveliness and gaiety no such scene as the little town then presents is to be seen out of England.

The Queen's liking for this particular part of the island dates from her girlish days, when, as Princess Victoria, she lived for a time at Norris Castle with her mother, the Duchess of Kent. This is a picturesque, embattled edifice, in the old baronial style, which commands a view that even Osborne cannot rival. From it may be seen Portsmouth, with its fortifications, barracks, and shipping, the wooded coast-line of the island, from Old Castle Point to Nettlestone Headland, beyond Ryde; Southampton town and water, the New Forest in the background, and Calshot Castle, so-called, standing on the extreme point of a long bank of shingle marking the separation between the Solent



NORRIS CASTLE.

a shoe. Here and there, green fields and lawns slope to the water-edge, and the overhanging branches of trees which dip into the sea provide a welcome and delightful shelter to picnic parties from the too fierce rays of the summer sun.

In the early days of August this little bay is the rendezvous of the Royal Yacht Squadron

and Southampton river. No doubt reminiscences of her girlish days, and the pleasant freedom she then enjoyed in roaming through the woods and pretty secluded byways of the island, were not without influence in determining the Queen to buy Osborne when the opportunity came.

In 1840 the estate and a plain old red-brick

manor-house which then stood upon it, were bought from Lady Isabella Blackford. Osborne, however, as Lady Isabella sold it and as it now is, are very different places. Her Majesty enlarged the estate by later purchases until it now comprises some five thousand acres, stretching in one direction from the high road between East Cowes and Newport to the thickly-wooded shores of King's Quay; and in the other from the Solent shore to the Ryde road. In brief, the estate is about two and a half miles long by two wide, and, in point of diversified beauty, embraces hill and

onward, to the left, Albert and Osborne Cottages are seen peeping through the trees; and yet a few yards farther on, standing a little way back from the main road, is an archway of stone with tall iron gates which serves as the principal entrance to Osborne. A carriage drive sweeps round from here to the eastern terrace and the house.

Not being privileged to enter this way, which is reserved to royalty alone, we find our right road a short distance on, where the courteous guardian of the lodge (whom we recognise as once of Buckingham Palace) bids us present our credentials to the



OSBORNE HOUSE FROM THE GROUNDS.

dale, meadow and woodland, seashore and rustic church. The only place known to us which can compare with it in this respect being lovely Mount Edgumbe, that skirts the western shores of Plymouth Sound. When the purchase of Osborne was completed, the Prince Consort, with his usual energy, set about putting the estate in order. The present mansion was planned (it is said largely by himself) and built, first the Pavilion and the eastern front, and at a late date the north and south wings.

Turning aside from the little Medina Inn by the quay, you make your way to Osborne House by a broad hilly road, passing at foot of it what appears to be the rather shabby beginnings of a new town. At this point stands a solitary tree, where the guard of honour is drawn up to receive and salute the Queen at her home-coming and on her departure. About half way up this hill, on either side of which, here and there, are small dwellings of the townspeople, Kent House is reached, which marks, we believe, the limit in this direction of the Queen's estate. A few yards

policeman who stands at the cross roads within the grounds, to warn off intruders who may get that far unchallenged. A tall, pleasant-faced, grey-bearded constable of the A Division of Metropolitan Police, whose service in guarding royalty extends over many years, examines our authority, and, finding it in proper form, escorts us to the house and takes his leave. Another guide now takes us in charge, and in his company we pass through the principal apartments.

"It sounds so pleasant," wrote the Queen to King Leopold of Belgium, when she first went to Osborne, "to have a place of one's own, quiet, retired, and free from all 'Woods and Forests' and other departments, which are the plague of one's life." Osborne is the Queen's very own. The Lord Chamberlain and other high officials of the palace have no jurisdiction here. It is as much her private property as the house that the artisan builds for himself is his. The result has been that Osborne, more perhaps than any other residence of her Majesty, exhibits the best indication of her own taste in respect of art and decora-

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tion. The corridors are filled with beautiful statuary and cabinets of art treasures in precious metals and china, and the rooms with pictures chiefly modern.

The most striking characteristic of the mansion is its elegance and cheerfulness. It is precisely what a summer residence should be. There are no small over-furnished rooms with dull wall papers and heavy curtains; but everything is arranged with a view to enliven and to captivate the eye. In keeping with this judicious arrangement, the prevailing decorations of the rooms are in the lighter tints of white, azure, green, vermilion, and gold. The principal apartments open upon corridors, the lofty windows of which overlook the terraces and lawn.

It would be impossible to name or describe in detail the numerous fine pieces of sculpture which delighted us as we passed from room to room. These stand in the hall and main and lesser corridor, and comprise examples of the best known modern masters—Gibson, Theed, Weeks, Thorneycroft, Boehm, and Calder Marshall. Doubtless most of them were exhibited at the Royal Academy in times past, including the busts of the Queen's children, of which there are several; the most noticeable examples being grouped next the Queen's entrance, bearing, if our memory serves us, the name of Thorneycroft. The Psyche by Von Hoyer, the same subject by Theed, the Paul and Virginia by Jean Geefs, the Queen by Marochetti, the Prince Consort by Theed, the Prince of Wales by Gibson, the Duchess of Kent by Theed, a most beautiful Venus and Cupid (by an artist whose name we do not remember); and a grand group standing in the beautiful hall, a reminiscence of the first Exhibition of 1851, greatly occupy our attention. We could have wished to linger and study and enjoy these and other charming works of art, but that time pressed and we had to pass to other parts of the mansion.

In the cabinets we noticed things commemorative of bygone ceremonials, in the shape of gold and silver trowels with due inscriptions from bodies corporate, and such matters of bric-à-brac as carved ivory chessmen, jewel-boxes, inkstands, coins, and the like. On the grand staircase is a fine fresco of Neptune surrendering to Britannia the empire of the ocean; and below, in the hall next the group of statuary from the first Great Exhibition referred to above, stands a brass field-piece, a trophy of Tel-el-Kebir, presented to her Majesty by Admiral Lord Alcester. It was in that action the Duke of Connaught received his "baptism of fire."

In the south wing on the ground floor are the apartments reserved to the ladies and gentlemen in attendance on her Majesty at Osborne—the Household dining and drawing rooms, billiard room, etc.—spacious and handsomely furnished. Outside, in the corridor, we noticed two pictures, illustrating subjects connected with the seaward view from here; the ill-fated wreck of the *Eurydice*, and a Naval Review at Spithead, both by H. Robins. On the canvas of the last-named the artist notes that it was sketched and painted in twenty-eight hours. All the royal apartments,

with the exception of the bedrooms, are on this floor, in what is known as the Pavilion part of the house: the Queen's drawing-room, dining-room, sitting-room, council-room, audience-chamber, etc., including a very handsome billiard-room. In this stands a billiard-table, to judge by the cursory glance we had of it, of stained or polished woods, in imitation of variegated marble. It is the most beautiful thing of the kind we ever saw; and, indeed, the pretty appointments and decorations of this room could hardly be matched.

In the Queen's dining-room are a number of portraits of the royal family, beginning at the upper end with that of the Duchess of Kent, hanging next a large canvas by Winterhalter, representing the Queen and Prince Consort in their earlier days, with the royal children; and ending at the lower with a recently-painted portrait of the Princess Beatrice and Prince Henry of Battenberg. In the intervening spaces are full-lengths of the late Emperor Frederick of Prussia and his wife, the Prince of Hesse and Princess Alice of England, Prince and Princess Christian, and the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the members of their family. The portraits of the princes are taken in uniform.

In the council-room hangs the magnificent work of Landseer, "The Deer Drive;" and in other apartments are many examples of well-known English artists, besides some very valuable specimens of the old masters.

We have already incidentally referred to the charming decoration of the rooms. The carpets, curtains, and furniture generally are, we need hardly add, in harmony with the taste everywhere so noticeable in the interior arrangements of Osborne. In one apartment (we forget now which) hangs an exquisitely designed chandelier, of Venetian manufacture, of various coloured glass, shaped in festoons of bell-shaped flowers of the brighter hues—pink, white, violet, and amber. In point of fact, the elegance and prettiness of ornamentation at once captivate the visitor who may be privileged to see the inside of the Queen's home at Osborne.

The sleeping apartments and private sitting-rooms of the Queen, and those of the princesses who may be staying with her, are on the first floor. We have seen some interesting photographs of these (by Hughes and Mullins, of Ryde) to which we shall have to refer the reader who may desire a nearer inspection of them.

A private chapel has been recently built at Osborne, or rather one of the lower rooms has been adapted to the purposes of a private chapel, to obviate the necessity of the Queen going to Whippingham. It is a plain, long room (as yet not finished), with ceiling and wall decorations in light tints. At the upper end is an ordinary reading-desk, which serves as pulpit, next which is a small space for a communion-table, and on the other side a desk for the officiating clergy. At the lower end is an organ, with silvered-metal pipes, but otherwise destitute of ornament. Rows of chairs in tasteful walnut are placed on the unoccupied floor space in the middle of the chapel, the Queen's slightly in advance of the others, with a little table in front, on which is carved a

radiant sun, with the legend, "Heaven's light our guide"—if we mistake not, the motto of the Order of the Star of India.

The Queen used regularly to attend divine service at Whippingham Church, where, later, her youngest daughter and constant companion

nave, chancel, transepts, north and south aisles, and central tower and spire. The Prince Consort who regularly went to Whippingham on Sundays to service, did not live to see it opened, though it was all but completed before his death, and the widowed Queen has placed a splendid and costly



THE CORRIDOR.

of her widowhood, Princess Beatrice, was married—the first instance on record, it is said, of a daughter of the Sovereign being married in a parish church. The present edifice stands on the site of a more ancient church, dedicated to St. Mildred, which, after undergoing much restoration and patching-up, was finally pulled down in the Prince Consort's time. He, we believe, had much to do with planning and superintending the erection of the present building. The modern St. Mildred's (which is but a short distance from Osborne House) is a very handsome church, with

monument to his memory in it. The font, presented by her Majesty, is also a memorial of the Prince Consort, after designs by the Princesses Christian and Louise. A more recent monument is to the memory of the Duke of Albany. The rectory, where Canon Prothero resides, is pleasantly shaded by trees, and commands a beautiful landscape.

Considering the extent of the park at Osborne, and the variety of scenery it comprises, it is little wonder that when her Majesty is staying there she seldom cares to go beyond the grounds. Occa-

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sionally she drives out on the pretty Newport road, and once in a while goes as far as Ryde, but such excursions are now few and far between. The one inconvenience inseparable from living in the Isle of Wight is that it is unpleasantly warm, and rather enervating in summer. Nature has done her best, however, to remedy this in respect of the Queen's home. A magnificent lawn slopes down to the sea, and the house stands on very high ground, approached by a succession of terraces. On either side rise rocky knolls crested with foliage, and the paths that have been laid out bring the few who are now privileged to wander there to lovely little shady nooks and coigns of vantage, where picturesque peeps of sea and sky and inland scenery may be had. The grounds of Osborne have been well described as a blending of all beauties—streams and dells, fruit, foliage, crag, wood, and cornfield. Where Nature has failed to do all, Art has tendered her aid. An open corridor runs all along the north-west side of the building, and there is a semicircular balcony on the first floor in the tower-wing, of

times breakfasts and does her usual morning work of writing in the sultry days of August. She has also a pretty retreat by the waterside, near the princes' bathing-place, and she used to avail herself, when tired in strolling through the grounds, of a room at Barton Farm, the residence of her steward. The bathing-place is at the foot of the lawn, marked by a small castellated structure on one side, and a boat-house on the other.

In summer there used to be—we do not know whether this is so now—a floating bath, moored about two hundred yards from the beach, the centre of which formed a well of fair dimensions, having a movable grating, or platform, at bottom, which could be raised and lowered at pleasure. A small boat, manned by two of the sailors from the royal yacht, was always in attendance to row any of the family who wished for a dip out to this bath, and in due time back to the shore. It is on the plan of the floating baths once tried on the Thames, the filthy water of which—though, we believe, to a large degree purified before flowing through—is not so tempting as the sea off Osborne.



THE DRAWING-ROOM.

which her Majesty often avails herself in summer. The gardens, which are not very spacious, though they contain many rare and splendid shrubs and flowering plants, lie to the left of the terrace.

A small tent is put up on the lawn or in a shady part of these gardens, in which the Queen some-

None of the residences within the grounds—Osborne Cottage, Albert Cottage, Kent House, and Barton Farm—are larger than the better class of suburban villas about London. In the first the Empress Eugenie has stayed during her visit to the Queen. It is a tasteful structure, with

timbered front and roof, shut in from the high road by trees—a pretty rural dwelling, with flowering plants climbing the sides, such as one may see skirting Wimbledon Park and Common. When Osborne House is full, as is not unusual, the princes, equerries, and the gentlemen in attendance on the Queen's guests are lodged in these cottages. The Prince and Princess of

tion will be needed. The Queen's grandchildren and great-grandchildren are growing too big for the little "cribs" our eye takes note of in a photograph of one of the apartments. The Swiss Cottage, where our own princes and princesses played—the princes and princesses whose children are now grown to be young men and women—still stands in the grounds, an interesting memorial of the



WHIPPINGHAM CHURCH.

Wales, and Princess Beatrice and Prince Henry of Battenberg, have sojourned at Kent House. The mansion at Osborne is not sufficiently large nowadays to shelter all the members of the Queen's family who may happen to be visiting there when she is in residence, whatever may have been the case in former times.

Osborne from the first has been the children's home, and, to judge by the nursery accommodation still provided, it retains somewhat of its pleasant character in this respect; though the days, alas, are lessening when this accommoda-

tion will be needed. The Queen's grandchildren and great-grandchildren are growing too big for the little "cribs" our eye takes note of in a photograph of one of the apartments. The Swiss Cottage, where our own princes and princesses played—the princes and princesses whose children are now grown to be young men and women—still stands in the grounds, an interesting memorial of the

CHARLES EYRE PASCOE.

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THE STORY OF THE ARMADA

TOLD FROM THE STATE PAPERS.

PART IV.—THE ENGLISH CREWS—PUBLIC THANKSGIVINGS.

CONSIDERATION of events at home, which immediately succeeded the return of our ships from pursuing the Armada, was reserved from the last to the present and concluding article of this series.

The condition of the crews when they got back to Margate Roads may be easily imagined if we remember the state of supplies at the time our ships were forced to abandon the chase; and that the voyage home was unusually long and tempestuous.

"We had," wrote Lord Howard to Walsingham, in describing his return, "more violent storms than ever was seen at this time of the year that put us asunder athwart Norfolk."

Once safely in Margate Roads the first anxiety of the commanders was to ascertain what would be the Queen's next move; what steps she would take for securing the safety of the country. The prevailing idea was very naturally—with the past in mind—that she would at the earliest moment curtail expense by disbanding the gallant forces that had been got together and that had done such exemplary service. Howard was convinced the Armada would return. "God knoweth," he says, speaking of the Spaniards, "whether they go either to the Ness of Norway, or into Denmark, or to the isles of Orkney to refresh themselves, and so to return." He could not believe they would sail homewards to Lisbon "with this dishonour and shame to their king," and so he begged that the Navy might be kept in a state of efficiency. "Sir," he continued, "sure bind sure find. A kingdom is a great wager. Sir, you know security is dangerous, and had not God been our best friend we should have found it so. . . . All the world never saw such a force as theirs was." And so he trusted the Queen would not break up the ships' companies, but keep them on in her pay and send them supplies.

Before Elizabeth came to any resolution on the subject, the sailors' hard work and short rations, during the past month, settled the question for her.

The crews were broken up, not by the hand of the Queen or the Council, but by the hand of death. Howard's despatch to Burghley of the 10th of August brings the picture vividly before us:—

"My good Lord,—Sickness and mortality begins wonderfully to grow amongst us, and it is a most pitiful sight to see here at Margate how the men (having no place to receive them into here) die in the streets. I am driven myself of force to come a land to see them bestowed in some lodging, and the best I can get is barns and such outhouses, and the relief is small that I can provide for them here. It would grieve any man's heart to see

them that have served so valiantly to die so miserably.

"The Elizabeth Jonas that hath done as well as ever any ship did in any service, hath had a great infection in her from the beginning, so as of the 500 men which she carried out, by the time we had been in Plymouth three weeks or a month, there were dead of them 200 and above, so as I was driven to set all the rest of her men ashore, to take out her ballast, and to make fires in her of sweet-broom three or four days together, and so hoped thereby to have cleansed her of her infection, and thereupon got new men, very tall and able as ever I saw, and put them into her. Now the infection is broken out in greater extremities than ever it did before, and [they] die and sicken faster than ever they did, so as I am driven of force to send her to Chatham. We all think and judge that the infection remaineth in the pitch.

"Sir Roger Townshend, of all the men he brought out with him, hath but one left alive, and my son Southwell likewise hath many dead. It is like enough that the like infection will grow throughout the most part of our fleet, for they have been so long at sea and have so little shift of apparel, and so few places to provide them of such wants, and no money wherewith to buy it, for some have been, yea, the most part, these eight months at sea.

"My Lord, I would think it a marvellously good way that there were a thousand pounds' worth, or two thousand marks' worth, of hose, doublets, shirts, shoes, and such-like sent down. And I think your Lordship might use therein the Controller of the Navy and Water, Mr. Hawkins, his man, who would use all expedition for the providing and sending away such things, for else in very short time I look to see most of the mariners go naked.

"Good my Lord, let mariners be prest and sent down as soon as may be, and money to discharge those that be sick here. And so in haste I bid your Lordship farewell.

"From Margate, the 10th of August, 1588.

"Your Honour's most

"Assured to command,

"C. HOWARD."

To the Queen, Howard wrote pretty much the same story, though he made less of the seriousness of the infection. His letter to her of the 22nd of August suggests that he himself had received some mark of appreciation—perhaps a letter or message couched in gracious words, which she was so well able to bestow when it pleased her. Her goodness, he says, can only be "answered" by "the spending of my blood and

life in your Majesty's service, which I will be as ready and as willing to do as ever creature that lived was for their prince."

It is unnecessary to dwell further on the ravages which the sickness wrought amongst the crews. Any hope of keeping together a force to protect the kingdom, should the Spaniards return, was soon dispelled, for the rate of mortality was such that many of the ships had not men left on board sufficient to weigh the anchors. Provisions came down after a time, but they were simply of the kind ordinarily supplied to the Navy when the men were strong and well, and were little suited for the nourishment of those suffering from starvation or illness, caused in a large degree by continual use of dried and salt food. The "hose, doublets, shirts, shoes, and such-like," that the Lord Admiral had begged for, never came. Perhaps they were not wanted; the rag-covered bodies were for the most part laid to rest around Margate. A certain amount of money was sent down to pay the crews, and with that they themselves bought such fresh food as they could afford. "Our men," writes Lord Howard to the Council, "as many as we can conveniently spare, go on shore there to relieve them with fresh victuals." But the money sent from London was not what was due. After such service the crews, even with their past experience of Elizabeth's policy, might surely have expected a liberal interpretation of their claims. A contrary view was, however, taken at headquarters, and for some reason part of their pay was withheld. Lord Howard's letter to the Council of the 22nd of August describes the feeling with which such a proceeding was regarded:

"My Lords, I must deliver unto your Lordships the great discontentment of the men here, which I and the rest do perceive to be amongst them, who well hoped, after this so good service, to have received their whole pay; and, finding it to come but thus scantily unto them, it breeds a marvellous alteration amongst them, and therefore I do not see but of present necessity there must [be] order sent down for the payment of them unto them unto the 25th of August, whereof I must leave Sir John Hawkins to certify the Lord Treasurer in more particular from himself."

The anxiety of the commanders was all this time increased by the constant rumours that the Spaniards, refreshed and reinforced, were returning to the Channel.

Incredible as it may appear, it was in actual contemplation to avoid the payment due to those who had fallen during the sickness. At the end of August Sir John Hawkins wrote to the Lord Treasurer: "Your Lordship may think that by death, by discharging of sick men, and such-like, that there may be spared something in the general pay. First, those that die, their friends require their pay. In place of those which are discharged sick and insufficient—which, indeed, are many—there are fresh men taken, which breedeth a far greater charge by means of their conduct in discharge, which exceedeth the wages of those which were lastly taken in, and more lost by that than saved. We do pay by the poll and by a check-

book, whereby if anything is saved it is for her Majesty's benefit only." The feeling existing at Court is hinted at in these concluding words, "If anything is saved, it is for her Majesty's benefit only." It was, indeed, but too necessary for Hawkins thus to write. The Queen, despite her gracious acknowledgment to Howard, was already beginning to insinuate that even the scant sum allowed had not been honestly dispensed, and it was not long before it was apparent she intended to take a hostile view of the manner in which the Lord Admiral and others in command had sanctioned certain payments for immediate necessities. Let us read what Howard writes as a postscript to the letter from Hawkins just alluded to:

"My good Lord, this is as much as is possible for Mr. Hawkins to make at this time. There is here in our fleet many lieutenants and corporals, which of necessity we were and are driven to have. . . . God knoweth how they shall be paid except her Majesty put some consideration on them. The matter it is not great in respect of the service; I think £500, with the help of my own purse, will do it. But howsoever it fall out, I must see them paid, and I will, for I do not look to end with this service, and therefore I must be solved hereafter."

Howard's letter to Walsingham, written on the following day, discloses the painful fact that the man who had done so much for his country, who was ready to empty his own purse sooner than allow those to whom he had, in the Queen's name, promised payment, was actually suspected of peculation. The exact charge seems to have had reference to his dealings with the money taken in one of the few ships of the Armada the English had captured.

"I send you," he says, "here enclosed a note of the money that Sir Francis Drake had aboard the Don Pedro.¹ I did take now at my coming down 3,000 pistols, as I told you I would, for, by Jesus, I had not £3 left in the world, and have not anything could get money in London. And I do assure you my plate was gone before. But I will repay it within ten days after my coming home. I pray you let her Majesty know so, and, by the Lord God of Heaven, I had not one crown more, and had it not been mere necessity I would not have touched one; but if I had not some to have bestowed upon such poor and miserable men I should have wished myself out of the world."

It is not clear how long the Queen allowed a cloud of suspicion to hang over the Lord Admiral's head. It is, however, certain that, though she may have withdrawn the actual charge of peculation, though she may have manifested to him signs of outward friendship, the year was hard on its close before she rested satisfied with the way in which the money had been spent during the recent service. The call upon the commanders for supplying special deficiencies in the supplies sent to them, and for providing special food for the sick and wounded, also ne-

¹ This was the Capitana, commanded by Don Pedro de Valdez, captured by Drake on July 22, and brought to Torbay. (See p. 444 of the present volume.)

cessitated a surcharge in the accounts of over £600. In a letter to Burghley, written on the 8th of December, Howard undertakes to settle a further sum for additional food and drink for the sailors out of his own pocket:

"Whereas I do perceive by a note subscribed by the auditor, which I do herewithal send your Lordship, that there hath grown a surcharge unto her Majesty of £623 10s. 11d. in this late service, by reason of certain extraordinary kinds of victual—as wine, cider, sugar, oil, and certain fish—provided and distributed amongst the ships at Plymouth by my order and Sir Francis Drake's, which was done as well to relieve such men withall as by reason of sickness or being hurt in fight should not be able to digest the salt meats at sea. As also for the better lengthening of our ordinary victuals when we should have gone for the coast of Spain, and which afterwards did stand us in great stead, both when we came to spend of that biscuit and beer which was sent us from London—whereof a great part was much wasted and spoiled in the carriage—and besides in making us able to help many of the coast ships with victual, which we did oftentimes when they were in want, but especially at our being northward in pursuit of the enemy.

"I am, therefore, to pray your Lordship (albeit I must acknowledge this charge to be such as the like in former times hath not been, yet in regard of the greatness of this service above others, and that these provisions were used for the relief and encouragement of such upon whose forwardness and valour the good success of the service did much rest,) that your Lordship will use all favourable consideration you may on the allowance of them, which I hope Her Majesty will not mislike of. There was also a further supply of beer and wine distributed amongst the fleet by my order, which I have now caused to be stricken out of the book, and for which I will myself make satisfaction as well as I may, so that Her Majesty shall not be charged withal."

Sir John Hawkins was no more fortunate in the treatment he received at the hands of the Queen. Simple blunders in his accounts were too readily construed into intentional falsifications. Burghley was instructed—in order that no unnecessary money might be sent down to the fleet—to ascertain at the earliest moment what number of men in the Queen's pay remained in the ships at the conclusion of the service. Hawkins could not collect the information till the early days of September; the delay was evidently regarded as suspicious. More even than the Lord Admiral, he seems to have taken to heart the existence of such suspicions. Writing from on board "the Ark in the Downs," on the 4th of September, he tells Walsingham that "this instant all her Majesty's ships are arrived and met together in the Downs." Conjointly with Sir William Wynter, he at once gave orders "to know what company of seamen were left in the ships." Each vessel furnished a note of her company, which was enclosed to Walsingham. Hawkins concludes: "This is the first hour that there was any means to do anything in

this matter." The figures furnished are interesting. The total number of sailors was 4,453, the largest company on any one ship being 325, the smallest that on board the *Fancy*, 20. Many of the Queen's ships carried but 30 or 40 sailors. "The companies," adds Hawkins, "do fall sick daily. It is not fit for me to persuade in so great a cause, but I see no reason to doubt the Spanish fleet, and our ships [be] utterly unfitted and unmeet to follow any enterprise from hence without a thorough new trimming, refreshing, and new furnishing with provisions, grounding, and fresh men; and so, with all duty, I humbly take my leave." A subsequent survey of the fleet shows that many of the ships named cost over £5,000 apiece to put in complete repair.

Next day, September the 5th, Hawkins writes to Walsingham more fully: "My Lord Treasurer, I understand, hath not been pleased for that I could not send his Lordship the certain number of such men as were in her Majesty's pay. The truth is the weather was such and so cruel as I could not ferry from ship to ship a long time, and the fleet was dispersed, some at Dover, some at Margate, and some to seek out the great Spaniard upon the coast of France." At last, however, the ships were all together, and within two hours "he sent to London a perfect note" of the number of sailors remaining in the Queen's pay. There is something pathetic in the old man's words of regret at the little-expected treatment he had received from those he sought to please, and thought his friends. A good sailor does not always mean a good accountant. Most certainly he was the former; it is nothing to his discredit that he was not the latter. So far from courting the handling of money for the service, he heartily wished that never a shilling had passed through his hands. "I would to God," he wrote, "I were delivered of the dealing for money, and then I doubt not but I should as well deserve and continue my Lord's [Burghley's] good liking as any man of my sort; but now I know I shall never please his Lordship two months together, for which I am very sorry, for I am sure no man living hath taken more pains, nor been more careful to obtain and continue his Lordship's good liking and favour towards him than I have been. My pain and misery in this service is infinite. Every man would have his turn served, though very unreasonable, yet, if it be refused, then adieu friendship. . . . God, I trust, will deliver me of it ere it be long. . . . I desire to ease charge and shorten what I can, for which I am in a general misliking; but my Lord Treasurer thinketh I do little, but I assure your honour I am seldom idle. . . . So, being over fatigued with a number of troubles, I humbly take my leave from the Downs aboard the *Victory* the 5th of September, 1588."

In December Hawkins was forced to petition the Queen—in words which clearly indicate that, so far as money went, he was a ruined man—for a year's grace in presenting a final statement of his accounts, which had grown terribly confused, and for the assistance of "Mr. Edward Fenton,



A SEPTEMBER STORM: 1588.

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one of her Majesty's servants," in receiving and disbursing the moneys due to and from him. As Mr. Froude observes, much of this confusion was no doubt caused by Elizabeth's constant change of mind during the spring and summer in engaging and dismissing men for the ships. The Queen granted the petition, and, it should be stated to her credit, allowed, by warrant dated on the 7th of November, some £1,500 a year more to be spent on the Navy.

Before winter the greatness of our victory over the Armada was fully realised throughout the kingdom, whilst on the Continent the overthrow of the Spanish forces was regarded not only as fatal to any scheme for restoring Catholic supremacy in England, but also as having very materially shaken Catholic power throughout Europe. In London the rejoicings were loud and continued, and in them the Queen joined with a fervour which we have no right to say was feigned. Her forces had triumphed over a foe that had long threatened her peace, and however careless she may have been of the welfare of those who assisted in attaining the triumph, there is no reason to suppose her expressions of gratitude for the accomplished task to have been hypocritical. The first thanksgiving service at St. Paul's seems to have been held on the 20th of August, when Dr. Nowel, the Dean, preached, and the Lord Mayor, aldermen, and citizens were present "in their best liveries." The doctor's address was eloquent in the extreme, and, says an eye-witness, "all the auditory" gave "praise and thanks to God for His great mercy."

Elizabeth's first public thanksgiving was on the 18th of September. Great preparations were made for her visit to St. Paul's on that occasion. The Lord Mayor addressed the livery companies as follows:—

"Whereas the Queen's most excellent Majesty intendeth to come in her Majesty's most royal person on the 18th day of this present month from Somerset House to Pauls to hear a sermon. These, therefore, shall be to require and charge you in her Majesty's name that you take especial care that all persons of the livery of your said company may be in readiness against the said time with their livery-hoods, attired in their best apparel, to wait and attend her Majesty's coming."

The "ordering and disposing" of all things needful on the occasion was placed by the Lord Mayor in the hands of the Aldermen and "other worshipful commoners of the City." Great expense was incurred in putting the streets into a garb worthy of this occasion; the Stationers' Company spent over £22 for "flags and other necessities," and for "two several dinners." The safety of the onlookers was not neglected; the "standings" were to be "strong and well-railed," and the "forerail" was in each case to be covered with "fair, blue cloth."

Writing from on board the Ark on the 25th of August, Howard tells Walsingham that he sends him some few trophies of victory in the shape of ensigns and banners taken from the Spaniards. Eleven of these were "openly showed" on the

18th of September, and attracted a great deal of attention from the crowd, "particularly one streamer, whereon was an image of Our Lady with her Son in her arms, which was held in a man's hand over the pulpit." The trophies were afterwards "hanged on London Bridge, towards Southwark."

The anniversary of the Queen's accession, the 17th of November (which in 1588 fell on a Sunday), was also to have been celebrated with unusual rejoicings, having special allusion to the defeat of the Armada. The Queen was to go a second time in state to St. Paul's, but for some reason she postponed her visit till the following Sunday, November the 24th, and altered the day of general thanksgiving "throughout the whole realm" to Tuesday, November the 19th. The letters commanding this "giving of thanks" were addressed to the bishops of the different dioceses, who in turn sent orders to the mayors or governing bodies of the principal towns within their ecclesiastical jurisdiction. The Bishop of Chester's letter to the Mayor of Chester is dated on the 11th of November, and may be taken as typical of the others. He has, he says, received "special directions from her Majesty" to appoint "general prayers and thanksgiving" to be made throughout his diocese on the following Tuesday for "our deliverance from the Spaniards and the wonderful overthrow of that power which they had prepared against us." Of this thanksgiving he thinks it good to "advertise" the mayor and his brethren "to the end that you might be all at home and in readiness to celebrate that day accordingly, not only in your heart but with your bodily presence at the said prayers in your most comely and decent manner after the order of your city." The Bishop hopes the mayor himself will be present, and that he and all well "affected citizens will communicate," and—lest those "not fully grounded in good heal" should spend their holiday elsewhere than in church—the mayor is warned "to cause all shops, taverns, and tippling-houses to be shut up all that day."

The account of the Queen's "royal proceeding in state from Somerset Place to St. Paul's Church" on the 24th of November is worthy of description here. First came the "gentleman harbingers" and ambassadors' servants. Trumpeters divided these from the chaplains and officials, the judges, pursuivants-at-arms, "master of the revels," and others. More trumpeters followed, and then came "the Queen's cloak and hat," borne by a knight or an esquire, followed by the different grades of nobility, the bishops, and kings-of-arms, flanked by the heralds. Howard's place was beside the Lord Chamberlain. The French Ambassador followed immediately behind the Archbishop of Canterbury. "Garter," the Lord Mayor of London, and a gentleman "huisher" of the privy chamber, walked before the sword of state, behind which Elizabeth rode "in her chariot," her "Highness's train" being borne by the Marchioness of Winchester. Esquires and "gentlemen pensioners" walked on either side of the Queen; "the palfry of honour led by the Master of the Horse;" ladies and yeomen of

honour brought up the rear. The Queen's chariot was drawn by "two white horses"—a number

on the top, whereof was made a crown imperial, and two lower pillars before, whereon stood a lion and a dragon, supporters of the arms of England."

When the procession reached Temple Bar, an officer of the Queen's Chamber gave her "a jewel containing a crapon, or toadstool, set in gold," which she, "graciously accepting," said was "the first gift she had received that day." Over the "Bar" were placed the City waits, and at the foot stood the Mayor and Corporation, who delivered the sceptre to the Queen, which she, after "certain speeches," re-delivered to them.

The Cathedral was reached between twelve and one. Elizabeth dismounted at the "great west door," where she was received by the Bishop of London, the Dean of St. Paul's, and more than fifty other clergy, "all in rich copes." On entering the Queen fell on her knees and "made hearty prayers unto God;" after which she was, "under a rich canopy," brought through "the long west aisle" to her "travers" in the choir, the clergy meanwhile chanting the Litany. A special seat had been prepared for her, carved out of the north wall of the church facing the pulpit, and from this she heard the Bishop of Salisbury's sermon. The service over, she dined at the Bishop of London's palace, and returned "in triumph as she had come with great light of torches."

In Ireland the rejoicings at the overthrow of the Spaniards were as general—perhaps more general—than could be expected. Writing to Walsingham early in 1589, the Lord-Deputy says that he has received accounts from nearly every part of the country as to the manner in which the celebrations were entered into by the people, and from them he thinks the secretary may draw pretty just conclusions as to the political state of Ireland. "Albeit," he writes, "it appeareth by the same certificates that the people near about us have, for the most part, been so far off performing the duties of good and loving subjects as they have rather seemed discontented of her Majesty's good success than otherwise, shewing themselves as obstinate and backward in this action of prayer and thanksgiving as they were the last summer in the heat of all our troubles to make any musters, and so unwilling either to fight or pray for her Majesty, pleased God for our comforts so to



FROM AN OLD BROADSHEET.¹

scarcely in keeping with the general grandeur of the pageant. She was seated on a "throne," made "with four pillars behind, to have a canopy

yet it hath pleased God for our comforts so to

¹ Preserved at Burlington House, in the possession of the Society of

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counterprise the same with His exceeding blessings as that at Kinsale and Clony the people of those remote places resorted in great numbers to their several parish churches, where many also did communicate, and with prayers and praises to God for her Majesty's happy victory and safety."

At Kinsale, the church being not able to receive all the people that came, great numbers were forced to stand without "and to hang upon the walls and windows to hear the sermon," which ended, "the Suffragan, with his brethren and commons, together with their wives and servants, received the Communion." At Cork, "where the

Bishop himself preached," there were at the sermon 2,000 people "and a great Communion." At "Rosse" the assembly numbered 600.

Perhaps this is a suitable place to end a narrative of the Armada Story, since these thanksgiving services may be considered as its concluding incidents. Within the space here available, any attempt to sum up the outcome of the Spanish defeat—its influence upon religion and politics—would be futile; it must be sought for in the pages, not alone of English, but of European history.

W. J. HARDY.



ARMADA GOLD MEDAL.

A VISIT TO JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

NOT long since I heard Père Hyacinthe, in a sermon of great power, say that formerly we justly laid the blame of the faults of peoples upon their rulers, and that now often the rulers are far and away in advance of their peoples. In illustration he pointed to the sick bed at Charlottenburg, and to that at Milan. On the one was an emperor called to the greatest military throne in the world, who seemed almost, by force of will, to have compelled even the king of terrors himself to stand back for awhile, in order that he might keep closed the flood-gates which, it was feared, but for him would fly open and deluge all Europe with blood. On the other was a monarch, upon whose brow, since he was a child, had rested the Imperial Crown of almost half a continent, but

whose sympathies are far broader even than his own vast dominions, and flow out to his fellow-men and women of every class and in every clime.

It is of the latter, Dom Pedro of Brazil, that I would now speak, and with an incident of a visit paid by him to Boston, that I would preface some notes made by me just a twelvemonth since, when I had the rare happiness to spend a day with the Quaker poet of New England—John Greenleaf Whittier.

The story was told to me by my friend the philanthropist, Aaron M. Powell, who had it from Wendell Phillips, the great orator of the Abolitionist Cause.

When Dom Pedro visited Boston some years ago, he caused much disappointment in the higher social circles of that intellectual capital by declining to join any of their reunions, alleging that it was his purpose to study Boston and its people quietly, by and for himself. It became known, however, that there was one man whom his Imperial Majesty desired to meet, and that that man was the poet Whittier. Years before some thrilling lines of the poet's (which have for their

Antiquaries, and reproduced here by the kind permission of the Society. The entire engraving is divided into six compartments, representing "our three great deliverances"—the Armada, the Gunpowder-plot, and the Plague of 1625. The two compartments of this plate, represented above, show the Spanish fleet off the English coast and the preparations to resist it, and Queen Elizabeth returning thanks at St. Paul's for its defeat. The plate was engraved about the year 1627.

* The description of the ecclesiastical vestments and of the service is noteworthy.

scene a reach in the vast flood of water which the Amazon rolls seawards, a scene, therefore, in Dom Pedro's own dominions) so deeply impressed the Emperor that he translated them into Portuguese verse and sent an autograph copy of the translation to the poet.

He would go to an entertainment if the author of those lines were present. A lady, a leader of society, was equal to the occasion; she secured the presence of Whittier, and then invited all that Boston possessed of intellectual and famous, to meet the Emperor. Her salons were full, I believe that Emerson and Wendell Phillips and Longfellow were all there. Upon his arrival, without discourtesy, but with great abruptness, Dom Pedro pushed through the crowd of distinguished men and women, declining to speak to any one until after he had been conducted to the farther end of one of the rooms, where the humble-minded and somewhat shy Quaker poet was standing, whom, without a moment's hesitation, he folded in his arms, kissed on both cheeks, and clasped to his heart. To compare a small personage with a great one, I feel myself like Dom Pedro.

* * *

The chief pleasure I had promised myself in visiting America was to see Whittier; and now as I write at 5 a.m. at his desk in his little sanctum sanctorum, the wish of a lifetime is realised.

Americans are beginning to recognise that in the bard of Amesbury they have the most characteristic if not the greatest poet that the New World has yet produced. They love and revere, as we all love and revere, Longfellow as one of the sweetest, most melodious, and most cultivated singers that any country or any age has seen; but in Whittier they find their representative poet. But while I gladly call to the aid of my weak critical faculty the plebiscite of cultured America, I need no countenance or support in the knowledge I possess of what Whittier has been to me. From my childhood his poems have been household words to me, and hundreds of his stanzas committed to memory in my youth and early manhood I can repeat now. To me many of them are far more than poetry. They are bound around my heart with the memories of the beloved dead; they have become an integral part of my being.

My readers will not, therefore, wonder that a thrill of emotion passed through me as after a night on the steamboat from New York, and a short land journey by the shores of Massachusetts Bay, through the sharp crisp New England air, I drove into the grounds of Oak Knoll, Danvers, where the poet spends half his time.

It is an estate and farm of about eighty-five acres, the property of some cousins of the poet, of whose household he is an essential part.

The house is old-fashioned, with a sort of Doric colonnade, and looks out upon intensely characteristic New England scenery. Just below the windows is a green and bosky dell, from the soft turf of which rise towering Wellingtonias—Washingtonias I ought to call them on this side of the Atlantic—and deodoras, while slight eminences on either hand are capped with young oaks now

glorious in the delicate green of early summer. The grounds stretch away to higher land, where under the shade of the oaks the turf is now white with lilies of the valley and gay with columbines. Hither, when at this home, the poet comes every day; it is his favourite haunt.

Beyond the scenery reminded me much of the bleaker parts of Derbyshire—fine pasturage, but with rocks cropping through everywhere, and large-boned, comfortable-looking, red and white cows, like those one mostly sees in that county.

But my one-horse shay has reached the door of the house, and with my modest luggage I am standing under the verandah.

"Is Mr. Whittier at home?"

"No."

I confess my countenance fell.

"Is it Mr. Capper? Mr. Whittier is fully expecting you, and had arranged to come over here on purpose to receive you. A lady, a niece of his, is very ill, and he does not like to leave Amesbury until she is better; but do come in."

A refreshing New England breakfast, with delicate chicken, rich cream, and rolls, was not unwelcome after my night's journey—it was now 10 a.m.—and prepared me to enjoy the company of my hostesses, three New England ladies eminently combining the simplicity and the culture for which New England is so famous. One of the three has a daughter, a bright young creature in her teens, who canters over the country on a fleet pony for miles around, and who after dinner took me a fine drive at a spanking pace, and then landed me at the station in time for the Amesbury train at 3.30 p.m. But I am anticipating. My kind new friend at Danvers took me to the poet's room, and oh! such welcome rest I had there. It was a treat that night to see his grave face relax into a smile and fairly break out into a chuckle when I told him that evening at Amesbury that I had been profaning his bed by having two hours' good sleep in it in the morning.

The daughter of the house is a special joy to the poet, and he takes a great interest in her reading and pursuits. During our drive I found she had read Charles Knight's History of England through, and I rejoiced to think that the daughters of New England should take pains to master the story of Old England—of their and our mother. Virgil she was reading in the original, and Plutarch's Lives in English. She thinks the men whose lives are there recorded are not altogether an eligible or goodly company. "They were most of them killed by others, or by themselves; if they were living in New England there would be very few of them who did not find their way into our State prison."

At Danvers I made the acquaintance of other pets of the poet. A majestic turkey-cock strutted across the lawn and came and tapped imperiously at the dining-room window. He is a prime favourite, and bears the name of General Gordon, for whom Mr. Whittier has the deep regard entertained by all noble souls. There is also a little dog, named Charles Dickens, once a beauty and a dandy, but now in the extreme decrepitude of the great canine age of sixteen.

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Our charming drive took us around the magnificent pile of buildings on a commanding height which are devoted to a hospital for the insane. The foundations of the building are one mile in circumference, and there are eight hundred inmates, only one-sixteenth of whom are Americans. The view from this point is magnificent of its kind, the scenery being not unlike that around Chatsworth, and it extends to where the Atlantic comes rolling into Massachusetts Bay. Essex county, in which Danvers stands, is the most densely-peopled district in the whole of the United States—of course, excepting the great cities.

The train rapidly whirled me along the thirty miles between Danvers and Amesbury, through a country that sometimes made me think of Holland, and sometimes of the lochs on the coast of the west of Scotland. Bog and fen intermingle with copses of silver birch and dark pines, cedars and hemlocks, and again bright green pastures. At Newburyport we skirt the sea, and the westering sun having at last shot his rays, from what has been all day a leaden sky, the white sails of the fishing-boats flash a reply from far out in the bay.

At length Amesbury was reached—a manufacturing town of about eight thousand inhabitants. As I understood the poet's home was five minutes' walk from the station, I thought ten cents (or sixpence) was a fair price to offer a boy for the carrying of my bag. "Tummas," said a man who was kindly directing me to a hulking lad, "wilt thou carry this bag to the poet's for ten cents?" "No-ah," replied Tummas, briefly, but emphatically. "Did I offer him too little?" I inquired of my new friend. "To be sure, you did. Offer him a quarter; ten cents you pay for blacking your shoes." I did not offer him a quarter, I thought it wiser to earn a quarter of a dollar for myself. He then turned to me and said, "Is the poet tu hum [at home]?" Had he addressed me in Sanskrit I should have understood him just as easily until after he had repeated the inquiry and explained himself. The Americans have a riddle based upon this peculiarity of pronunciation. "When is charity like a top?—When it begins *tu hum!*"

There is certainly a wonderful difference between the manners of these prosperous New Englanders and those of the Tuscan peasantry, for instance, who are all born gentlemen. *En revanche*, the New England girls and young women seem to me all ladies.

I soon reach the neat frame-house, and a tall, grave-looking man, with high forehead and long face, welcomes me. I am agreeably surprised to see him so stalwart and erect in spite of his four-score years. He is half disposed to regard me as an impostor, for as thinking of me as a correspondent of his for the past thirty years, he had expected an older man.

And now, while we are partaking of some tea and strawberries and cream in the neat little dining-room, perhaps I may give a little information not generally known. The poetry of Mr. Whittier is before the world, for it to admire or condemn. His services to the cause of human

freedom none dares to challenge. Upon the roll-call of the heroes and martyrs of the Abolitionist cause, his name is written in light, and can never be erased. He was ready to die for the cause, but the service he rendered to it was a far more essential one—the service of deathless singing.

People generally are fond of the dramatic effect of violent contrasts. The millionaire of to-day is more interesting to us because he came to London in his youth with only half-a-crown in his pocket. If he stole his fortune, never mind, it is rude to ask questions about successful men. A friend of mine, an eminent philanthropist, when first returned to Parliament, was represented as having literally been born in a hovel, though his father was a county magistrate. So with Mr. Whittier, because his sympathies are all with the people, and he has always pursued a course of stern independence, never spending a dollar he had not honestly earned, people speak of him as if he had sprung from the very lowest stratum of society, whereas he has such a pedigree as but few of the present members of the English House of Peers can show.

It is true his ancestor did not land on Plymouth Rock in 1620—the Battle of Hastings of New England heraldry—but Thomas Whittier, the poet's great-grandfather, was born in that year, sailed from Southampton to Boston in 1638, and settled at Salisbury, Massachusetts, on the north shore of the Merrimac, where a beautiful hill upon his land still bears his name. He was a leading public man, and when he moved from Newbury to Haverhill, in 1648, there is an entry in the town records, "In this year came and settled from Newbury, Thomas Whittier, bringing with him a hive of bees."

Here, in 1675, he built a large and solidly framed house, in which, 132 years later, his great-grandson, the poet, was born. The descent of Whittier was at least as distinguished as that of Emerson, Longfellow, or even Washington. His grandmother's name was Greenleaf; she belonged to a Huguenot family, from St. Malo, in Brittany, who, when they came among English-speaking people, translated their name of Feuillevert into its Anglo-Saxon equivalent.

Whittier is, in my judgment, a greater and a better man than Chateaubriand, but the name of St. Malo carries me back to the lonely tomb of the author of the "Genius of Christianity," on that rocky coast, and fancy is pleased to trace a certain spiritual as well as national affinity between the two writers.

Whittier's mother belonged to the family of the Husseys, who occupied a very respectable position in Boston, Lincolnshire, before they came to New England among the earliest colonists. Through her he is related to Daniel Webster, Caleb Cushing, and other eminent men.

While I was writing the early part of this article, the poet came down about half-past six, and brought some faggots of wood and lit the fire. He cannot understand why I admire his poetry so much. He says, "Thou knowest"—I cannot reproduce the American Quaker "thee"—

"I never had any proper schooling, was only one year at an academy, and know only one language, and that very imperfectly. We literally had no money on our farm when I was a boy, but lived entirely upon what it produced. Still, 'Friends' in those days would travel ten miles rather than go to an inn. I remember one winter, when the snow was very deep, William Forster (the father of the late Right Honourable William Edward Forster, and a Quaker preacher) came and spent several days with us. I guess he had rather a bad time, for we were as poor as Job's turkey."

He spoke with great pleasure of the early days of the Abolition struggle, when he and his fellow-labourers were very poor, and exposed to every species of persecution, "for, at that time, if we wrote anything no one would buy it, because we belonged to those pestilent Abolitionists. Garrison was fond in those days of talking of martyrdom, referring to the murder of Lovejoy, and the cruel sufferings of those who fell into the hands of the slave power. As is well known, he himself was once, only with the utmost difficulty saved from being hanged by a Boston mob. I used to say, 'if the old martyrs were as jolly as we are, I don't pity them much.'"

He constantly expressed his wonder that I should know so much of his poetry by heart. "I wonder thou shouldst burden thy memory with all that rhyme. It is not well to have too much of it; better get rid of it as soon as possible. Why, I can't remember any of it. I once went to hear a wonderful orator, and he wound up his speech with a poetical quotation, and I clapped with all my might. Some one touched me on the shoulder, and said, 'Do you know who wrote that?' I said, 'No, I don't; but it's good.' It seems I had written it myself. The fault is, I have written far too much. I wish half of it was in the Red Sea."

I told him I rejoiced to see him looking so hale, and that he would very likely outlive many of us younger men.

"My life is of very little consequence; time was when I felt a little like old Atlas, but the burden is taken off now, and I feel that the world can get on very well without me."

He expressed his profound sympathy with the federation for the abolition of legalised vice, and the crusade some of us feel bound to carry on in that direction.

One of the last occasions upon which Emerson visited Whittier he told him a typical story about Carlyle. Emerson had then just returned from Europe, when one morning he found Carlyle sitting over the fire smoking his pipe in a specially truculent mood and ready to do battle with the universe and everybody in it. Emerson tried to amuse him by describing the ingenuity of a Lyceum manager in the West in endeavouring to beat down the price of one of his lectures. The hermit of Chelsea listened in grim silence, then took his pipe out of his mouth, and inquired, "And why did you not put a bullet through his dotty brains?"

Whittier has never travelled, but his poems show that he has a remarkable faculty, perforce of

imagination, of seeing through the eyes of others. He is very fond of travels, and perhaps I may be pardoned for the pleasure with which I heard that he had read my book on the "Shores and Cities of the Boden See" through three or four times.

Much of our conversation I cannot repeat. We talked of mutual friends, living and dead, but most of all of the great hope of another and nobler life when this is over. His faith is simple and strong.

"I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air,
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care."

The most absolute revelation of the poet's inner self in all its deep humility and reverend trust is, however, to be found in "Andrew Rykman's Prayer," which closes with these lines:

"Let me find in Thy employ
Peace that dearer is than joy:
Out of self to love be led,
And to heaven acclimated,
Until all things sweet and good
Seem my natural habitude."

If this article is unworthy it proves that associations cannot supply a writer's inherent defects, for it was begun on the desk where John Greenleaf Whittier writes, and I finish it at the desk where William Lloyd Garrison wrote.

My friend and host, Mr. Frank J. Garrison, has shown me a file of the "Free Press," one of the first newspaper ventures of his father, in which in the number for June 8th, 1826, there appeared some verses entitled the "Exile's Departure," signed simply "W., Haverhill, June 1st, 1826."

The young editor—for William Lloyd Garrison was then only about twenty-one—encouraged his anonymous correspondent by the following note: "If 'W.' at Haverhill will continue to favour us with pieces beautiful as the one inserted in our poetical department of to-day we shall esteem it a favour."

He subsequently described how this poem came to him, and his immediate search for the author:

"Going upstairs to my office one day, I observed a letter lying near the door to my address, which on opening I found to contain an original piece of poetry for my paper, the 'Free Press.' The ink was very pale, the handwriting very small; and having at that time a horror of newspaper 'original poetry'—which has rather increased than diminished with the lapse of time—my first impulse was to tear it in pieces without reading it, the chances of rejection after its perusal being as ninety-nine to one; but, summoning resolution to read it, I was equally surprised and gratified to find it above mediocrity, and so gave it a place in my journal. As I was anxious to find out the writer, my post-rider—i.e., carrier, newsboy—one day divulged the secret, stating that he had dropped the letter in the manner described, and that it was written by a Quaker lad named Whittier,

who was daily at work on the shoemaker's bench with hammer and lapstone at East Haverhill. Jumping into a vehicle I lost no time in driving to see the youthful rustic bard, who came into the room with shrinking diffidence, almost unable to speak, and blushing like a maiden. Giving him some words of encouragement I addressed myself more particularly to his parents, and urged them with great earnestness to grant him every possible facility for the development of his remarkable genius."

In the "National Philanthropist" for April 11th, 1828, Mr. Garrison further writes:

"Almost as soon as he could write he (Whittier) gave evidence of the precocity and strength of his poetical genius, and when unable to procure paper and ink a piece of chalk or charcoal was substituted. He indulged his propensity for rhyming with so much secrecy (as his father informed us) that it was only by removing some rubbish in the garret where he had concealed his manuscripts that the discovery was made. This bent of his mind was discouraged by his parents. They were in indigent circumstances, and unable to give him a suitable education, and they did not wish to inspire him with hopes which might never be fulfilled. We endeavoured to speak cheerfully of the prospects of their son; we dwelt upon the impolicy of warring against nature, of striving to quench the first kindlings of a flame which might burn like a star in our literary horizon; and we spoke, too, of fame. 'Sir,' replied his father, with an emotion which went home to our bosom like an electric shock, 'poetry will not give him bread!' What could we say? The fate of Chatterton, Otway, and the whole catalogue of those who had perished by neglect rushed upon our memory, and we were silent."

The mischief was done, however, and the youthful poet (whose eldest sister had sent the "Exile's Departure" to the "Free Press" office without his knowledge), having now seen his own verses in print, and received warm encouragement from the editor, contributed thereafter to almost every number of the paper so long as Mr. Garrison retained control of it. Up to the present time Mr. Whittier has never included any of these pieces in his collected poems.

The copy of the "Free Press" containing his first poem was flung to the boy Whittier by the carrier, or post-rider, one day while he was helping his Uncle Moses repair a stone wall by the roadside, and, stopping for a moment to open and glance at it, he was so dazed and bewildered by seeing his lines in print that he stared at them without the ability to read, until his uncle had finally to recall him to his senses and his work.

Again and again, however, he would steal a glance at the paper to assure himself that he had not been mistaken. Subsequently, when Mr. Garrison (accompanied by a friend) sought out his new contributor, the boy was again at work in the field, barefooted, and clad only in shirt, pantaloons, and straw hat; and on being summoned to the house by his sister he slipped in at the back door in order to put on his shoes and coat before presenting himself shyly and awkwardly to the visitors, whose errand was as yet unknown to him.

Before Mr. Garrison had spoken more than a few encouraging words to him, the father appeared on the scene, anxious to learn the motive of this unusual call. "Is this friend Whittier?" was the inquiry. "Yes," he responded. "We want to see you about your son." "Why, what has he been doing?" he asked, anxiously, and was visibly relieved to learn that the visit was one of friendly interest merely.

To the young Quaker lad, then in his nineteenth year, it was a most important event, determining his career, for the encouragement he now received from Mr. Garrison, aided by the latter's impressive appeal to his parents, gave him his first resolution to obtain a good education.

By sewing slippers at a shoemaker's bench he earned enough to pay for his tuition at the Haverhill Academy the following spring. The next winter he taught school, and was thus enabled to pay for another six months' instruction at the Academy.

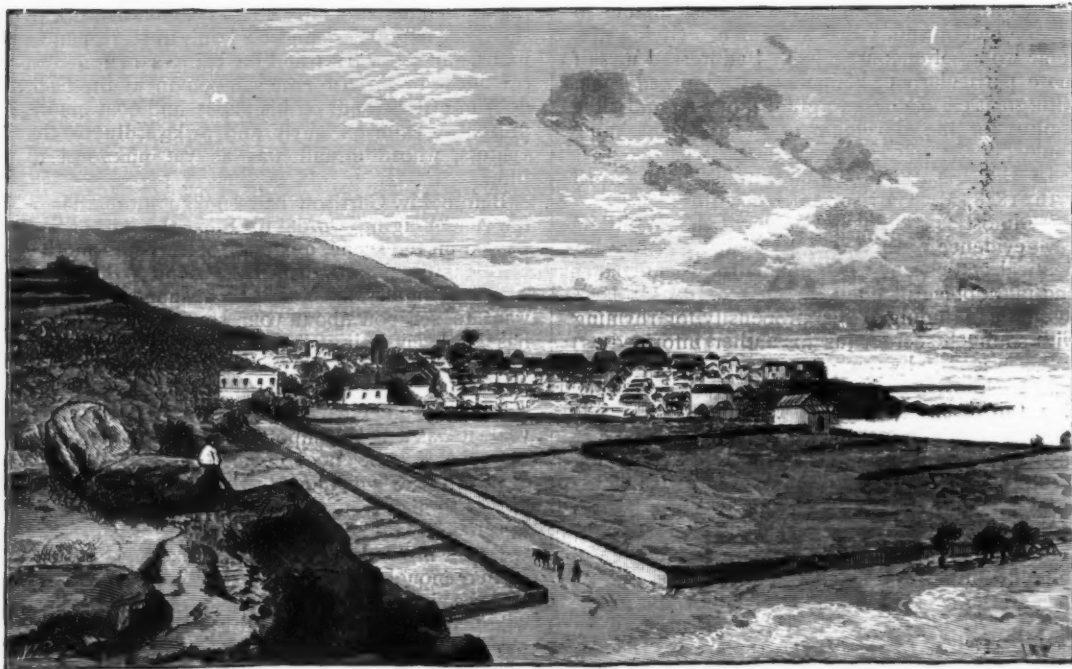
Thus far, Mr. Frank Garrison, in the profoundly interesting biography of his father, now in course of publication.

I think I cannot do better than close this note with a story which has often since then served me well as a text in addressing young men, and which will be as welcome to admirers of Lowell as to those of Whittier. About four years ago I was talking to Mr. James Russell Lowell, then the American representative at the Court of St. James's, about the poet, and told him what a lively letter I had just had from him, sportive as if from a boy. "Mr. Whittier," remarked the Ambassador, "has led a good, pure life, and I have often observed that men who lead good, pure lives, are very apt to be cheerful in their old age. And he has done what many nowadays find it difficult to do, he has retained his faith undimmed and strong in the unseen."¹

SAMUEL JAMES CAPPER.

¹ I may mention that Houghton, Mifflin, and Co., of Boston, are busy preparing a library edition of the poet, which will be incomparably the most complete and best arranged that has ever appeared, and for which they are engraving a striking oil-painting of Mr. Whittier, taken when a young man.

TENERIFFE.



PORTO OROTAVA.

AMONG the resorts that have sprung into rapid favour, requiring but to be known to be valued and visited, are the "Isles of the Blest"—as Pliny called them—the Canary Islands of to-day. Their delightful climate, semi-tropical, but tempered by the breezes of the Atlantic, would long ago have won for them the praise and attention of modern health or pleasure seekers that they received from the Greeks, the Romans, and the Spanish Moors, had not difficulties, expenses, and a general vagueness as to how they were to be got at, stood in the way. While many ships called at Madeira, few passenger-steamers touched at the Canaries. The chief drawback, however, to the English visitor lay in the want of suitable hotels and comforts in the islands themselves. This want, with greater facilities in going and coming, has been met in the two most frequented of the group, Teneriffe and Grand Canary, and our countrymen and women, who are ever seeking for "fresh fields and pastures new," have availed themselves in such numbers of the opportunities afforded them, that both inhabitants and capitalists are still busily arranging for their welfare and accommodation.

In the limited space of a short article it is difficult to more than hint at some of the specialities of a country and people. In this case the islands, though separated little beyond a few hours by steamer, have each and all marked individuality, since they have mainly depended for their local

intercourse upon sailing craft, and these being neither general, well appointed, nor speedy, have conducted but slightly to interchange from one island to the other, so that each has developed and maintained peculiarities and features distinctive to itself.

Teneriffe, the best known, boasts of the world-renowned Peak and of Orotava, the "Garden of the Hesperides," as some say, where grew the golden apples, where flourished the wondrous dragon-tree, where swept the balmy breezes that inspired the mystic lore of the ancients.

It is, however, quite possible to visit Teneriffe and see neither the Peak nor the lovely valley of Orotava, for the port of call is at Santa Cruz—the capital looking south-east—a pretty, cheerful, cleanly town, from whence the Peak (located in the centre of the islands) is hidden. Orotava lies twenty-six miles to the west. The visitor must drive into the interior, or put out again to sea before "El Pico," the Peak, rises on his vision. And then it is just possible that he may at first feel slightly disappointed, for the Peak, though once accounted the highest mountain in the world (in reality it is only 12,200 feet above the sea), conical in shape, and standing alone, lies in a basin or crater of surrounding mountains, which form a wall, and deprive it of the full magnitude of its grandeur. Moreover, after the manner of mountain tops, it pierces the clouds, which hang mistily and shroudingly

about it, so that it generally requires an early morning or evening light, or the stilly brightness of the beauteous nights to show up "El Pico," radiant and clear.

When thus seen, however, it realises all expectations, and it takes but a short time to make the visitors as keen Peak worshippers as the natives themselves; and they readily fall into the custom of mounting the *azoteas* (flat-roofs) for a still better view of this pride and glory of Teneriffe. How the Peak looks—if hidden, if exposed—becomes as natural a subject of conversation as "how warm is the day, how lovely the weather." If shrouded, how welcome the faintest partings of its cloak! If clearly and boldly defined, it is received as a friendly face that has been missed for a time and that is doubly appreciated for its absence. Every smile, every tear, every varying phase of its continually changing countenance is the source of lively interest. It reigns supreme in the hearts of Teneriffians, and holds, as in legitimate right, its most sovereign sway in the charming regions of Orotava. In vain does the Atlantic take its deepest shade of blue—sparkle, flash, and dash in feathery spray; it wins a passing recognition, but is eclipsed, transcended, by the silent majesty that sits aloft.

At Icod, some twenty miles west of Orotava, the wall of the crater is broken down, and from that point El Pico is best discernible, seen as it there is from base to summit. A year ago Icod was cut off from the average traveller, as it possessed only a bridle road and Spanish *fondas* of a primitive kind. Now the *carrolera* (carriage road) is completed, and an hotel, under the management of a capable brother and sister, who had catered for the English at the principal *fonda* at Port Orotava, has been opened.

There are two Orotavas, the upper town, or "Villa," and the lower, or "Puerto," about two miles apart. The valley, which Humboldt so extolled, lies north-west of the main body of the island, on the opposite side of Santa Cruz, and is passed through on the drive to either of the two towns from that port. It is scarcely a valley in the ordinary acceptance of the word, but a vast sweep of mountain slope, intersected at a high level by a fine *carrolera*, and stretching away in terraced or undulating land to the sea border. Here again great expectations are liable to receive a check. To an eye accustomed to the greenery of Great Britain there is a want in the landscape of that refreshing tint; but let it be seen in the tender light of early morn, in the golden rays of fuller day, in the rich shadows of the fading noon, in the brilliant clearness of the soft refulgent moon, under skies that are divinely blue, and girt by a sapphire sea—such skies and ocean as are the rule, not the exception, there—and the traveller must be hard to please if he be not gratified, satisfied, and ever increasingly charmed.

The famous Garden of Acclimatisation of Orotava is situated between the port and upper town. The abundant flora, characteristic native plants and trees, among which the *Dracena Draco*, or dragon-tree, and *Euphorbia Canariensis* of Tene-

riffe are prominent, constitute a great pleasure to the botanist, and indeed are a subject of gratification to the less technical observer, while the climb to the Peak for the stalwart and energetic is an ambition rendered easier of attainment by the building of a hut half way up the mountain, that does away with the hardship of sleeping without protection and accommodation, the night of the ascent.

The Orotavas possess many fine houses, with balconies, trellis, and other bits of woodwork of native pine, that would delight an artist or antiquarian, and that greatly interest the ordinary sight-seer; and few of these houses are without handsome *patios*, or courtyards, after the style of the Spaniards, who now people and hold the islands. The churches are large and contain richly-carved and heavily-decorated altars, denoting wealth and expenditure at the time of their erection; but they have seen their best days, while the majority of the extensive monasteries and convents have, as in the Peninsula, been closed or turned to secular use.

Villa Orotava, situated on the slope of some of the mountain land, at the base of the Peak, lies a thousand feet above the port. The streets that traverse longitudinally are of the steep, steepest, and a short walk until one is habituated to the stiff gradients is as fatiguing as an extended one would ordinarily be along a more level road.

One of the chief attractions at the "Villa" are the gardens full of trees, plants, and flowers that require care and the shelter of hothouses or conservatories with us, but that grow with freedom and hardihood out in the open in almost every part of Teneriffe, and attain their greatest perfection in and about Orotava. It was at the "Villa" that down to 1867 the famed dragon-tree flourished—that colossal tree, reputed to equal the Pyramids in age! and to be seventy feet in height by forty-eight feet in circumference. In the same grounds stood, and yet stands, a veteran giant palm, which rises like a landmark, a native column seen from far and near. The palm-trees of the Canary Isles are remarkably graceful and free in growth, and the dragon-trees are indigenous to Teneriffe. Both palms and "dragons" are less general than could be wished, and their increased cultivation would add to the picturesqueness of the scenery.

In a foreign land, every few yards present novelties to the unaccustomed eye and impress the mind with ideas of the people and neighbourhood. As Teneriffe is now subjected to a rush of English, seeking this new winter resort, those who stay at home may like to know a little about what the visitors see in their walks abroad, though the sights are among the everyday occurrences of a quiet island life.

On the occasion following we wended our way up one of the sloping back streets, to quit the town for the mountain-side. Doors and windows stood wide apart, and when the people were not—as for the most part they were—looking out of them, we could see clearly into the big, square rooms, which appeared tidy and clean. Not that there was much besides a bed to keep in order, but

here and there were discernible more than a few actual necessities.

We reached the level of a small plateau, on which was erected a good-sized church, and, finding it open, entered. The design was cruciform, a nave and two side chapels; the altar, large, broad, and elaborately gilded, a style of altar general to the island churches, showing that money must have been lavished on them in better days. It was free from tawdry decoration, and but little inferior paintwork offended the taste. The roofing was of unvarnished native pine of a soft brown shade, and the heavy cross-beams were carved on the lower side into a full and symmetrical pattern. On the walls of the central portion of the nave two coloured wooden figures, with a fresco background, confronted each other from a cupboard-like recess, closed in with thick, dull old glass, and framed round with a heavy Italian style of frame: St. Jerome, leaning on a gridiron that might have come straight from any ironmonger's shop, and another saint, who from the absence of a symbol was ambiguous. Below St. Jerome the faithful had affixed a printed paper, which one of our number translated for the benefit of the undermentioned. It offered forty days' indulgence for the recitation of certain masses, and concluded with a prayer for the extirpation of heretics. On the opposite side, to show possibly what they might expect if the said heretics did not mend their ways, was depicted the favourite subject of people in purgatory. The church had a good effect from the exterior, being well placed, and possessing a picturesque steeple.

From the little square of which the church formed one side, we obtained a good view of the scattered town and mountain slopes, down to the glinting Atlantic.

Quitting the main street, turning to the left brought us to a labourer's house and garden, with a pretty shaded pathway, invitingly green, the nearest approach to an English lane we had so far discovered. If there is a want in Teneriffe landscape it is the lack of trees. The fine forests of yore have been cut down by a generation that did not replant for posterity, and it is only in tracts that woods are now to be met with.

Orotava deserves the name of the "Garden of the Hesperides," for the soil is everywhere laid out in parterre fashion. We asked permission to go through the green hedges, and received a hearty sanction; but the country path finished soon, ending in one or two enclosed terraces. The cottage faced a lovely view, which we stopped to admire, then turned to smell some rich damask roses in the half-wild garden, and had some difficulty to prevent the good woman plucking them for us. Flowers are everywhere freely offered in Teneriffe. We were directed into the true road, a steep and cobble path, up which a patient donkey, heavily laden, was zigzagging; and down which we tripped and stumbled, knocking our feet between the big stones. It finished at another level, whence the outlook was on to a delightful expanse clothed with blossoming pear, almond, and orange trees, fruiting peach and figs, and the many-shaded leaves of banana, grape, mul-

berry, and palm. Away beyond were golden fields of sugar-cane, green fields of wheat and maize, and purples and browns and rainbow colours that nature only bedecks herself with in response to the smiles of her sun-lover; and there was blue water below, reflecting the radiant blue above, while around were the delicious scents of fragrant plants evoked by the sweet presence of Phœbus. Yet it was no sweltering heat here, thick and hazy, but clear and fresh; though the air was indisputably warm—warm enough to sit where we like, when we like, how we like, and dreamily rest and lounge.

Strolling on again, we came unexpectedly upon beautifully-carved old wooden balconies, which



BALCONY AT SAN JUAN DE LA RAMBLA.

would have enchanted an architect or dilettante. They were of native pine, and in perfect condition; delicately carved in designs, partly Italian and partly Mauresque, and might easily be mistaken for iron tracery. The wood of two was left unstained, the natural resin serving to maintain a wonderful durability that rendered colour and varnish unnecessary; but the taste of the owner had been in favour of something more conspicuous with the third, which was picked out with yellow, vivid green, and white—a mixture that would be atrocious under cloudy skies, and that even in these sunny ones would have gained by time and exposure.

What we term costume has died out, if there

ever was any at Teneriffe; but it has especial features in dress universal and peculiar to it, as have likewise the other islands. The gentlemen are habited much as our own countrymen; the ladies as a rule retain the graceful mantilla of Spain. The mantillas in fashion a year ago were somewhat short veils, prettily caught back, or let to fall a little forward in what is considered, when shielding a youthful face, a coquettish, fetching style.

The speciality of the labouring class among the men is a *manto*, or blanket-cloak, which seems in common use. It takes the place of the Spanish cloak in Spain proper, being worn by the very poorest. These blankets have a picturesque effect, albeit they are the ordinary Witney, with the usual border of blue or red lines. They are gathered by thick plaits round the throat into a collar of leather, or merely bound firmly to keep the gathers together, and thus shaped and hanging down form a loose wrapping garment. Frequently there is no lining. Sometimes, if extra large, a portion of the superfluous length goes half way down inside, making additional warmth for the shoulders.

The *mantos* are expensive—notably when lined, as one we examined, with a green Scotch plaid—and their wearers save up their money to purchase a good article; indeed, few but the best Witneys are saleable. Many of the men go bare-footed, some with footless stockings coming like a gaiter over the instep. Other of the peasantry wear over their linen drawers short coverings of black cotton or cloth, like the body of a trouser ripped open at the sides.

The women's dress consists of a long, narrow, coloured cotton petticoat, with a loose cotton jacket of a different pattern. They, too, are frequently without boots, or booted without stockings; and most of them wear a straw or felt hat, low-crowned and small—capable of poising a load on, and used for that purpose when not tilted over the face to screen the eyes from the sun—like a diminutive copy of a matadore's head-gear, or the white straw worn by women in some parts of Switzerland. Many add a handkerchief hanging loose behind and tied under the chin, giving themselves the effect of suffering from toothache. The handkerchief is, however, often used alone, when it is more becoming.

Though there is said to be a strong admixture of Guanche blood in their veins (that is, of the aborigines whom the Spaniards dispossessed and well-nigh annihilated), there is a decided Spanish look about the greater part of the Teneriffians; but they are less swarthy, and their expressions are open and frank. The peasantry are slight and tall in build, with an erect carriage. Their dark eyes are not so heavily shaded, nor their white teeth framed in so big a setting as usual among their class on the Peninsula, and on the whole they are more prepossessing. Food in the group generally, is *gofa*, a mixture of crushed grain or grains; such as wheat, maize, barley, rye, and in some cases even seeds of plants. At Teneriffe the two former are most used. It is taken dry and washed down with wine, or made into a

kind of porridge. Meat is rarely eaten, and little appreciated.

The inhabitants of both Teneriffe and Grand Canary are a well-grown race, courteous, kindly, gentle, and friendly, and they add to the pleasure of their charming isles by their gracious reception of their visitors. All, save the beggars, who are, to say the least, insistant; but then Spain and beggars are synonymous, and, as present constituted, it is impossible to make the acquaintance of one and remain unconscious of the other.

The climate in general of the islands is as warm and not so damp as that of Madeira, which is some two hundred and fifty miles from Teneriffe, a run of about twenty-six hours. Opinions vary as to which island possesses the better climate, some inclining to Grand Canary, others claiming that famed Orotava has the superiority; and as the less known of the group become more frequented it is



BY THE WAYSIDE.

probable they also will dispute the pre-eminence. At present, all being in this respect as near perfection as any habited part of the globe, the choice is settled by accommodation, and where the visitors find themselves most comfortable. Orotava port, which led the way with its handsome Grand Hotel and annexes, is not long to remain unrivalled. In course of erection at a higher

level, is another fine establishment, with detached residences; and yet another is talked of. At the "Villa" there are two hotels, where the English resort. At Laguna, on the road from Santa Cruz to Orotava, one of the best managed houses has been for a season in working order; and at Santa Cruz itself two English hotels and the Spanish fondas are catering with energy and success for our nation. Grand Canary, not to be behind, has increased its establishments, and companies are forming for one or more hotels on a large scale. At present its chief quarters for the English are Quiney's, where annexes were added last year, the Grand—that can accommodate some thirty-five visitors—and the Fonda de Europa. The other islands possess only fondas of a primitive kind.

Grand Canary has for its specialities a cave village, unchanged from the days when the Guanches made the cavities their homes; and a *caldera*, or crater of a volcano, that is considered one of the most perfect in existence. But each and all of the islands have their peculiar "lions."

Orotava enjoys the advantage of a resident English chaplain, much liked and respected, and Las Palmas, the capital of Grand Canary, has English service, for which it rarely lacks episcopal help.

The average expenses are from 8s. to 12s. per day, less if at a *fonda*, where, however, other than two meals are extras. The language spoken in all the islands is Spanish, but a knowledge of that tongue is not a necessity, though a great advantage, in the more frequented parts. Off the beaten track Spanish is requisite and roughing is compulsory.

The islands are within the postal union, are free from the irksome custom-house and the duties levied at Madeira.

The Canarian group lie off to the north-west of Africa, seven islands in the Atlantic Ocean, five out of the seven, as before mentioned, cut off from general intercourse by indifferent and uncertain shipping communication. Last month—August—steamers fitted up with every comfort and modern convenience, having accommodation for fifty-five saloon and one hundred and fifty third-class passengers, commenced to call with the mails at each of the islands, at least once a week, thereby giving visitors an opportunity of seeing the less visited, but in one or more instances yet more beautiful shores, of the Mid-Atlantic, and providing a series of pleasure trips on a smooth and sunny sea. These interinsular steamers proceed to Puerto de Orotava, doing the trip from Santa Cruz in three hours and a half, and saving the weak and delicate from a long carriage or coach drive across the island, especial attention being paid to the wants of English visitors, who are mainly expected to avail themselves of this new route.

The number of ships that put into Teneriffe have been greatly augmented, increasing considerably the facilities for reaching and quitting the islands.¹

It is to escape the rigours of our ungenial winters that the majority will wing their way to these even climes. From September to April is the actual season. In May, like swallows, the visitors flock homeward; but the highlands of the islands form cool and temperate retreats, and at Laguna, the Villa, and the upper towns of Grand Canary, those who like can follow the example of the residents and spend the summer months in comfort and pleasure.

In some of these neighbourhoods *sitios* (country houses) can be rented, but the demand, as in the hotels last season, was greater than the supply; and it must be borne in mind that though the islands have been wonderfully opened up in a very short time, their resources are likely to be somewhat strained until things have settled down a bit, and fresh places are developed. Moderate desires and tastes can be and are gratified, but there lack the amusements and gaities of Italy and continental health resorts.

Walks and drives are fairly numerous and varied. A pedestrian or horseman has by far the best opportunity of seeing the islands, as carroters have, up to the present, been made only over a limited area. Bridle paths are rough; walking is often fatiguing from the elevation of the land, but the carriage ways are broad, smooth, and admirably kept.

At present, horse and carriage excursions, picnics to lovely scenery, lawn-tennis, concerts, visiting at the different hotels, and a moderate, rather limited, amount of sea bathing and boating, form the chief amusements. The lovely climate, absence from worry and excitement, and pleasant companionship, are the chief attractions.

Not only the invalid seeking heaven's greatest blessing, health and strength, but the vigorous traveller or holiday maker may derive gratification and a rich store of happy associations from a visit to the "Fortunate Isles."

S. F. LATIMER.

Albion New Zealand boats, and those of the New Zealand Shipping Company, both fine lines, starting from London, calling at Plymouth, and from the latter port making a run of four and a half days to Teneriffe, avoiding Madeira, and taking a direct route to the Canaries port.

The British and African Steam Navigation Company and the African Steamship Company start from Liverpool, stop at Madeira, and take nine days in reaching Teneriffe. They call this year alternately at Teneriffe and Grand Canary. The passage between these two islands occupies about five hours. The African boats are smaller and less well appointed, but for good sailors the longer time at sea is a pleasure, and the fare being little more than half on the return ticket, which is available for a year, visitors from the north favour these ships.

Forwood Brothers visit Teneriffe monthly, via Madeira, starting from London.

The exact dates of sailing and the fares by each line can be ascertained by application to the agents, or to any general shipping office.

Some of Donald Currie's steamers call alternately at Teneriffe and Grand Canary; and the former island is visited by the North-German Lloyd's steamer, the C. Woermann Line, the Spanish mail to Cadix, the French Transatlantic Company to Cadiz and Marseilles, the Chargeurs Rénis Company to Havre, and the N. Paquet, Aîné, and Co. to Marseilles, via Morocco and Gibraltar, so that opportunity is afforded to make acquaintance with other places of interest on the way out or home. But it should be remembered that the longer and cheaper routes are less desirable for poor sailors and those in delicate health. Steamers putting in to Madeira give time for a run on shore, and in the case of the African lines the passage can be broken and another boat—if not already full—substituted.

Further details will be found in a little volume just issued, "The English in the Canary Isles, a Journal in Teneriffe and Gran Canaria." By Frances Latimer. Published at the "Western Daily Mercury" Office, Plymouth.

¹ Among the most desirable for invalids are the Shaw, Savill, and



VOICES FROM THE HIGHWAYS AND HEDGES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OCCUPATIONS OF A RETIRED LIFE."

OUR PROPER PLACES.

WHEN Alick and I closed our conversation on the possibilities of provincial life by the expression of a fervent hope that there is always some work for which each nature is specially adapted, I could not help thinking of Mary Anne Bruce, and Alick remembered the laird's younger brother.

Poor Mary Anne Bruce is one of that type of unfortunate people whom a witty friend of mine describes as "rocks ahead." When any social engagement is going on, at which, for reasons connected with her family, Mary Anne's presence is inevitable, the hostess is anxiously concerned "what to do with her." Nobody wants to take her in to supper; people are reluctant to be either her partner or her adversary at croquet or tennis; though, when she chooses to be in a fair temper and attend to the game, she does not play so very badly. Her family are very glad and relieved when she goes for a visit; but nobody whom she visits ever invites her again. She has received a splendid art education, from which she has benefited so much that no picture she sees is good enough to give her a thrill of spontaneous pleasure. Yet nobody has seen a production of Mary Anne's own hand, and it is currently accepted—with a smile—that her ideal is so high that she will not sully it by imperfect endeavour. Her mother speaks of her with affectionate solicitude, always trying to bring her into the con-

versation in some way to enlist her hearer's sympathy, but seldom succeeds in doing more than winning his pity for herself. Meanwhile, Mary Anne swims about, not indeed with contentment, but with the perfect self-satisfaction of one who does not admire the world she lives in, yet is quite unaware that it does not admire her, and if she discovered that truth, would only pity it for its lack of appreciation.

And yet, at times, I have a sneaking fellow-feeling for Mary Anne. Sometimes she has patronised me with a good deal of her society, and once made me sufficiently miserable by her cynical depreciation of everything around us, and of all her common acquaintances.

She never says an untrue thing; she never draws unfair and malicious inferences after the fashion of Mrs. Fraser. She only holds up the crystal of a character between one and the light, so that one cannot help seeing its flaw—perhaps its solitary flaw, but still there—and once seen, not to be forgotten. She would be a very dangerous visitor for those difficult people who always break their heroic images the moment they find any clay sticking about their feet, and whose veneration will not rest satisfied with anything short of infallibility and imperturbability, and cannot survive the discovery of irritability, or vacillation, or a dash of snobbishness, or a little self-sufficiency, or any other of the weaknesses

that appertain to beings with memories, human nerves, and all sorts of irreconcilable surroundings.

Latterly, however, I have learned that people must be accepted as they are—that one must not wonder at a few dints or scratches on the armour of those who have come through hard battles; nay, that the faults of some are little more than the outgrowth or overgrowth of their supremest struggles or their grandest qualities. There is deep truth in the poet's discovery when she sat her down to mark "the sable flaws that flecked her lover's ermine," and declared

"I found a scorn unwise for things ignoble,
A power of silent wrath consuming wrong,
A way of digging deep below the sunshine,
A doubt of self and trust in other men.
I found a habit of self-sacrifice,
A tardy vision of rights personal,
A way of stepping back from thrusting crowds,
A loose light hold of things material.
I found— but lo! the thorns are blossoming,
It is a sacred rod my hand hath touched;
Who counts the petals of a passion flower?
I know thy faults, dear, and they are thy crown."

So, on this state of mind towards my neighbours (to which I hope I have somewhat attained), Mary Anne Bruce's gibes and criticisms and mockeries do not produce much effect. Nay, I will go so far as to say that I think such rarely make as much mischief or inflict as exquisite torture as do the sly inquiries, the reserved comments, the well-meant "counsels," and the subtly-contemptuous sympathy of quite another order of women. Indeed, Miss Bruce's bitter tongue once did me a good turn. There was a friend whom I dearly loved from whom I was sadly alienated. Each of us stood apart in dreary stubbornness. Mary Anne chose to bring this friend's name into our conversation, and instead of sounding her praises, insisting on her as in the right, and entirely ignoring my standpoint, after the fashion of professional peacemakers (whose footsteps, somehow, peace does not seem to follow), Mary Anne summed up her manner and appearance in one cruel epigram. I could hardly keep from bursting into tears! Perish the paltry "difference" which made an useless creature like Mary Ann imagine that she had a right, in my presence, so to characterise one whose intrinsic worth and sweetness I fully realised. Mary Anne had scarcely departed before I put on my bonnet and flew to my friend, throwing my arms around her neck and effecting an entire reconciliation which has never again been ruffled.

Then there is a kind of social truthfulness about Mary Anne which, I own, commends itself to me. I wonder, sometimes, whether her disloyalty to the duties and efforts of social civility did not originate in a honest revolt against social shams, in a repugnance to that social treachery which kisses faces and whispers behind backs, and has "a large circle of acquaintance" in which "friends" are not plainly outstanding. Mary Anne Bruce is a small laird's daughter, and her avenue to social life has led through genteel boarding-schools, morning calls, and dinner-

parties—and somehow I fancy it might have been better for her had her father been a working farmer, so that she might have met neighbours busy in kitchen or dairy, and heard and spoken plain truths without any offence. She is very lax in matters of money, regarding "accounts" with supreme indifference, but I think she might not have been so had she felt that it was not a mere matter of more or less finery, but that there was real value in every sixpence.

Alick always says, "Mr. Bruce should have sent Mary Anne from home to gain her own maintenance." He maintains that anybody who cannot find other interests in life should always have that wholesome and indubitable interest promptly provided for them, as the very best soil from which all other interests grow. Alick declares that too little scope and variety is allowed in life—at least, in a peaceful and natural way, though they may be reached by discontent and rebellion, which is as destructive a process as it is when a nation is able to improve its laws only by revolt and civil war!

The other instance which occurred to Alick—that of "the laird's younger brother"—is a case exactly opposite to Mary Anne's, and yet reaching the same end, and leaving a similar melancholy impression of a lost life which has never attained to "its own place."

Archibald Dunglass is no longer young; I think he must be past fifty, and he is what the homely Scotch folk call "everybody's body." He was handsome and interesting as a young lad, and at twenty-two I have no doubt that the one future for himself which he did not forecast was that which has befallen him—bachelor-life in a village, on a set and very limited income. Yet he drifted into it in the sheer "ease of his heart." The existence which opened for him when he left college seemed pleasant enough. He then lived much with his widowed mother in the county town, where his fine figure, with its striking leonine head and picturesque Highland garb, made him the cynosure of all eyes and many hearts, so that no genteel assemblage was thought complete unless adorned by his presence. His praise came before him to this village, and all its galas were reserved for the season of his visits to his brother's seat. Old residents have told me that everybody thought he was "to be something"—perhaps to go into Parliament and attain to a seat high in the Cabinet, such as more than one of his ancestors had filled. Simple people who had wrongs to be righted or rights to be enforced, poured them into his ears, and were assured that all would be well "when Mr. Archibald got in his oar."

So he led in all the games and the dances, and took the leading parts in the charades, and the tenor songs in the charity concerts. It was thought a great stroke to secure him to open a "fancy sale," and very fortunate was the lady who enlisted him to sell for her. His was always the popular speech at agricultural dinners, and his figure was ever most loudly cheered when the county gentlemen had occasion to parade their strength on any public platform.

And thus, and thus, and thus the years went by. Archibald Dunglass could do anything for anybody at any time. Something worth being done would surely be done soon. Only he had still done nothing when his mother died, and the greater part of her dower returned to the chief family coffer, on which the reigning laird's growing family was already making active demands.

And then somehow a shadow began to creep over his days—a faint change at first, like that which steals upon a summer morning as it passes into afternoon. I dare say Mr. Archibald could not have told when it began, but by-and-bye he found that he no longer played the hero in the charades, but only the legal gentleman's part, or that of an uncle from India. His persuasions at bazaars had lost their magic power, and somehow even at the agricultural meetings it fell to his share to speak first or last, as the people were coming in or going out. It was said that once or twice he seemed to resent the growing shortness of notice in his dinner invitations, but presently he appeared to accept the situation, and now can be always relied on to fill a vacant place or relieve a festivity from the superstitious gloom of "thirteen at table." He is a great frequenter of Tabby afternoon teas, and is a kind of universal referee and factotum without gaining responsibility, respect, or thanks. Despite an unflinching flow of agreeable small-talk, the poor man often looks a little dreary, and I wonder whether he knows that some people whisper of him as "our bore," while his better friends sadly speak not of what he may be, but of what he "might have been."

Mr. Edward Carrick is now the pride of our village and the stand-by of its people, and everything that Mr. Archibald seemed once likely to become. Now Mr. Edward Carrick was born on a bare croft, and was earning hard bread by teaching in the village school, while Mr. Archibald was gallivanting among everybody's golden opinions. Edward Carrick was plain in face, blunt in manner, with no gifts or graces whatever. Everybody told Edward Carrick the plain truth, so that he knew beforehand that the world is a battle-field, and not a flowery summer meadow. But suddenly, on some chance occasion, it was discovered that when Edward Carrick felt strongly he could speak well, and that when he spoke he was a transfigured creature, and had the power of carrying his audience with him. He did not waste his oratory on compliments, badinage, or conventionalities; it was husbanded for real needs, and whoever heard him knew they were hearing the intensest convictions of a sincere man who had learned the realities of life. Presently, to reach larger audiences, Edward Carrick took up the pen, and now, though he is still a poor man, he is a power in the land, and, like all genuine people, is well loved and well hated.

I have pitied Archibald Dunglass sometimes when I have watched him looking over Edward Carrick's pages. I have not pitied him the less when pain and disappointment have wrung from him the remark that he thought it was a mistake

people did not keep their own places. But had he kept his? Could Edward Carrick have taken it had it been already filled?

About that question of "keeping our own places" Alexander always has much to say. He thinks a man is no more bound by duty to remain in the station where he was born than to live on the spot where he was born, though he is also inclined strongly to maintain that it is very well indeed for the man himself when no circumstances, internal or external, tend to guide him or drive him away from either! But he says we must remember it was the Lord Himself who said to Abram, "Go forth out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and out of thy father's house, and come into the land which I will show thee," and that the Master summoned His apostles from their fishing that He might make them "fishers of men."

Alexander believes that our "proper place" is decided for us by an inward vocation, and by the gradual and harmonious working of circumstances towards its development. To anybody, who feels the stirrings of a gift apart from his present surroundings, or a call away from them, Alick's counsel is, "Wait and watch. Do the nearest duty, for that will not lead astray from the true end of your being. Give your gift the utmost scope consistent with that immediate duty, and trust God for the rest." Alick tells some interesting stories of the wonderful openings that have come to people who have acted on this plan.

Again, under this head, Alick is always preaching patience with ourselves and with others. Even failure after failure is not to dishearten us; for what we call failure may be but a stage in our education for something else. We should never allow ourselves to dwell with sadness, still less with despair, on any special failure in ourselves or others, but should consider rather the power of effort put forth, and the general character of the life.

He was very much struck years ago by a history told him by a lady who chanced to consult him professionally. In her youth she had always looked forward to some self-supporting career. It had seemed natural, according to the universal custom of those days, that she should be a teacher. She had been the foremost pupil in her old-fashioned school, always in classes in advance of her years, and regularly carrying off the prizes. For a long time it seemed as if her special gift was drawing, in which she excelled all the others. But when a new English master put in an appearance, with methods of teaching more modern and spirited than any she had known, she turned her attention from her drawing—so promptly that the breakdown was actually manifest in the picture on which she was at work in the time—and devoted all her energies to English composition. In due time she became junior teacher in the very school where she had been trained. She was then younger than any who had filled the post before, but was gladly accepted—to her pride and pleasure—on account of her known attainments.

Here, however, she proved a disastrous failure! Her efforts to do her duty cost her so much that

she broke down in less than three weeks, and was obliged to take a long period of rest. Her family were surprised and disappointed, and the state of things was the more trying since it had become absolutely necessary that she should be independent, and, indeed, helpful to others.

Her next chance in life was her admission to the office of a great company, which has since been incorporated in the public service. Influence exerted on her behalf gave her an unusually favourable start, and her well-cultivated intelligence, and knowledge of a continental language, made bright her prospect of speedy promotion. Her daily work, of no extreme duration, was to be done in a large, well-ventilated saloon, shared with many others engaged like herself in occupation that entailed a certain amount of subdued mechanical noise.

Here again she broke down as quickly as before, and even more completely. The family disapproval was strongly marked, but her own anguish and self-contempt were too intense to take much count of anything else. Fortunately she had the courage to make a confidante of the friend, a wise and experienced woman whose high influence had procured her the appointment for which she proved so inadequate. From her she met no blame, but only consideration. "You were foremost in your own work," said this tender friend. "You have shown your energy and your industry; it is not from want of will or capacity that you have thus failed twice. There must be some bar of nature drawn between you and these occupations. Let us think what they had in common. In both cases you had to work among numbers, and amid noise and distraction. You must try to find some occupation which you can carry on in quietness and alone. There will be other disadvantages, doubtless, probably harder work and lower wage. But there are disadvantages everywhere, and the secret of successful life is to find those which we can best tolerate. Anyhow, continue to rely on my friendly help."

"After I have failed in that which you have given me already?" wailed the girl.

The lady smiled.

"Two of us have failed," she said. "I have failed to help you as I hoped. We will try again."

They did. The girl secured a close, absorbing employment, which she could carry on in her own secluded attic. From its nature it had to be done in long stretches. To work for eighteen or twenty hours was a constant occurrence. Many times it was for thirty-six. Of course these strains were very trying, but they involved equal intervals of leisure, and the girl never complained, and scarcely showed a sign of suffering under the stringency of her tasks. In secret her leisure was employed in reading and practising that art of literary composition which had exerted such a spell on her school-girl mind. Now and again a few verses or a short sketch found its way into a magazine. Oh, if she had leisure to do some serious literary work—to write a book! But she had prospered in her lonely calling; she was earning considerable sums of money, now required by actual need; and she knew too well the risks of literary success.

So she sternly told herself that it was her duty to stick to her drudgery, and not to lose the bird in hand in hopes of the two in the bush.

And then, as Alick says, "came in the miracle!" For she told him that an editor who had read one or two of her little sketches, "but who had never seen her, and who knew nothing about her, whether she was young or old, rich or poor, gentle or simple, actually persuaded his publisher to ask for a serial for her pen, and to promise her a fair year's income during the growth of the work." From that time her future was assured. She who had begun with failure ended in a success she had never dared to hope!

Again, Alick says that it makes him sad to see how much is lost through want of concentration. He says that the wise old fable concerning the fox who had a hundred ways of escape, and yet lost his life, and the cat who had but one, by which she saved hers, was never more needed in the world than to-day. People know a little of so many things that they have lost that greatest knowledge of all, the realisation of their *much* greater ignorance. They meddle in many things, and are thorough in nothing. Even philanthropy and Christian effort have not escaped the taint. A man proves efficient on a platform, or a woman in a committee, and straightway they are enticed upon so many platforms or into so many committees, that they find themselves involved in more organisations than they can possibly understand, giving audible voice to eulogia that may not be much deserved, but which are dictated into their ear by interested parties, or else lending the weight of their name and influence to schemes whose workings they cannot follow, and whose weak points they do not know. Alick maintains that nobody should voluntarily undertake any task which he is not able to do well and thoroughly "with all his might." If he does, he but fills a place with a weed which otherwise might soon be occupied by a fruitful plant. He says that in all affairs of social or religious service we should do well to heed the Scriptural advice, and consider the ways of the wisest of the children of this world. We should then observe that in practical life, though many a man may be able to do many things, he is not counted a wise man who endeavours to gain a living or make a fortune by pursuing a dozen different trades. The old nursery adage is true for ever—in things small and great,—material or spiritual:

"One thing at a time, and that done well,
Is the very best way, as many can tell."

Alick thinks that those who are engaged in any good work should make it a matter of prayer and conscience as to whose help they invite. A half-hearted friend is the worst enemy. And in the great conflict of God's Church Militant with the powers of evil, be they in what garb they may, the traitor within the camp is the greatest of dangers. It is not always easy or right to reject proffered co-operation, yet tests and probations might be arranged. I have often wondered how Judas

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came into the band of the twelve apostles; but there seems no record of his call, as in the case of Peter, and James, and John.

Alick says that no considerations of family or expediency, of wealth or popularity, should weigh in this matter. What would be the result if such influences were allowed to determine who should be the leaders in any material warfare? Alas! many a disastrous page of history—one not older than 1870—will answer that question! The one consideration should be, "Is this person the best fitted within our knowledge to do this work?" And the great leaders in God's army—as in all other armies—are the men who have a fine instinct in this selection and are true to their instinct.

And in these days of many guilds, and clubs, and institutes Alick says there is much danger of society mistaking the lesser for the greater good, and getting like a valetudinarian old lady who sets more store on drugs than on diet! The Christian household is the Christian ideal, and so long as these other works supply its place to the homeless with a view of showing them the value of home life, and making it their final aim, they are doing true and glorious work. But if they allow these more external efforts to prey upon and spoil Christian households already existing, then they are as mischievous as a little boy I once knew who destroyed a beautiful foreign basket to see "whether he could make another out of its material!" It is a sad pity when something very like blame is sometimes cast by those from whom honour is due, on quiet Christian girls, who are training little brothers and sisters, helping parents, cheering old age, and brightening a peaceful home for a welcome circle of dear friends, while all the commendation is reserved for those who are running from bazaar to committee, and from guild-meeting to working-party. And yet I think many a minister could bear witness that his most regular Sunday-school teacher or his most acceptable district visitor come from the former class rather than the latter. Alick says, in his pithy way, that modern invention has been very clever, but that he has never yet seen an agricultural implement or a weapon of war that was also a wind-instrument!

There would be often something comical—if it was not also pathetic—in the ill-adaptation of human tools to their voluntary work. Who has not seen many a parallel to the quaint story of the trim young curate exhorting the wayworn childless widow on the virtue of resignation, until at last she turned her grand old face full upon him, and said, quietly, "Puir chield! ye ken naething about it!" It is quite true that there is often wisdom in the mouth of babes and sucklings, but it is not the wisdom of precepts and preaching—"a little child shall lead them," but it is unconsciously, by brightness and love, not by dogmatism and self-assertion. Ruskin says, beautifully, that in the procession of Charity the part of the young is "to carry the basket." From those who are dignified by the terrible rank of Pain or Poverty or Sorrow, youth can only have much to

learn even if it be fit to receive the lesson. Its own function is to minister.

I do think, from much that I have seen and heard, that those who have had any special experience in life may be quite sure that God will find some special use for that experience.

"Spirits are not finely touched,
Save to fine issues."

This thought should serve to sustain us under special trials, and give us courage to tread any path which we see to open out of them. But some may ask, "Is courage needed for good works to-day, when philanthropy is actually a fashion and religious services are crowded?" Ah, I think it remains as true as ever that "He who died on the cross never taught that His Father's business was easy work to be cheaply done." Many a one of God's servants has to go through life as did he whose townfolk stoned and insulted him as a miser, till at his death they learned that he had toiled and gone bare that his savings might secure them reservoirs of pure water, and avert the pestilences which had hitherto decimated them. There are explanations which cannot be given if the good work which they concern is to proceed. There are crosses which must be borne in silence, unless we are to drive to despair some poor "soul for whom Christ died." But, as has been well said, "If we make up our minds to the cross, we have to make up our minds to the nails in it, and the splinters of it, and the shame of it."

"So, when close to Christ we draw,
Learn to love His perfect law,
In His steps to tread.
Let us start not, if we find
There are hands prepared to bind
Thorns about our head."

Rather let us thank God joyfully for our special call, and for the narrow path which is so very straight because it is so narrow.

Alick loves to read from an obscure author, who says—

"Let us not seek that task which is called highest, but that which we can do best; not that place which seems easiest, but that where we can be most useful. Let our utmost ambition remain that 'God's will be done.' Think what that means! It means that we may lie on a pauper bed—destitute, forsaken, dying—and yet successful!"

Now I must just add that Alick has discovered that Mr. Archibald has lately gone up to London to help a literary friend in collecting material for a big book of facts bearing on social subjects of the day. His work will lead him among all classes, and will require his utmost tact and versatility. It is not work that can be remunerative, so can be undertaken only by a gentleman with leisure and an income, which, though small, is still independent.

And I have heard a rumour that Mary Anne

Bruce has at last actually persuaded her father to let her join as a partner in a Ladies' Dressmaking Association recently started in a fashionable town. She declares that her art instincts never led her really higher than the colour and form of still life, and some of her old acquaintances are whispering that her customers will not object to her pungent criticisms when they are directed towards their own greater adornment! I wonder if the rumour is true? It seems, really, as if such a scheme might answer.

For happy is the life that finds its place and its

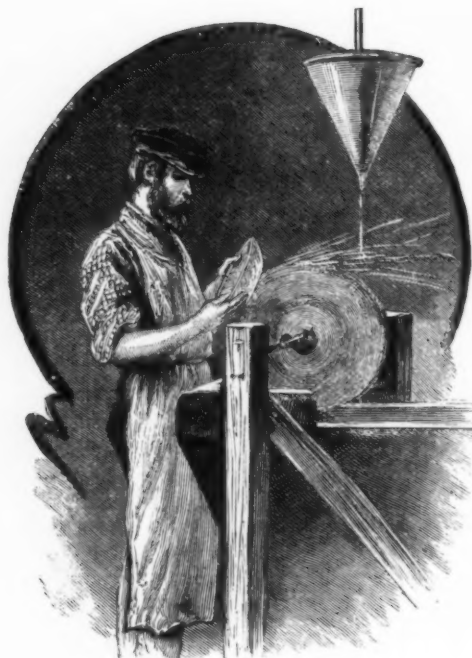
power. It can go about its hardest task, as the poet says,

"Like noble boys at play."

Only we must emphasise that word "noble," for, alas! I fear there is a good deal of "play" gone about in a spirit which is no example for work. I must get Alick to have a talk with me on "recreation" and "amusements." For so many people speak about them to me, and from such different standpoints, that sometimes I get quite confused as to my own.

AMONG THE GLASSWORKERS.

PART II.



THE GLASS-CUTTER'S FRAME.

THE glass-cutter works at a frame, in which a thin iron wheel, driven at high speed, derives its cutting grittiness from a mixture of sand and water, that drips on it from an inverted cone. As the wheel spins the glass is held against its edge and slowly cut into. Hence, all the cutting is in straight lines and on the bevel. At Osler's, the cutters stand in rows down each side of narrow, well-lighted rooms, each in front of his sand-covered frame, with the dripping cone above, the sink below, and the steadily-running wheel of size suitable for the work in hand. Some of the men are ornamenting huge dishes, a foot and more across, some are cutting long pedestals for candelabra, others are grinding in the facets of decanters and epergnes—the light things held

in the hands, the heavier ones balanced by counterweights.

One job in progress on the morning of our visit is a set of wine-glasses for the Queen's table. We see the smooth glass with the opal bloom on it dull as it comes from the annealing tunnel. Then we see the position of the flutes marked out on each glass with compass and red dots. Then we see the flutes being cut on the wheel with the sand and water. Then we see the forming of the facets—a series of lines in one direction crossed by a series in the other direction, giving the wide ring of four-sided pyramids. Then we see the furrows smoothened on a stone wheel, still with sand and water. Then we see them polished on a wooden wheel with glass-cutter's putty—a mixture of oxide of lead and tin—and then we have the glass complete, clear as crystal, with every groove and facet sparkling as if it were in diamond.

But a truce to cutting. In another room we see glass being etched with the usual wax and acid. In another it is being engraved, the tiny wheel of the engraver giving much more artistic finish and brilliancy than the dull, flat ground of the etcher. What can be done by all these processes at their best is manifest enough in the show-room, where, conspicuous among the flash and gleam of the crystal glass, are some specimens of real ruby in which the colour is due to oxide of gold.

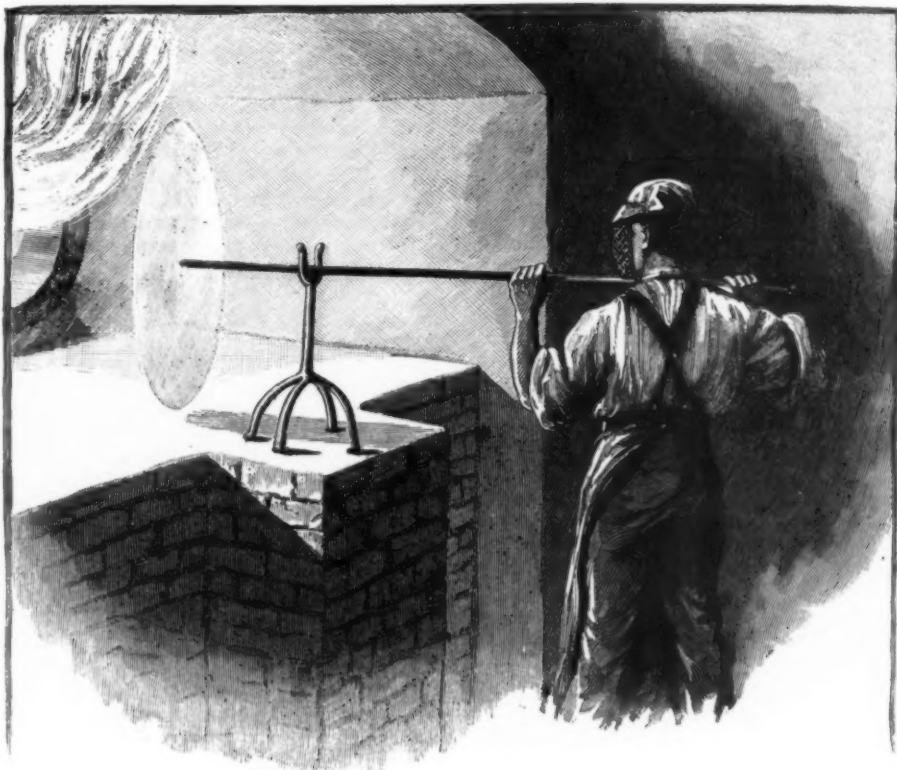
COLOURED GLASS.

For coloured glass and common glass the great headquarters is at Stourbridge. The process is much the same as that we have witnessed, only the common glass is moulded as were the bottles, and the coloured glass is made from mixtures containing the colouring matter, the melting-pots being much smaller.

A word may be said as to the making of stained windows, the highest form of the coloured glass industry. This is really mosaic work. So many sheets of so many colours are stained. The design is enlarged to full size and cut up into patches of different colour by lines that in the window are represented by the lead frames. A piece

of glass of the colour required is laid over one of the spaces so marked and cut to its shape with a diamond; all the pieces of that colour in different parts of the picture are similarly cut to fit; then another colour is taken, then another, everything being cut out of the sheet except the faces and hands and a few trifles it is impossible so to treat satisfactorily, and which are produced by processes more or less the secret of the maker; and then the pieces are fitted together as if the window were a fretwork puzzle. The glass used is not

lump is cool enough for the second gathering. When he has enough of the metal to work with he cools his pipe under a trough of water, and proceeds to roll the lump into a conical shape on the marver. While it is being trundled to and fro, and consolidating, a boy comes forward and blows down the pipe until the cone becomes a hollow globe. The globe is heated and again blown, and becomes a Florence flask, the "bullion-point," the apex of the old cone, being still conspicuous, and the flask being so rolled on the marver as to



MELTING AND OPENING, FLATTER AND FLATTER, UNTIL IT BECOMES A CIRCULAR PLATE.

"flint," but "sheet," or "crown," and thus we are brought to the consideration of the next branch of the glass manufacture.

CROWN GLASS.

Crown glass is made of sand, ground limestone, carbonate of soda, and sulphate of soda. It is melted in much the same manner as flint glass, only the pots have no hood. When the pot is charged a ring of fireclay is placed at the bottom and the mixture thrown in. As the mixture melts the ring rises, and when the metal is ready for dipping the ring floats on the top.

The gatherer dips his pipe or tube inside this ring, and with a swirl collects on the end, or "nose," a pear-shaped lump. He then rests his pipe on a stand and turns it gently round until the

form the rim of the future plate near the nose. Again it is heated and blown into a larger sphere, with the bullion-point exactly opposite the nose, the pipe being rested on an iron support, and a boy holding the point in position with a small cup. The sphere is taken to the fire and spun and blown as it spins, so that the front is flattened. The sphere becomes a huge, short-necked decanter. The pipe is laid on the rest, and a lump of glass on a punty is fixed to the bullion-point, and forms it into a "bull's-eye." A piece of cold iron is thrust into the decanter near the nose, and the pipe breaks away from it.

A man with a veil before his face now takes the glass on the punty to a fierce circle of flame, and in it twirls the neck of the decanter. Round and round it spins, melting and opening, flatter and flatter, until it becomes a circular plate, like that of an electric machine. Still whirl-

ing, it is withdrawn from the flame, laid upon the "whimsey," cut from the punty, lifted with a fork into the annealing-kiln, and piled upon its edge on the "table" that preceded it, and kept from close contact with it by the bull's-eye and an iron frame. In forty-eight hours, at the outside, it is taken from the annealing-kiln and laid in the warehouse on a "nest," or cushion, to be cut up by the "splitter" to the best advantage. The "table" of crown glass is from four to five feet across, and great is the judgment required in dividing it into pieces of different quality, so as to get as much "best" out of it as possible. The most remarkable stage of the crown process is that before the nose-hole, when the veiled man is whirling the growing bulb in the circle of flame, and the bulb, fluttering into flower, curves outwards ever more widely, until it is a thin, solid wheel of wonderful brilliancy a yard and a half or more across.

SHEET GLASS.

It is its peculiar brilliancy of surface, due to the flashing at the nose-hole, which has enabled crown glass to make such a good fight with its great rival "sheet." Sheet glass is melted in the same way, but instead of being rolled on a marver it is manipulated into a cylinder on a hollowed block of wood. The wood is sprinkled with water to prevent its being burnt. The hollow in it is practically a mould, for it limits and fixes the size to which the cylinder can be blown.



NEXT MOMENT IT IS SWINGING LIKE A PENDULUM.

At the blowing-furnace every blower has a hole to himself. In front of each opening is a wooden stage erected over a well about ten feet deep. When the cylinder as it leaves the block has been heated sufficiently in the furnace, it is brought out by the man on to the stage, and there blown and swung round and up, backwards and forwards,

until it is of the required size. The diameter remains as given by the block, but the length is much increased. As the pillow of glass slowly lengthens it seems as though the man were engaged in some startling juggling feat. Now the pipe is held vertical with the end in the blower's mouth and the glass aloft. Next moment it is swinging like a pendulum, or flourishing overhead as if it were a fly-rod or the handle of a stock-whip. Now it is dodging about in so eccentric a manner that we can only suppose the workman is "showing off" with a view of impressing the stranger.

We have seen the bladder blown and we are privileged to see it burst. A good puff of air is blown into it and the end of the tube is stopped, the cylinder is held to the fire, the heat expands the air, at the weakest and hottest part there is an explosion, the glass is burst open, and the pipe is turned until the rent becomes the full size of the end. Thin glass is generally opened in this way, but with thick a lump of hot glass is stuck on, and at the part so made hot, and therefore weak, the burst takes place, the opening being cut to shape with the shears.

The cylinder—some six feet long—is then laid on the wooden "chevalet," and with a piece of cold iron it is detached from the nose. Round the cap a thread of glass is run and taken away immediately, and a piece of cold iron is held to the heated ring, which at once becomes a crack, from which the cap breaks away. A wooden rule is held inside the cylinder, and a long-handled diamond run along it splits the cylinder open. The cylinder is taken to the flattener. In his furnace is a stone with a piece of glass on it; upon this so-called "lagre" the cylinder lies with its split side uppermost, and the flame playing over it until it opens and falls back into a wavy sheet. Then the flattener takes a block of wood with an iron handle and proceeds to rub the wavy sheet quite flat. Then the flattening-stone is run along to a cooler part of the furnace, and the sheet forked off on to the cooling-stone. Then, when cool enough to be left, it is taken out, and waits, on its edge, to be annealed.

Sheet glass is the common glass of our windows. Would that it were all home-made! Sometimes our glass-makers get a good order, but most of the good orders have now passed into legend. One, the most famous, was that for the 1851 Exhibition. The cylinders were blown to cut 49 inches by 30, and this was divided into three panes, each 49 inches by 10. Some 300,000 of these, totalling up to 1,000,000 square feet, and weighing over 400 tons, were made at Chance's in a few weeks without absorbing or interrupting the ordinary output. And the energy of the glaziers equalled that of the glassworkers. In one week 18,392 panes were fixed in the roof by eighty men; and one man excelled all others, and accomplished a "best on record" by fixing nine dozen panes in a single day!

W. J. GORDON.

MY BEST SHIPMATE:

A SEA-OFFICER'S REMINISCENCE.

BY GEORGE CUPPLES.

CHAPTER III.



BEG PARDON MISS.

BLUE water, dazzling sunlight, and westerly air for the most part, down in tropical latitudes, made good company all the pleasanter; and if there were matters of a very different nature close by, they did not show face. On the occasion just referred to, when a third baby arrived safe aboard, there were extra rejoicings made. First-rate music was played that afternoon by our amateur band, chiefly made up from some professionals who were going out to "star it" in the colonies, and who, in fact, performed more or less every evening. Then came the customary assembly on the quarter-deck and poop, under their awnings; with lamps and lanterns over the hatchways, though none were needed elsewhere because of the glorious starlight over-

head. Hornpipes and jigs and Jack-tar-shuffles, of course, were all the fashion down amidships; but upon the poop, after the fashion of those days, there were quadrilles and such-like, and a sight it was to see Miss Emmeline Gray being whirled round in tip-top style by our noble mate, as well as dancing with others. Somehow I could not help feeling no small satisfaction when Mr. Turbiter got a disappointment in that quarter, for before he could get her asked she had coaxed the old captain himself to take her a round; and after that, either she was too tired to agree, or else it was because our breeze had begun to freshen so much as to give the ship an extra weather-roll. The three christenings had been done beforehand by the worthy mis-

sionary, whose name I forget, but he used every Sunday, when the weather allowed, to hold service round the capstan, which was amongst the things that rendered those days so pleasant. Happy days they were, truly, amongst the happiest I ever spent. They come back often to my memory like golden times.

Right into the midst of them, however, came a most unpleasant occurrence, which was like to have turned out worse for the ship than it actually did, and to which I cannot but attribute what happened afterwards for my lasting regret and sorrow.

A pretty wet squall, otherwise nothing to speak of, had taken place one afternoon, sending all our shore-folks down below by the run, until after sunset, when it was too late and too dark for many to come up again. In the second dog-watch we of the larboard division had our turn for deck-duty that evening, although, as usual in fine weather, few hands had yet come out from supper in the fore-castle berth, beyond what were absolutely required. Mr. Dill had just gone in for his tea, leaving Mr. Turbiter in charge, with instructions to keep the ship under all plain sail, but without any "cracking on"—that was to say, without any sending up of extra cloth, the which our third officer was rather fond of doing, especially when ladies were about. Captain Evans himself was then up abaft with some of them. It had happened, only a night or two before, that Miss Emmeline had chanced to stay behind the rest for some minutes as they went down to supper, Mr. Turbiter being near at hand on the poop. It seems he had taken the opportunity to hand her down the poop-stairs, and, whether through some absurd mistake of his or from being flushed with wine, had used undue freedom of speech. What this was I do not know, but at all events the young beauty was seen to toss her head, turn her shoulder on him, and leave him standing whilst she hastened down into the saloon. It had come to the captain's ear, and there can be no doubt but that Turbiter had been rated soundly. On this occasion he was, of course, down on the quarter-deck, stepping to-and-fro, and showing particular care as regarded the ship's trim, her speed, steerage, and so forth. It was pretty dark, with a cloudy sky that kept constantly changing; no moon, nor almost any wind, which continued rather light, but variable. Our said third-officer appeared more than commonly desirous to make good progress, once or twice looking in at the binnacle, until at length he stepped upstairs to the captain, asking leave to set another sail, which he thought she could carry with advantage.

Captain Evans turned somewhat impatiently from among his passengers who were there, gave a sharp look aloft, then round so much of the horizon as could be seen past the sails, and said, "Well, well, you may do so; but keep her to her course, sir, pray!"

"Ay, ay, sir, certainly!" answered Mr. Turbiter, forthwith going down and giving orders accordingly.

The extra sail was set at once. Not only so, but on this appearing to increase her pace without

detriment otherwise, what does he then do but quietly order up the weather-foretopmast-studding-sail also, and under that likewise the lower one, not so much as asking again "by your leave." Mr. Dill chanced to stay considerably longer than usual at tea, where some talkative gentleman or other had got hold of him, he being, besides, aware that the captain was on deck. Meanwhile the breeze freshened, making it difficult to steer nicely with outer canvas on.

"Keep her to her course, you fellow!" sang out the third mate, loudly enough.

"She will not lie it, sir," answered Ericson, in his quiet way.

Mr. Turbiter jumped across, looked in, then seized the spokes with a jerk, bringing them up violently, and adding some other abusive term. No sooner done than up flew the *Odalisque*, head to windward, which brought her all-aback for some moments, beginning to make stern-way, with no small danger to her upper spars over such a swell as then prevailed.

All at once it was "Let go! Haul down! Clew up! Slack off those starboard braces!" from Mr. Turbiter; Ericson meantime humouring the ship most skilfully with her helm, so as to reduce her danger to its least possible amount.

Out rushed Mr. Dill, bareheaded; his hair almost on-end, you would have thought. Next minute he had everything all right again by dint of a few effective orders, roared and bellowed in his most stentorian key. Even then, all was still in a mess and a raffle aloft, as could not but happen when studding-sails had got twisted among their own gear.

"What did you mean by this, sir?" shouted the Mate, whenever he got fresh breath to ask, after telling us how to go to work. "What were my orders to you before I went in?" added he, in the same tone.

"'Twas with the captain's approval, Mr. Dill," was all that could be got for answer.

"Where were your eyes, with that squall coming there? you nincompoop, you!" Mr. Dill went on. "You're not fit to take charge of a collier's deck, much less of a ship!"

The captain himself had come down, almost speechless with anger at having the blame cast upon him; all the more so at being suspected of purblind conduct.

"D'ye mean to say, sir," asked he, "that I permitted you to set these stuns'ls?"

Mr. Turbiter stammered and stuttered about it, trying moreover to throw the fault on Ericson's steersmanship. All to no use, however; the Dane, on the contrary, got Mr. Dill's cordial praise. Turbiter came in for a sort of public reprimand, in no measured terms, before all of us, who had by that time come down from aloft, as well as within hearing of various passengers abaft. Notwithstanding which, by his sulky, upsetting manner and perky look, along with a word or two which he seemed to mutter under his breath when he turned away, it was evident he counted upon his family connection with the ship's owners to bear him out. At any rate, she had not only lost her weather swinging-boom forward, and one whole

topmast-studding-sail ripped into rags amidships, but her main-topgallant-mast proved to have been so severely sprung that it had to be replaced by a new spar next day, costing all hands an entire afternoon's work.

It did not end here, neither. In the middle-watch, that very same night of his disgrace, my gentleman came on deck in a state so unfit for duty—manifestly under liquor—as to be caught leaning sound asleep, with his head over the bulwark, by Mr. Dill, who at once ordered him below, though he pretended to have been watching the ship's pace. Drink was among the various un-officer-like habits he was addicted to. How or when he managed to get at it, in such amount, nobody knew until then. But it now came out, upon strict inquiry, that he had been making free with our worthy Purser's keys from the latter's pocket over-night, in order to get at a store-closet; and the result now was his being next day openly disrated, turned forward to do able-seaman's work, and given his choice whether to berth with the boatswain, carpenter, and apprentices, in their midship deck-house, or to mess along with us in the forecabin. He straightway chose the latter, with no little impudent show of readiness; just as if to defy the captain, and to scorn whatever he might think fit to tell the owners thereafter.

This said disagreeable affair took place just after our general breakfast-time, while no passengers had as yet come out from theirs; our watch having mustered on deck for the usual forenoon's business, first getting up water and provisions from the hold, then making ready for the afternoon's troublesome job in repairing damages; so that the news at once ran forward into the forecabin, where the other watch were taking their turn below. Shortly after, Ericson and another man and myself were sent up aloft on the mainmast by Mr. Dill, in order to further the work. By that time the decks were as lively as usual, so much so that one could hardly see a patch of spare deck-room beneath us. Ericson had occasion to drop down again, for something or other we required; and on looking towards him, we two, who were left above, could just see him pass along where the Mate stood giving his orders. He spoke to Ericson, evidently telling him to go aft, up on the poop where the captain then stood. This he immediately did, whereupon the captain took him apart to the taffrail-gratings, and talked quietly with him for a minute or two. After that, he soon came up aloft again with whatever he had been in search of, and went to work as before.

"If it's a fair question, 'mate," asked our companion—a smart young topman, who was on very good terms with us both, named Joe Willis, from Deal—"what might his Worship have been wanting now?"

Joe and I had already speculated about it together.

"Oh, nothing wrong at all," was the off-hand answer; "nothing very particular—it is quite over, at any rate."

We could see he did not want to explain, and no more was said on the matter.

"Look yonder," suddenly said Willis, pointing down aft between the awnings; "if there ain't our dandy hex-officer, chest and all, a-going right for'ard, in reg'lar earnest!"

We did look, and for our own part never forgot the scene. Mr. Turbiter was going, as Joe said, portmanteau in hand, with a boot-jack besides, whilst a cabin-boy went carrying his trunk in front. All at once he turned back a step-or-two, toward Mr. Dill, of whom he made some inquiry—what it was we did not then hear, but afterwards learnt that he "wanted to know which watch he was to go into, starboard or port."

"Not into mine, any how!" thundered the mate, "so go among the starboard, if they'll have ye!"

We could, at all events, see Turbiter's face, and, as he turned off out of view, a worse expression could scarce have been visible on any countenance.

"He'll have for to go right in, *hun*-announced like," remarked Joe Willis, with a grin, "amongst our precious starboard-lins—an' v'ilst most of 'em's asleep! V'on't they stare summat! I wonder what Whaler Anderton 'll say to 'im!"

Ericson made no further remark than by saying, "Let us hope they may get on well together; he is not only well educated—understands navigation—but he is at least a good seaman."

"Mark my words, Jan," I said, "he'll hate you like poison. That fellow can be dangerous—he's worse than Powell, by a long chalk."

The Dane's opinion seemed likelier to come true that afternoon than either Joe's or mine. When all hands were busy making amends for his fault, our late "third officer" turned to, quite readily, in fact very actively, though I must say in a manner so little abashed as no way to alter my bad opinion. At the same time he not only proved himself thoroughly fit for work aloft or outboard, below or on deck, but made exertions to do it in good style, and thereby show he had got injustice, if not even to head the younger men. As for those of leading position, such as Anderton, "Happy Jack," and some others, he tried no such-like conduct with them, but rather curried favour by deferring to their rights.

That evening, when muster took place, it was found to our surprise that Mr. Dill had either changed his mind or given-in to Mr. McAdam and the captain, for he then told us that Frederick Turbiter was to go into the larboard watch, which made him accordingly one of ourselves.

When Turbiter's exact station had thus been settled, and all hands had "knocked off from work" for that day, a curious scene arose at supper-time along forward in the forecabin. Several men of both watches brought out their hook-pots of tea, to take it there, at either end of the big windlass-barrel, among them Ericson and myself. Upon the middle of the windlass sat Anderton, in particularly bad humour, even for him; barefooted, bareheaded, with the sleeves of his striped guernsey rolled up to his brawny elbows, his hairy chest and big breast still wet from the good wash he had just taken like the rest of us, after our hot job aloft in shifting damaged spars and canvas. Having been most of his life a whaler, both north and south, he

sulked at the heat anyhow, and no doubt had not been pleased at the late trouble; but something else, more than common, appeared to weigh on his queer mind. He kicked the boy who handed the "bread-barge" round, pitching also a piece of extra-weevilly biscuit into the youngster's face; and when he had done he folded his arms tight, sitting with one ear turned towards the fore-castle berth behind, from whence the noise of those within seemed to disgust him not a little. Both sliding-doors were wide open, likewise the scuttle overhead, where a spare windsail had been rigged down to ventilate the place, pretty much resembling some huge worm that tried to crawl off the great fore-couse, which kept arching and swelling itself over all, as the breeze lifted it gently. Guesses were rife, outside there, as to what other changes would follow from this said cashiering of the third mate. Nothing had as yet been done aft to fill up his vacant place, nor did anything of the kind appear that night.

"You'll see," guessed three or four old salts together, pointing back into the berth, "he'll be took on again—trust quarter-deck folks for that! Ay, mates, they never gives we commoners no chance!" "Who else *could* it be?" speculated one or two. None would have ventured to ask Anderton's opinion, unless it had been "Happy" Jack Jones, and he was then aft at the wheel. "Who would *you* say, Dane?" asked some one of Ericson; "you've seen a deal o' strange service, it's like." But Jan's answer was that he did not know English rules in such a case, and had no idea. "Anyhow," put in Joe Willis, with a laugh, "we larbowlins 'ull be a strong lot; there's nineteen o' us now, not countin' idlers." Anderton turned right round upon Joe, growling. "Come, stow that," said he; and all such talk was "stowed" accordingly.

Ordinary sailor's gossip took its place, with occasional "yarning" about former voyages, wherein similar things had happened; also some attempt to get up a song with a chorus. Looking back into the fore-castle, now and then, one could not help calling to mind one's old-fashioned nursery tales about ogres, dungeons, goblins feasting, and such like. What with fumes of hot tea, tobacco smoke, and the slow swinging of the slush-lamp above, it made you somehow think of a cave underground; more especially as the sky outside grew clearer over the ship's uppermost canvas and away round, sparkling with no end of stars, the Southern Cross beginning to lift beyond our star-board bow. Emigrants were coming up in various knots to air themselves before bed-time; cabin passengers strolling as far aft as possible on the poop, with white skirts catching every flutter of the light breeze, and ladies' musical voices wafting along forward, though we could see little of their figures. Inside, near hand, *ex-man-o-war's-men* were busy together, in groups round their chests, playing different games at cards, dominoes, or dice, some of them betting hard.

Frederick Turbiter had already got a bunk somehow allotted to him—which most men preferred—and was now stooping over his open trunk and portmanteau with a lighted cheroot in his mouth,

tossing out different articles; whilst Bill Powell and several others sat or knelt by, some eager, some pretending indifference. Turbiter had gone to work aloft that afternoon in cloth trousers, ankle boots, and a white hat. He now exchanged these for a bright red woollen shirt, canvas trousers, and seaman's "pumps," whether through help from new acquaintances or from his own stock I could not say. How he brazened it out was most astonishing to behold; so much so, that one could scarce take one's eyes off him. He bundled up his best quarter-deck suit along with other things, making them look as like as possible to a dead body; then searched round about for some old scraps of iron, which he put in, tied all up, and left it ready to pitch overboard before he should turn in, as he declared he would do, and actually did. As the fellow routed among his clothes, he gave away various things to different men; they almost all looking tenfold more modest than he did himself, and evidently finding it difficult to drop the "sir" or the "handle from his name!" At one moment, before he closed all in, something or other seemed to glitter to the lamplight, whether weapons or a Dutch schiedam bottle it was impossible to say—it lay pretty well wrapped up—but most probably it was the latter.

Altogether I kept thinking of Ali Baba and his Forty Thieves. The rows of bunks, each with some odd stuff in it, were not unlike what I had read about an old mummy vault in Egypt; and as for our hammocks, rocking above to the ship's motion, with my best trouser-legs and stocking-feet dangling over, they bore a most unpleasant resemblance to what those said Arabian robbers had made of their unfortunate victims' bodies.

Anderton had got up suddenly from the windlass-barrel, without even a word to any of us, and commenced pacing to-and-fro on the weather side of the main-deck near hand, by himself; only taking a short space ere he turned, with his "fisherman's walk"—three steps and overboard—as usual with him when thoroughly out of temper. His bare feet made no sound, he went always faster and faster, till almost on a run, then commenced again as before, for all the world like some wild animal in a cage. What sort of creature, too, you could hardly doubt, seeing his tiger-striped guernsey; not to speak of his body inside; all tattooed over, even up to the ears and out to the wrists and ankles, which was thought to have been done by South-Sea savages, who had once kept him prisoner. This being his "dog-watch," along with the rest of the "starbowlins," he might think it proper to show himself on duty; but there was one of them already up above on the raised fore-deck, shuffling about, smoking, and joining in our talk, as look-out-man to satisfy our honest boatswain's eye from amidships. That Anderton was as yet a mystery to me, being different from any other man I had met throughout my previous time afloat.

I never had been able to make way with him at all, though Ericson appeared occasionally to do so. Helplessly drunk although he had been when tumbled aboard at Blackwall, he never drank at sea, declined his share of grog when topsails were reefed,

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and gave it away when it was served out at regular times. Whether he was merely ignorant or dull-minded, or—like the well-known quiet parrot—"thought the more" for his silence, was hard to guess. Even how to address him was a puzzle, seeing that he disowned having any "chriss'en" name, as before said.

He was still thus passing backwards and forwards, when "eight-bells" were struck at the wheel, and "Happy" Jack came along from it, the starboard watch being told to go below. "Well, and what d'ye think o' the look o' things to-night, Whaler?" asked Jack, without hesitation, as he joined his chum. "Whaler" was, in fact, Anderton's favourite first-name among the various expedients for hailing him, though much depended on time or place, and still more upon *who* spoke. He gave a glance and a sniff all round at the sky, and replied—mildly, for *him*, yet by no means cheerily—"Bad, very bad, too, 'mate! and no mistake about it, neither." Jack Jones followed his eye, but, seeing all the weather-signs quite contrary, made no further remark, and in they went together.

It was the larboard-watch's first time for regular deck-charge that night, and Ericson's first time to be look-out man up forward on the topgallant forecandle-deck, so I joined him there. Neither of us happened to come in for steering, throughout those four hours; accordingly there was full opportunity for a quiet talk together, little being done at other ship's-duty than now-and-then a pull at her yard-braces, or the hauling taut of a sheet here-and-there, with the sending up of an additional studding-sail. The breeze, though light, was direct from astern, consequently Mr. Dill did not spare any canvas until she had become a perfect pile of it, aloof and aloft, outside and ahead.

Deep in tropical latitudes as we were, steadily drawing near the Line, everything was wonderful to me, who had chiefly roughed it before across the North Atlantic, up north-eastward, and once into the Mediterranean as far as Genoa. Anything like signs of a stark, dead calm made me almost terrified, lest some awful misfortune might befall us, from heat, failure of water, or otherwise; not to mention risk of being struck by such fearful lightning as we had once or twice had already. My Danish friend had been south-about before then, and could pretty well calculate

our likelihoods, more especially as he kept up his habit of taking sun-and-star altitudes with his own sextant at every quiet chance: Mr. Dill, as well as Captain Evans, showing no surprise at this from a foreigner who had quite followed the captain's skilful course all along. We had both been duly relieved from the look-out station by some watch-mate or other; after which we moved down into the ship's waist, clear of every one, when I suddenly put the question to him, "Now, Ericson, when the captain took you aside yonder, on the poop, did not he offer you third-mate's place?" He stopped short in his walk, looked direct at me, and wanted to make no reply, but from the frank glance of his clear blue eyes it was evident I had hit the mark. "Why, Waynard," said he, "what set you thinking of that? I may just turn the tables on you, as you Englishmen say, and let you know that if you had taken the advice of friends at home—and mine when we first met—you might certainly now have been third officer of as fine a ship as this."

"Ay, ay, perhaps so," said I; "but in such a case I could not have been now along with *you*, Jan, nor—nor—"

"Ah! true so far as that goes," he said, with one of his rare, cordial, friendly smiles; "nor near *her*, either, Master Thomas Waynard! Is that not so?"

He had turned it off wonderfully well; and, truth to tell, he was pretty near as correct in his guess regarding me, as I had been about him. He meant Miss Emmeline Gray. She and her sister, since that boating trip to the Spanish barque, always recognised Ericson, sometimes with a polite smile or even a word; not only so, but, much to my surprise, they appeared almost disposed to include me in their notice likewise; and if I had occasion to shift a coil of rigging or aught else from Miss Emmeline's way, and to say accordingly, "Beg pardon, miss," she would give a little bow as she moved aside, apparently almost inclined to speak. She would think better of it, however; and, looking angelic all over, with her cheek just a little rosier than before, or perhaps just the bright beginning of a smile, she would turn right round and trip off to join her sister. Miss Gray herself, I sometimes fancied, was ready to have been more free of speech; but, nevertheless, I knew my own place better than to risk that chance.

STILL MORE ABOUT NEST-BUILDING.

MY attention has been drawn to some critical remarks by the Rev. J. G. Wood on an article contributed by me to the "Leisure Hour" for May, 1888, "On the Building of Birds' Nests;" and as the subject is one of importance, I feel called upon to make a few supplementary statements in support of my previous observations.

In the first place it may be as well to review the various objections which Mr. Wood has raised, and to discuss them as briefly as is consistent with clearness. Mr. Wood infers that because no observer has yet chanced to "see the elder birds making a nest for the instruction of the young and ignorant," these inexperienced birds gain no assistance from them. But every

ornithologist knows that most if not all species of birds have stated times and seasons for nest-building, and that the young birds have many opportunities of profiting by the experience of older birds (not necessarily by any means their own parents) engaged in similar duties to themselves, often, as is the case with gregarious species like rooks (*Corvus frugilegus*) for instance, on neighbouring trees and branches. There is no possible need for the parent birds to give their offspring this early lesson in the art of nest-building before they desert them, and were such ever proved to be the case it would even be more wonderful than any of the complex acts attributed to "instinct." Young birds may also pair with older and more experienced mates. Again, it must be borne in mind that a bird's mental powers advance to maturity at a comparatively rapid rate; so that it is manifestly absurd to compare the actions of a bird, even only a year old, with those of children, the offspring of man. Twelve months after birth many young birds show no trace of immaturity, and many species breed the spring following the one in which they were born. Further, we know that birds are gifted with amazing powers of memory and observation; so that it is by no means improbable the peculiarities of the nest (its form, materials, and location) are vividly impressed upon their little minds. We all know how a bird has not the least difficulty in returning to its nest again, even when in the centre of a tangled wood or field of growing herbage, no matter how far it may stray from home; and more wonderful instance still, the fact that birds return year after year to an old haunt, even though they may wander as far as the most southern regions of Africa, or northwards to Arctic snows.

Mr. Wood asserts that man with all his intellect must pass through years of training before he can become a skilful workman, whereas birds have no such opportunities. With some birds this may be true, as I have just pointed out, but not with all; for there are many species that do not breed for three, four, and even five years after they are hatched, as, for instance, the larger gulls (*Larus marinus*, *L. fuscus*, and *L. argentatus*) and the gannet (*Sula bassana*), during which time they have many opportunities of seeing older birds at work. He further states that in man an apprenticeship of practical work is required before a workman becomes skilled in his particular handicraft, and that proficiency is only acquired after many failures and much waste of material. But Mr. Wood boldly asserts that birds are far more clever than men in this respect, and that "the first nest which a bird makes is as good in point of structure as the last," and that "the first nest is just as perfect as that which it will make after an experience of six or seven years." In the first place no scientific man would accept such statements without convincing proof; and, secondly, my own observations (not culled from books, but extending over twenty years in field and forest), as well as those of many other naturalists, do not tend to confirm their accuracy. I can fearlessly assert that at least five per cent. of the nests of any one species selected for comparison are care-

lessly made, and evidently the work of inexperienced birds; and this is by no means a low estimate when we bear in mind the enormous mortality among young birds of almost every species.

Now a word with regard to imitation. Mr. Wood remarks: "Supposing an egg of a flycatcher to be placed in the nest of a swallow, and there hatched and nurtured, are we to believe that the young bird, when it attains maturity, will make a mud nest like that of its foster-parent?" Well, this has never yet been disproved. The matter still rests in abeyance until the all-important experiment is tried; and drawing our inferences from the facts before us we have every reason to believe that the bird would imitate, to a great extent, the nest in which it chanced to be born. But the flycatcher hatched in the swallow's nest must remain isolated from all members of its species, and left entirely to its own resources, otherwise the experiment must fail. And so with a bird's song—complete isolation being necessary, as every bird-fancier knows. It is the same with the language of mankind. An infant of any race will learn to talk the language of the people it is brought up amongst, no matter how different the dialect may be from that of its parents; and if a child is brought up without hearing any language spoken at all it will remain dumb. We have considerable evidence in the nest of the New Zealand chaffinch in favour of imitation being largely employed in the fabrication of these structures. What scanty proof we have is all in its favour.

I most strongly protest against the analogy which Mr. Wood draws between birds and insects—creatures so widely separated in their organic development. And I must protest equally as strongly against his drawing deductions from the assumed analogy between such simple actions as a young duck learning to swim and such a complex operation as building a nest. Instinct, or what I think is more correctly expressed as unconscious memory, shows the young duck how to swim, the infant to suck the breast, or the lamb to walk; but it cannot and does not teach that duck how to build a nest, that infant how to talk, or that lamb how to shun its enemies. It is a simple action of vital importance, transmitted from parent to offspring (in the sense of the continuity of life); nest-building is an art which has to be acquired like a song or a handicraft. This faculty of unconscious memory is of a necessity more powerfully developed in such lowly organisms as insects, possibly through a long process of natural selection; it takes the place of higher mental faculties; and if it is allowed to birds, as Mr. Wood infers, then in a similar if higher degree man, as lord of the universe, should be an example of the highest and the noblest of its powers. But we know in the scale of organic life the lowest creatures have this power or faculty of unconscious memory most strongly developed; in the higher organisms conscious memory, hereditary habit, reason, imitation and tuition (in the sense of its broadest meaning) replace it. The instances Mr. Wood brings forward of insects adapting themselves to changed circumstances are nothing

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very wonderful after all, and require no reasoning powers whatever to explain them. In every case unconscious memory prompted the little creatures to make a provision for their future state of existence by making a nest after a certain design, and because the usual materials were not to hand any substance obtainable was used instead. Had these insects so far departed from their usual instincts as to find a substitute for a nest altogether, or build one of quite a different design for which the strange materials were better adapted, then reason most assuredly would have been employed. Make nests, on a certain plan these insects must and will, if not of the usual materials, then of anything accessible—if they cannot so make them they must surely perish. There is no abandonment of any instinct whatever in such a proceeding, nor is there a trace of any reasoning faculty being substituted for it.

Mr. Wood, without proof of any kind whatever, then goes on to say that these nests are the result of pure instinct, but in the very next sentence most unaccountably supplements this unerring faculty with reason. Now "instinct" being a transmitted power must necessarily be a constant one. It must remain stationary; for on Mr. Wood's own evidence it is as perfect a year after the birth of the creature which possesses it as seven years afterwards. If birds are born with the instinctive power to build a nest peculiar to their species, then they must of necessity be able to make that certain type of nest under any circumstances, otherwise the instinctive faculty with which they are endowed, and which it is presumed is indelibly stamped in their nature, is at fault. If this instinct is the same as that which guides the young duck always to the water under the most abnormal conditions and causes it to swim, as Mr. Wood so confidently asserts, and we all know to be the case, why should it be so woefully at fault, nay, break down altogether, in the matter of nest-building? There has not yet been a shred of proof brought forward in support of "instinct;" but, on the other hand, we possess considerable evidence to demonstrate that birds, like human beings, use powers of reasoning, imitation, and conscious memory to guide them in their work. Birds are constantly calling these mental powers into service in adapting themselves to ever-changing conditions of life. The Swallow (*Hirundo rustica*), the Martin (*H. urbica*), the House Sparrow (*Passer domestica*), and the Jackdaw (*Corvus monedula*) of our own country may be cited as incidents, all having changed their mode of nest-building considerably during historic times.

We must also beg to differ from Mr. Wood in his assertions that the chaffinches turned out in New Zealand were unable to follow their accustomed instincts in the fabrication of a nest. For birds with such an infallible "instinct" rooted in their nature as is attributed to them it would be no difficult task to gather dry grass, moss, feathers, and similar materials to those this species selects at home, and to arrange them in the manner peculiar to their species. In fact these chaffinches, judging from the size of the

structure they have made, evidently had no lack of textile material—but unfortunately for any theory of "instinct," and unlike Mr. Wood's insects when under altered conditions, who were most careful to follow their special style of architecture, even with very unusual materials, they worked it up in a most abnormal and curious manner. The Wagtails of Soleure which are instanced, even with such very abnormal material as watch-springs, were able to build a nest after the pattern of their species "about four inches in diameter;" and it would have been most extraordinary if they had not, seeing that they were not isolated in any way from their companions, and may both of them have been old and cunning birds adept at nest-building with any material. Again it is impossible to believe that these exiled chaffinches were aware, during their short sojourn in a foreign land, that their natural enemies during the nesting season were absent, and that they consequently neglected to take the usual precautions for the safety of their home. Had we the complete data to hand of this singular nest there can be no doubt the birds adapted the structure to their special needs and requirements, more especially in imitating the nest of some indigenous species.

Birds often take advantages of surrounding circumstances in a very singular manner—not because they are obliged to abandon their natural "instincts," but owing to their wonderful aptitude of seizing upon any favourable opportunity that may chance to present itself. I have known the chaffinch repeatedly utilise bits of paper in its nest; and in some districts near cotton mills the abode of this bird is almost entirely made of that material, but the structure of the nest is always after the usual model. The House Sparrow will make use of any old rubbish suited to its purpose that may chance to be handy, in preference to seeking the usual materials at the cost of much additional labour—most other species will do the same.

The Editor has obligingly pointed out to me that my statement, "To attribute to birds the power of making a complex structure without instruction or experience is to credit them with powers man himself does not possess," has been met with the suggestion that birds find their way across long distances by faculties unknown to man. But what proof have we of this? We need no such mysterious explanation. The migrations of the Arctic Tern (*Sterna arctica*), the Northern Willow Wren (*Phylloscopus borealis*), the Rustic Bunting (*Emberiza rustica*), the Red-footed Falcon (*Falco vespertinus*), and many others, dispel all mystery from the annual movements of our feathered voyagers. The details of one of these species will be sufficient for our purpose. The Northern Willow Wren visits and breeds in Finland every summer, but retires across country to Burmah and the Malay Archipelago in winter—its only known retreats at that season. At first sight this looks very much like an instance of this mysterious faculty, but what is really the philosophy of this little warbler's migrations? Simply this. At the last glacial epoch this little species,

or its common ancestor, was driven southwards from Siberia into Burmah and the Malay Archipelago. When the mighty spell of cold passed away our little warbler followed the retreating glaciers; farther and farther north it went, multiplying and spreading out its increasing numbers east and west over Siberia like a fan, but every bird returning by the well-known road back to its winter home, even from Western Europe. Now if birds possessed this faculty of finding their way across an unknown country, there can be no doubt whatever that the birds of this species that visit Finland would make use of their mysterious power and let it guide them to Africa with the stream of European birds that hurry there in winter, and thus save the long journey across two mighty continents. But these little birds only know of one winter resort, and only one road towards it, which they have had to *learn*, just like any other traveller. Again, birds migrate at enormous altitudes, along coast-lines, and down great river valleys. They follow well-beaten tracks for ages, and are guided by old familiar landmarks, which their great powers of memory enable them to retain, by which they steer their apparently wonderful course through space. But we know, with all

their cunning, thousands and tens of thousands blunder on their course every year, lose their way, and perish. The accident of a fog, a spell of cloudy weather, even an adverse wind, will disorganise their ranks, check their progress, and send the little travellers bewildered to the earth, hopelessly at fault, or compelled to tarry until normal conditions return, and they are able to hurry on their way again. Birds must no longer be regarded as mere automata, guided and governed by mysterious and supernatural influences, but as beings endowed with mind—that is, with mental faculties similar in kind to those possessed by ourselves, full of errors and misjudgments, differing only in the degree of their development. There has been too much proneness in the past to class with the mysterious, and to account for by the supernatural anything beyond our understanding in the realm of nature. Modern science has taught us to discard such an unsatisfactory refuge, and in seeking for the cause of strange phenomena boldly to face Nature as she is, not surrounded by the halo of romance, but replete with simplicity and eloquent of truth.

CHARLES DIXON.

M. COILLARD AND THE FRENCH GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

THE silver medal of the Geographical Society of Paris has this year been conferred on the Rev. François Coillard on account of his explorations in the regions of the Zambesi river. The report of recommendation, presented by M. Huber, Vice-President of the Society, and Chairman of the Committee on Prizes, gave a detailed account of the medallist's adventures and discoveries, which in due time will appear in the Society's "Transactions."

M. Coillard has as yet published no detailed record of his own travels, but other travellers have written full and generous notices of his explorations. One especially, the Portuguese explorer, Major Serpa Pinto, in his book, "How I crossed Africa," of which an English translation was published in 1881 (by S. Low and Co.), devoted a large section of his work to his travels in company with Monsieur and Madame Coillard, and has given their names as the title of a large section of his book. In addressing the Geographical Society of Paris, as well as at Lisbon, and at the British Association at its Sheffield meeting, Major Pinto bore high testimony to the importance of M. Coillard's discoveries, as well as to the nobility of his character, of which the gallant soldier spoke with enthusiastic admiration.

It was after labouring for twenty-three years in the South African mission field, that M. Coillard set out, in April, 1877, from the country of the Basutos to explore the regions extending from the Transvaal to the Zambesi. When in those regions Major Pinto, who had crossed from the

western coast of the dark continent, first came to the French missionary's encampment. There he was received with warm welcome, restored to strength after his health had been broken, and joined the Coillards in their travels.

One anecdote will illustrate the character of the French missionary explorer. He was telling his guest the story of a terrible crisis among hostile natives, saying, "We were all but lost!"

"But," interrupted Major Pinto, "you had devoted and well-armed native followers, and could easily have overcome that difficulty."

"Not without bloodshed," said the missionary, "and I could not kill a man, even to save my own life."

"I was astonished as I listened, for this was a type of manhood perfectly new to me. I could not understand how in that fervent southern organisation there could exist a cool courage that I tried in vain to grasp. It was the courage of the early martyrs, which it is given to few to fathom and experience. For myself, I confess I do not fathom it, although it none the less compels my admiration. Here was a man, crossing the dangerous wilds of Africa unarmed, or more correctly speaking only with a cane scarcely strong enough to cut down the blades of grass he met on his path! He possesses a courage and a reliance on Divine protection, which I grieve not to call my own."

Although the gallant soldier frankly admits his own wonder at the courage of his companion, the real source of which he could not then discern

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the description he gives of it is very honourable to him. He has shown his gratitude and his friendship to the Coillards by making widely known their valuable services and their high character. The Society of Evangelical Missions of Paris, which has done so much for Africa, may well be thankful for possessing such missionaries as M. Casalis and M. Coillard, and others as devoted to the cause of Christ. And it is gratifying to find the labours of such men recognised and honoured by men of science and patriotism. M. Coillard has gained a name worthy to be associated with Speke and Burton and Stanley; while along with his courage and endurance as an explorer he has displayed the noble spirit and lofty motives of Moffat, Livingstone, and Gordon.

The bestowal of the Geographical medal on this worthy man was one of the gratifying announcements made at the recent Missionary Conference in London, where the Society of Evangelical Missions of Paris was represented by M. Boegner,

successor of M. Casalis as Director of the Missions. M. Boegner informs us that, after much exploration and long deliberation, the country of the Barotsis, on the Upper Zambesi, has been selected as the field of the new missionary enterprise by the French Evangelical Society. It is at a vast distance (three or four months' journey) from the Basuto country and other regions already occupied by the French missionaries, but their desire was to occupy ground not hitherto touched by other evangelists. English, Scottish, and American societies have already established missions in the regions of the great lakes. M. Coillard is now in the newly-established mission station of Séfula, near Léalui, the capital of the Barotse country, in the Upper Zambesi valley. The latest reports of the mission appear in the "*Journal des Missions évangéliques*." It is the intention of M. Coillard this winter to visit Europe to plead the cause of his new enterprise, and we are sure that such a man will receive a cordial reception.

Varieties.

Imperfect Nests.—A correspondent at Petersfield writes: "About eight years ago a blackbird built near a well in our garden. It was evidently a novice at building, for it put such a large lump of clay in the nest it could not tread it down into the proper layer, though it tried hard to do so for several days. At length it built another nest about a hundred yards from the first, and that it filled so full of leaves it could not make a comfortable nest, and eventually relinquished it. I do not know what the bird did in the end, but a village boy who was working in the garden told my children that the first nest was built by a young bird, who had not learnt to build properly. I doubted that being true, and when the bird made a second failure the boy again pointed out that he was right as to its being a bird which had never made a nest and had not gained experience; and that he and other boys often found nests badly built and forsaken, and that it was a well-known thing that young birds only built a proper nest after several experiments. I doubt if old and experienced birds ever show the inexperience; I think it is a matter of experience solely. It is a belief in this village that wrens build several nests a year which they do not inhabit, and one of my sons says he has proved that is so." Our correspondent asks if this is a fact. Perhaps some of our readers may have made observations worth recording.

Afterthoughts in Music.—Sir George Grove, commenting on a remark in the Times about "afterthoughts" in music being rarely, if ever, happy, gives some memorable instances to the contrary.

1. The middle part of the great chorus in *Israel in Egypt*, "The people shall hear," is an afterthought. The whole of the dramatic passage, "All the inhabitants of Canaan shall melt away," was written by Handel after the completion of his work, and is wafered in on a separate piece of paper into the MS. score in the Queen's Library at Buckingham Palace.

2. The termination to the slow movement of Mozart's Jupiter symphony is an afterthought. It also is wafered into the score on a separate paper, as is testified to by Mendelssohn in a letter to Moscheles (Lady Wallace's translation, vol. ii., p. 387).

3. The two astonishing statements of the subject, which open the first movement of Beethoven's C minor symphony,

are an afterthought. Not in the same sense as my examples 1 and 2, because Beethoven was so slow and tentative in composition, and exhausted all possible corrections and modifications before his work went to the players. But it is certain that the astonishing movement referred to was written down at first (and probably more than once) without the unison opening, and without those wonderful reiterations and pauses which make that opening the most arresting thing in music.

4. The whole scene of the "Watchman," which is now the climax to the *Hymn of Praise* of Mendelssohn, did not exist when that cantata was first performed at Birmingham. It was the production of a sleepless night at Leipsic in the subsequent winter.

5. The famous trio, "Lift thine eyes," in *Elijah*, was, like many other pieces in that great work, introduced after the first performance, and no germ of it exists in the score from which the composer conducted at Birmingham.

The Second Earl of Dartmouth and George III.—William Legge, the second Lord Dartmouth, was a personal friend and great favourite of George III. He was called often "the good Lord Dartmouth," as in our day we used to speak of "the good Lord Shaftesbury," on account of his piety and beneficence. It is of him that the poet Cowper speaks in his "Truth;"

"We boast of rich ones whom the gospel sways,
And one who wears a coronet and prays."

Cowper knew him well. It was he who appointed Newton to the curacy of Olney, and gave him the use of "the great house" for his schools and prayer-meetings, where the famous "Olney Hymns" were first used. It was to him that Romaine, and Venn, and Scott, and other evangelical ministers owed their preferment, as well as Newton his living to the St. Mary Woolnoth. He was the associate of Lady Huntingdon and of Lady Fanny Shirley, of Whitefield and the Wesleys, and all the best people of those days. We are not surprised, therefore, to find the following letter among the letters of the Dartmouth family, published by the Historical Manuscript Commission. Lord Dartmouth, then Colonial minister, had shown the King a letter of religious advice, on returning which the King wrote, July 17, 1773, "I return

the letter. It contains many very useful lessons to a young man, but I could have wished that the author had put before his young friend the only true incentive to a rectitude of conduct, I mean the belief in a Supreme Being, and that we are to be rewarded or punished agreeably to the lives we lead. If the first of all duties, that to God, is not known, I fear no other can be expected, and as to the fashionable word *honour*, that never will alone guide a man further than to preserve appearances. I will not add more, for I know I am writing to a true believer, one who shows by his actions that he is not governed by the greatest of tyrants, fashion." Such were the young King's "plain views" of religious obligation and the sanctions of morality. Unhappily his Majesty's spelling was inferior to his piety, since, as the compilers of the report observe, he writes "incentive" in the form "insentative."

Lord Dartmouth was appointed principal Secretary of State for the American department, afterwards Lord Keeper of the Privy Seal, and finally Lord Steward of his Majesty's Household, an office held by him till his death in 1801. The King had always the greatest respect and affection for him. "They call my Lord Dartmouth an enthusiast," said the King, in reference to his religious views and conduct, "but surely he says nothing on the subject of religion but what any Christian may and ought to say." This is very much in the same tone that John Bacon, R.A., the famous sculptor, replied to one who spoke of Whitefield as the founder of a new religion. "A new religion, sir? It is only the old religion revived with new energy, and as if the preacher really meant what he said."

Voyage of a Bottle.—One of the most interesting instances of the finding of a bottle which had been purposely dropped in the sea is referred to by Sir James Clark Ross in his account of the famous voyage of the *Erebus* and *Terror* under his command in the Southern Seas between the years 1839 and 1843. On the evening of the 4th of April, 1842, after having rounded Cape Horn to the westward, some bottles were thrown overboard loaded with fine sand, and each containing a request to whoever should find it to forward the enclosed paper to the Secretary of the Admiralty, with the locality and date of finding. One of these was found near Cape Liptrap, in the neighbourhood of Port Philip, Australia, in the middle of September, 1845, having travelled in its voyage of three years and a half a distance of about nine thousand miles, so that (independently of the unknown turns it made on the way) the current by which it was carried must have moved at the average rate of eight miles a day.

Memorial to Archbishop Leighton.—The Rev. W. C. Cerrich, Minister of Newbattle, Midlothian, writes to say that the memorial lately erected to Archbishop Leighton is not in Dunblane Cathedral, but "in Newbattle Parish Church, of which Leighton was minister for eleven years, as stated on the brass."

Transatlantic Fastest Record.—The Cunard steamer *Etruria* arrived in New York on June 2, at 9 a.m., after the quickest passage hitherto recorded. She averaged 19.54 knots throughout the entire voyage from Roches Point to Sandy Hook Bar, which was performed in 5 days 21 hours 20 minutes apparent time, or 6 days 1 hour 47 minutes corrected time, being the fastest passage as well as the fastest ocean steaming on record. For part of the time she was going at half speed, owing to the weather being thick. Her daily runs were as follows:—To Monday noon, 455 knots; Tuesday, 358; Wednesday, 496; Thursday, 485; Friday, 503; and Saturday, 457.

Sand Grouse.—The appearance of sand grouse was reported in the early months of this summer from numerous stations in many English counties, and in Scotland to the most northerly coasts. This bird was first observed and described by the celebrated traveller Pallas, in Asiatic Russia, in the northern parts of which they breed, as far as the borders of China. The first specimens were seen in England in 1859, one in Kent, one in Norfolk, and three in Wales. Until that year the species was not included in any European list. In May and June, 1863, large flocks appeared in Great Britain. It does not appear that any remained to breed in this country at that time, but several nests with eggs

were procured in Jutland. Their natural home is on the steppes of Tartary. It is a mystery how, at intervals of many years, they have migrated in large numbers to Northern Europe. In 1863 they appeared simultaneously on the British shores, from Shetland to the British Channel. In the last week of May this year at least thirty were seen together on the coast near North Berwick. Many stray birds have been shot in every part of the country, notwithstanding the appeals of the Rev. F. O. Morris, the recognition of whose services to science, by a pension, we are glad to record.

Johnsonian Relics.—Messrs. Christie and Manson sold at their rooms in King Street, St. James's Square, an extensive collection of Johnsonian relics, portraits, and autograph letters of the Doctor and his friends and contemporaries. Letters of James Boswell fetched on an average £5 apiece, and those of Mrs. Siddons still higher prices; one of her letters to Sir Joshua Reynolds was knocked down for 12 guineas, and another at nearly 14 guineas. Letters of Mrs. Hester Thrale Piozzi fetched from £1 to £2 apiece; and those of David Garrick mostly from £5 to £15. A large lot of "Garrickiana," including several letters of Garrick, realised £36. One of his letters, in which he says that he "has been near becoming manager of Drury Lane Theatre," fetched 19 guineas, and another, written in the third person, and mentioning the present of a specimen of the handwriting of Shakespeare, fell under the hammer at £41. A letter of Dr. Johnson to Edmund Cave, signed "yours *impransus*, Sam. Johnson," realised no less than £46; and another to Goldsmith, apologising for his absence from the club, and proposing Boswell as a member, fetched £40. Dr. Johnson's last prayer, dated just a week before his death, fetched £22, and another, in which he mentions Rochefoucauld and Swift, the same price. The famous "Paston Letters" have since been in the market.

Birds Alighting on a Ship.—It is common to hear of solitary birds or small flocks lighting on ships at sea, but the following curious episode in natural history was reported this summer in French newspapers, as occurring on board the steamboat *Abdel-Kader* during the passage from Marseilles to Algiers. After the vessel was about two hours out, the skies became quite black with swallows. It was then about six o'clock in the evening. The birds alighted in thousands on the sails, ropes, and yards of the *Abdel-Kader*. After a perky survey of the deck from their eminences aloft, they descended coolly on deck, hopped about among the sailors and passengers, and eventually found their way into cabins both fore and aft. The birds were evidently fatigued after a long flight, and allowed themselves to be caught by the people of the ship, who gave them a welcome reception, and provided them with food which they enjoyed heartily. In the morning at seven o'clock the head look-out bird had no doubt sighted the Balearic Isles, for the whole flock made for land after having spent the night on board ship.

Friends' Adult Sunday Schools.—Alderman White of Birmingham has put on record a statement of the progress of the "First day schools," and work in which he has himself long borne a prominent part. There are 34,000 scholars in the Friends' Sunday schools throughout the kingdom, of whom 21,000 are adults. In most of the great centres of industry, as well as in smaller towns and villages, these adult schools are engaged in bringing home to many the saving truths of the Gospel, who never previously attended a place of worship. The work began in Birmingham forty years ago. There are thousands of men thus taught in Sheffield, Hull, Bradford, and Leeds; while many hundreds are to be found in other places. Indeed, from Newcastle in the north, to Plymouth and Falmouth in the far west, wherever any number of Friends reside, these schools are to be found in active operation. In London, too, at Bunhill Fields, in Spitalfields, in Bethnal Green (where a new hall has just been erected), at Ratcliff, and on a smaller scale in Westminster and Peckham, similar work is being carried on with happy results. One of these is the establishment of a new meeting of the Society of Friends at Bunhill Fields, attended by many devout worshippers, chiefly from the working classes. In most places, too, the membership in the Society has increased as the result of this work. In most places meetings for

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Divine worship have grown out of the school work, attended by earnest and serious congregations. At Birmingham alone, twelve such meetings are held every Sunday evening in the town and suburbs. The teachers are also in the habit of holding open-air meetings, distributing tracts, visiting the sick, canvassing for new scholars, and in many other ways manifesting obedience to the Divine command, and, by the force of example, using the best sort of "compulsion" in bringing others under the sound of the Gospel. Another result in Birmingham, as in some other places, of the action of the Friends' adult schools has been the extensive adoption of the "early morning" system by most other religious denominations in the town and district. More than twenty years ago a Severn Street teacher was invited by an eminent Baptist minister to give some details of adult Sunday schools to the young men of his congregation; the result has been that schools and branches have grown out of that visit numbering over a thousand members. A large proportion, too, of the thirty or more Board schools of the town are now occupied on Sunday by the Friends and other denominations for adult-school purposes and for religious services in connection therewith. Little has been heard in public of this useful work, but it has been widely blessed by the Divine approval, and we wish it all increase and prosperity.

La Salle, the Early American Explorer.—Mr. Lambert Tree, the United States Minister at Brussels, who has been for many years a resident of Chicago, is presenting to that town a bronze statue of the famous explorer Robert Cavalier de la Salle, who established for France the colonies which were known collectively as "La Nouvelle France," and which form now the southern portion of the United States. The statue, which is the work of the sculptor Comte Jacques de Lalaing, who will also execute the Waterloo monument at the cemetery of Evere, near Brussels, will be cast by the Grande Compagnie des Bronzes at Brussels and placed in the Chicago Park. A full size model in plaster of the La Salle statue was this summer exhibited in the Brussels Cercle Artistique et Littéraire.

Population and Food in England.—At present nearly one-half of the food for support of the 35,000,000 people of England is imported. In case of war this might be a disastrous condition, but the effect is bad enough in peace. The country is drained of its cultivators, who crowd into the towns, and increase the poverty and misery of those who already are too numerous. Emigration gives little relief, for immigration of foreigners is almost as large. A remarkable article in the Nineteenth Century for June, by Prince Krapotkin, demonstrates by unchallenged statistics, that England, under better cultivation, could support in comfort more than the present inhabitants. With inferior soil and labour, Belgium supplies with home-grown food a population double as dense as that of England and Wales. If the now cultivated area of the United Kingdom were cultivated as the soil is cultivated on the average in Belgium, there would be food for 37,000,000 inhabitants, and we could export agricultural produce. And as to pastureland, in England now 30,000,000 acres are used to keep 10,000,000 horned cattle, when double that number could easily be kept upon half the present area. The Royal Agricultural Society ought to consider and report on the facts adduced by Prince Krapotkin, which are interesting to every patriot and philanthropist.

Hudson's Bay.—A paper by Commodore Markham on "Hudson's Bay and Hudson's Strait as a Navigable Channel" was read by his brother, Mr. Clements Markham, before a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society. The writer stated that the practicability of navigating the Strait during a portion of the year had lately excited much interest on both sides of the Atlantic, and that the knowledge which he had gained on the subject was due in a great measure to the experience afforded by a recent voyage on board the *Alert* through the Strait to York Factory. The nature and consistency of the ice were such that with an efficient steamer the passage could be accomplished with little delay or difficulty. This being so, it was not surprising that the people of the north-west were anxious to have a seaport on the shores of Hudson's Bay, and to secure the construction of a railroad to connect the proposed port with Winnipeg. It had been estimated that the result of this undertaking would

be a clear gain to the farmers and producers of about £3 per head on all cattle and five shillings upon every quarter of grain exported. The only obstacle to the establishment of the desired port is the belief in the formidable character of the ice; but the writer showed that observations had been taken which proved that the ice did not form in the Strait before December. Occasionally a few large floes were seen, estimated by him to be about half a mile long, but a floe of this kind was quite exceptional. During the time he was in the Strait (July, 1886) the weather was fine, the average temperature being 35 deg. Fahrenheit, though on some days the thermometer rose to 50 deg. The prevailing wind was from the westward, but from whatever direction it blew it appeared to have little effect on the movements of the ice. In the open water of Hudson's Bay scarcely any ice was seen. The vessel to be employed on this service should, however, be constructed specially to resist ordinary ice pressure, and should be able to steam from ten to twelve knots. In the course of the discussion Sir C. Tupper announced that a railway across the territory to the shore of Hudson's Bay was contemplated.

Vegetarianism.—A London compositor gives his personal testimony to the advantages of vegetarian diet: "I have eaten no meat for over three months. I became a vegetarian on the advice of a hygienic doctor, and can honestly say that I have enjoyed better health ever since. I eat any kind of vegetables—oatmeal, haricot beans, peas, tapioca, rice, and the like, whole-meal bread, plenty of fresh and stewed fruit, and occasionally nuts. I have three meals a day: breakfast, half-past six, brown bread and butter, fruit, and an egg; dinner, one o'clock, three courses, sixpence, at any vegetarian restaurant; tea, half-past six, brown bread and butter, celery, beetroot, watercress, or other green-stuff. I work about sixty hours a week, and am on my legs quite fifty-six out of the sixty, and I walk five to seven miles a day other than what I am compelled to do." Another correspondent of the "Echo" says: "Brown bread from Lockhart's and Neville's shops may be taken as types of what good whole-meal bread should be, and at all their branches the price is the same as for white. A few weeks' experience will prove that the hardest work, mental or physical, can be done on such bread alone, and that wheat, in fact, is to man what oats are to horses, an all-sufficient food to produce muscle, heat, and energy, and, better still, that such a plain and natural diet as bread and fresh fruit affords will give the highest possible health that each vitality is capable of."

Working Men's Dwellings.—The principle of co-operation is likely to be adopted in regard to the dwellings of the working classes, as it has already been so largely and successfully applied to the supply of food, clothing, and other necessities of life. Mr. F. W. Buxton writes to the "Times" an appeal on behalf of a "Tenants Co-operator's Company, Limited," which hopes to start with a capital of £10,000 to build or buy blocks or houses for the working classes in London and its suburbs, and letting them to the shareholders at ordinary rents. After paying four per cent. to the shareholders the surplus is to be divided among the tenants in proportion to their rents, with the ultimate object of tenants becoming owners of their dwellings. It is doubtful whether this system will commend itself widely to the working classes, who already have facilities for obtaining cheap dwellings, with all the advantages of large tenement buildings possessing sanitary and other arrangements not available in smaller holdings. The National Dwellings Society, for instance, the office of which is in Budge Row, E.C., has built or bought large tenement blocks in various districts, where dwellings may be cheaply rented, without any risk or anxiety to the tenants; as is also the case with the Peabody Buildings.

Winter Weather in Midsummer.—The extraordinary weather in July of this year will not soon be forgotten. On the 11th of that month there were falls of snow in Birmingham, North and East Derbyshire, Nottingham, the Lake district, Scotland, and on the east coast. The peak of Skiddaw was white, a circumstance which nobody living in the vicinity remembers to have occurred in July. A pilot who landed at Dover stated that severe weather had been experienced on the way down from the north of England, and that a snowstorm lasting nearly two hours was encountered just

before entering the Channel. Snow fell at Norwood and other suburban places round London, and lay unmelted till the morning trains were running to town. At many of the Scotch and English stations the temperature was below 50 deg., and in London and at Oxford it was only 44 deg. A close examination of the London records from 1861 fails to show so low a reading in July, the nearest approach being 50 deg., registered in 1879. The highest temperatures registered throughout Wednesday, the 11th, were also equally low for the season; 55 deg. was scarcely reached at any of the northern or central stations, and 60 deg. was only attained at the extreme southern and south-western stations. In London the thermometer did not exceed 54 deg., whilst last year in July the lowest maximum day temperature was 68 deg.; in 1886 it was 61 deg., and in 1885 67 deg. At Haparanda, which is within the Arctic circle, the temperature on the morning of the 11th was 13 deg. warmer than in London, and in parts of Norway and Sweden the thermometer was still higher. A strong northerly wind was blowing over the whole of the United Kingdom, and in many parts of England the force reached that of a moderate gale. The excessive cold was apparently due to the steady northerly direction of the wind, which was blowing over the whole country, the air being drawn directly from off the cold Arctic seas, which, even at this season, are icebound. Mr. Jelinger Symons, after examining the Greenwich Observatory records, says that no such weather has been noted during the sixty years in which they have been carefully kept. In many of the January records the temperature of two successive days has been higher than that of July 11th and 12th, 1888.

October Heats.—In contrast with the cold of July, 1888, the following report of the heat during October last year is worth recording. The Rev. F. G. Holmes noted at Stuston Rectory, Scole, Norfolk, 78 deg. in the shade and 108 degs. in the sun, at one p.m. on October 4th, 1887. The mean temperature of October is little over 50 deg. The lowest ever registered is 26 deg. In 1836 there were sharp frosts and heavy falls of snow in the last week of October. Newmarket Heath was so covered with snow, it being the time of the races, that the course had to be swept before the horses could run!

Railway Servants Overworked.—By a return obtained through the benevolent influence of Earl de la Warr, it appears that in 440,000 cases, including all classes of railway servants, the hours of work range from 13 to 18 hours out of the 24. The time for 180,000 was 13 hours, in two selected months; 120,000 for 14 hours; 75,000 for 15; 35,000 for 16; 17,000 for 17; and 15,000 in which the time was 18 hours and upwards! These were all cases upon five of the great English lines. Such protracted periods of toil, in some of them requiring incessant strain of attention and anxiety, must jeopardise the safety of passengers, destroy the health and the domestic life of the servants of the companies, and are opposed to the interests of the community, as well as unjust in a moral point of view. There may be economy in management for the advantage of directors and shareholders, but it is gained at the cost of the men and at the risk of the public. That there are comparatively few disasters speaks well for the general character of the men for diligence, carefulness, and sobriety; but is it right that these faithful servants should be "used up," just as cab horses are used up, upon calculation of getting as much work out of them as possible in a shortened time? It is a matter for Government regulation.

Shakespeare's Learning.—How far the learning that appears in the works of Shakespeare was obtained from original books or at second-hand, has been often discussed. The famous words of Ben Jonson, as to his having "little Latin and less Greek," seem to represent the general opinion of his contemporaries. But the multitude of classical references and occasional quotations from ancient and modern classics, and the plots and persons taken from Italian as well as Latin works, have puzzled many. The truth of the matter was clearly stated in a once famous treatise by Dr. Farmer, of Emanuel College, Cambridge, on the "Learning of Shakespeare." This is the book or pamphlet of which the following anecdote is told by John Northcote, R.A., in his "Life of Sir Joshua Reynolds." Being in company with Dr. Johnson, the doctor paid Farmer an emphatic compliment

upon his work, then recently published. "Dr. Farmer, you have done that which was never done before; that is, you have completely finished a controversy beyond all further doubt." "I thank you," replied Dr. Farmer, "for your flattering opinion of my work, but still think there are some of the critics who will adhere to their former opinions." "Ah," said Johnson, "that may be true, for the limbs will quiver and move after the soul is gone." Dr. Farmer proved incontestably that Shakespeare had derived his information from translations commonly current in his time, and not from the original classics. In some cases his quotations are from "Lilly's Grammar," which he used at the Guild school at Stratford-on-Avon. His English histories he got from Hollingshead and other chroniclers, and his Latin plays from Plutarch. There were translations of Italian poetry and novels from which he took some of his plots. Dr. Farmer names many of the books from which Shakespeare gathered his learned allusions and his quotations. There was even an old English novel with the story of Hamlet! Dr. Farmer's book is somewhat scarce. The second edition appeared in 1767, and the third in 1789, published by T. Longman, and by Merryday of Cambridge. There is a copy of this edition in the London Library.

London Hospitals.—At the Mansion House meeting in support of the collections on "Hospital Sunday," Sir Andrew Clarke said that for nearly forty years he had been on the staff of one of the greatest of the hospitals of this country; he knew something of hospital work, and he was more and more impressed with the necessity for their existence and the greatness of their operations. Last year about 1,000,000 patients were admitted into the London hospitals from a population of 4,000,000. Within that area there was one hospital bed for each 700 persons, and every year 12 persons passed through each bed, so that one out of every 62 or 63 persons in London spent a portion of his time in one of the metropolitan hospitals. To take the London Hospital as an instance, last year it received 90,000 persons, of whom 8,000 were in-patients, 80,000 out-patients, 2,000 maternity cases, and 8,700 accidents or cases of emergency. That was only an isolated example of what was being done all over the metropolis. But the healing of the sick was not the only work of the hospitals. There was in addition the discipline, education, and training of the surgeon and the physician. Up to 1858 every person who underwent the operation of ovariectomy died. At the present day 92 per cent. of all those operated upon recovered, and one distinguished surgeon had performed the operation 76 successive times without accident or death. The hospitals trained not only doctors but students, and sent them throughout the land. Then again there were the education and training of nurses, not only for hospitals but for service among private families; and, thanks to such training, the nurse of the present day was a gentle and refined woman instead of the old type of nurse, who was more often drunk than sober. He believed he was stating the literal fact when he said that all the great advances in medical knowledge and all the great discoveries in medical science had been made in their great hospitals. Those hospitals also served for the confirmation and correction of doubtful doctrines and points of practice. There were fashions in medicine, just as there were fashions in dress, and some, if unchecked, might be disastrous. It was in the hospitals that these fashions were tested and that they were either saved from being a growing evil or preserved as a growing and lasting good.

Astronomical Almanack for September.

1	S	☉ rises 5.15 A.M.	17	M	☉ rises 5.40 A.M.
2	S	14 SUN. AFTER TRINITY	18	T	Daybreak 3.43 A.M.
3	M	Mars sets 8.50 P.M.	19	W	Twilight ends 8.0 P.M.
4	T	Clock after ☉ 1m. 16s.	20	T	Full ☉ 5.24 A.M.
5	W	Jupiter sets 9.7 P.M.	21	F	Saturn rises 1.40 A.M.
6	T	New ☉ 4.56 A.M.	22	S	Autumn Quarter begins
7	F	☉ sets 6.31 P.M.	23	S	17 SUN. AFTER TRINITY
8	S	☉ least distance from ☉	24	M	☉ sets 5.52 P.M.
9	S	15 SUN. AFTER TRINITY	25	T	☉ greatest distance from ☉
10	M	☉ rises 5.29 A.M.	26	W	☉ rises 5.55 A.M.
11	T	Aquila S. 8.18 P.M.	27	T	Clock after ☉ 9m. 15s.
12	W	☉ 1 Quarter 10.0 P.M.	28	F	☉ 1 Quarter 8.30 A.M.
13	T	Vega S. 7.0 P.M.	29	S	Michaelmas Day
14	F	Cygnus S. 9.0 P.M.	30	S	18 SUN. AFTER TRINITY
15	S	☉ sets 6.13 P.M.			(☉ sets 5.38 P.M.)
16	S	16 SUN. AFTER TRINITY			

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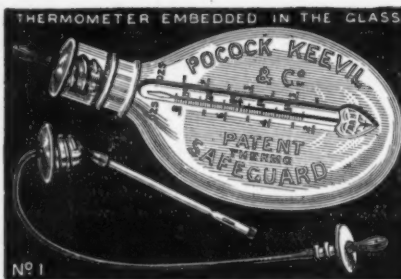
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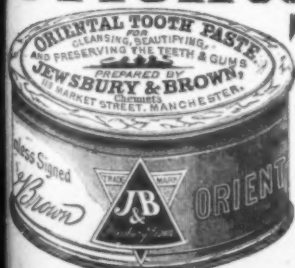
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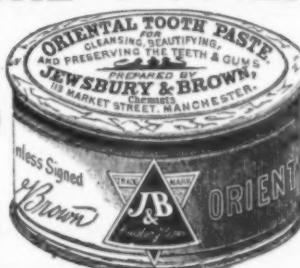
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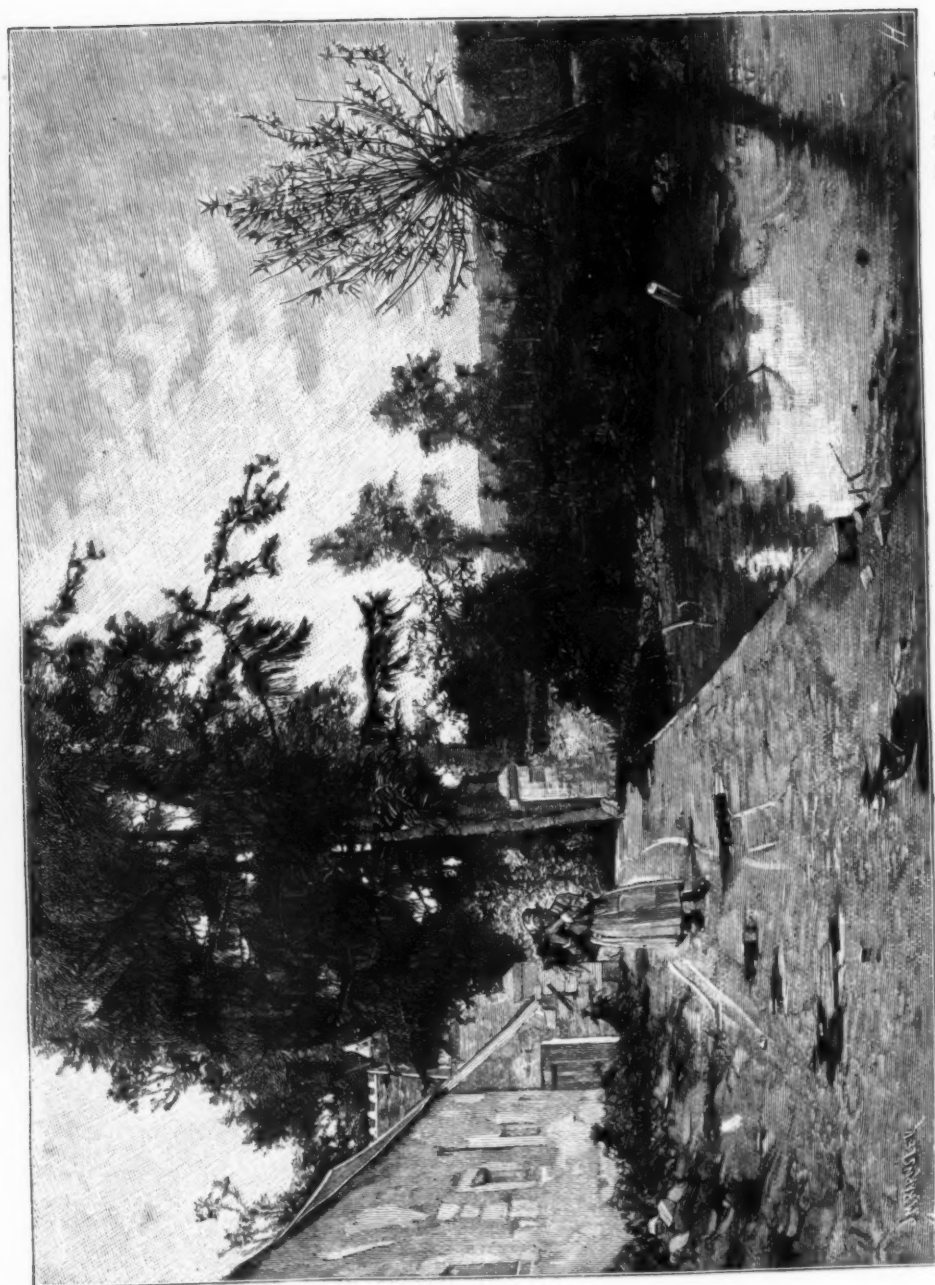
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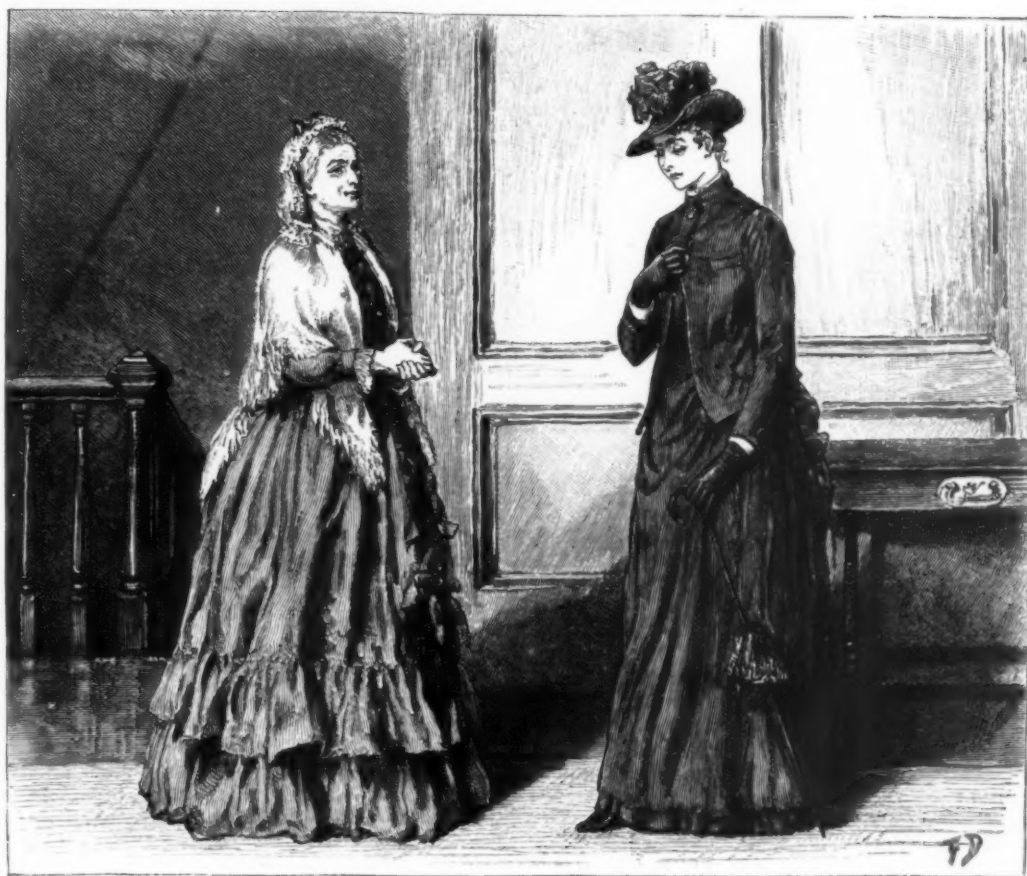
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GREAT-GRANDMAMMA SEVERN.

BY LESLIE KEITH, AUTHOR OF "THE CHILCOTES, ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—BEHIND THE FUCHSIA-SCREEN.



LADY SEVERN SURVEYED THE SHRINKING FIGURE WITH A FINE DISDAIN

JUDITH had not forgotten her offer of work to the girl at the foot of the hill—the girl in whom her guardian was interested.

It was possibly the knowledge of this fact that quickened her footsteps and piqued her curiosity. She chose an afternoon when she could count for certain on Winter's absence, since she had but seen him ride out of the gate with Teddy; the big horse and the little horse, the large rider and the small, going very amicably together.

When the last sound of the hoofs had died away Judith made up a neat parcel of that which is known to ladies as "white-seam," and hugged it to her person as she walked down the hill. She had no lack of work to offer, for, alas! alas! all those doleful wedding preparations that had hung like a disastrous threat over her for months were now set agoing by the energetic old grand-

mamma, who was minded to cheer her convalescence by the sound of marriage bells.

May was hovering on the brink of June when Judith set out to pay her visit, and in June she was to resign her freedom. She declined to face this fact, however, finding her strength to lie in a steady avoidance of the subject, and in as far as possible she controlled her imagination from provisioning the future. As she descended to the cottage she appeased its urgency by thoughts of Margaret.

The best of women do not love a rival, even if it be only in the calm affections of an elderly guardian, and Judith was woman enough to be armed beforehand with criticism.

"Of course she won't be the Margaret of Mr. Winter's sketch," she said to herself. "He is generous enough to clothe every woman liberally

with virtues. We are, in a sort, angels to him, and we cannot do wrong. I dare say this Margaret Lee is a very bouncing young person, and I haven't a doubt that she subtracts an 'r' from the middle of her words and adds it to the end, and yet, I remember, he spoke of her sweet voice."

Lady Severn in some measure shared this most unjustifiable prejudice.

"You must come back," she said to Winter. "You need labour under no fear of my dying now, and you will not be constrained to look solemn yet awhile at my funeral. Your banishment must cease. It is an affront to my house that you choose to live out of it. Perhaps you will tell me—with the frankness of your generation—that you prefer to live out of it."

"I think my presence here is a most effectual answer to that accusation," he answered, with a smile. "Am I not happy enough to be received by you every day?"

"You come and dine," she retorted, "and you are very wise. I know how to give you a good dinner. You would be wiser still if you occupied the room that is ready for you. What comfort can you secure in a cottage, an almshouse, a hovel, for aught I know?"

"It is a palace compared to the African hut of my late experience. I am a person of very simple tastes."

"Ah, I know what simple tastes mean when it is a young man who lays claim to them!"

"I am not a young man, Lady Severn."

"Don't contradict me!" She shook a menacing forefinger at him. "Your virtuous preference for simplicity—for life in a cottage—for damp beds and frousy rooms, and a perpetual savour of frying—I understand this idyllic life. You see, all these point to a woman, and a young woman, and quite possibly to a pretty young woman. Take care, Lawrence Winter, let us have no mistakes."

"I think," said Winter, "though you were kind enough to consider me a young man, you may trust my discretion not to make any mistake you would have cause to regret."

He spoke lightly, but there was an edge of dignity in his words that silenced the outspoken old lady.

"He is quite a diplomatist, I declare," she remarked to Farthing in the seclusion of her room. "That was a very neat answer, as you would see, if you were capable of appreciating it, Farthing, and it leaves me as much as ever in the dark. But Lawrence Winter had better have a care; my friendship won't stand the strain of a *mésalliance* on his part. I have not forgotten Mr. Richard Garston."

"Mr. Winter isn't so young," said Farthing, with a juster appreciation of his years; "he's got to the age when you may look for a little sense even in a man."

"My good woman!" cried the old lady, closing the discussion impatiently, "did you ever know sense to count for anything in a man's choice of a wife? He may have the wisdom of Solomon, and yet be a fool on that point."

"Solomon tried it a good many times if I'm not mistaken," said Farthing, with mild offence, "and

it stands to reason, my lady, seeing what women are, that he couldn't be always right. As for the young woman at the bottom of the hill, I don't think there's any call to be afraid of *her*."

Farthing looked very oracular as she made this remark. Those pale cold eyes of hers were not unobservant, and her new kindness for Judith had quickened their powers of perception. If she knew anything, she knew that Winter was safe from the wiles of the siren in the cottage.

Judith, too, was compelled to own that Margaret scarcely bore out the character of a siren when she crossed the threshold of the little home. The smiling old fellow, her father, was not within, being, indeed, at that moment engaged in an exciting combat over the price of a sole that was to form the staple of the family supper.

Margaret sat alone, sewing behind the fuchsia-screen. She rose with a shy confusion crossing her placidity when Judith asked leave to come in.

"Father is out," she said. "He likes to do the marketing; he will be sorry when he comes home to think he has missed seeing you."

"Then you know me?" Judith smiled.

"Mr. Winter has told us often about you."

"And we have heard about you," said Judith, taking the chair Margaret had hastened to place for her. She dropped her armour of criticism at sight of Margaret. She was modest, and quiet, and innocent-looking. She looked good but not clever, and I am afraid this gentle dulness gave her a certain grace in Judith's eyes.

"Do go on with your work, please," she said, cordially, for Margaret remained modestly standing. "If you will allow me I will be glad to rest for a few minutes."

She was not tired, but she liked to be there. She felt a new rush of ease and comfort for which she did not try to account. She looked about her with friendly glances at the modest upholstery of the little room, at the gaily innocent sentiment of the antimacassars, and the pathetic hideousness of the flower-glasses.

Margaret and the flowers were the only pretty things in the room, and yet she comprehended how Winter might come to like its homely welcome. There in one corner of the hearth stood the old-fashioned chair, its arms agape to receive him, while a pipe that she recognised as his property lay invitingly on a bracket where an outstretched hand could reach it. On the opposite side of the hearth another chair hinted at pleasant companionship; and in the window, a little removed, it was easy to picture Margaret stitching to the sound of endless reminiscences.

Doubtless Margaret had been brought up not to consider herself affronted by the scent of tobacco smoke.

"I shouldn't mind it either if it were good tobacco," thought Judith to herself, looking with a trifle of envy at the seat behind the fuchsia-screen.

The girls did not find a great deal to say to each other at first, until some further allusion was made to Lawrence Winter, and then Margaret's tongue seemed to be loosed.

She spoke of him with a respectful and affectionate gratitude that must have disarmed even Lady Severn's fears.

"He has been the kindest friend to us," she said. "Father was abroad when they first met. Father was cook on a steamer when he was younger, that is how he knows so well how to do the marketing, and Mr. Winter says he never knew anybody cook fish like him," said Margaret, with an innocent pride in the paternal accomplishments. "It was somewhere off the coast of South Africa. I am not clever enough to give you the name, often and often as I have heard it. The steamer had run in there for water, and father was landed with some of the crew. Perhaps he had been ill before, it was a very unhealthy place, Mr. Winter says; the white man's grave he called it; anyhow, when the steamer came to sail father was too ill to be taken on board, and they left him behind. I suppose," said Margaret, artlessly, "he would have died if it had not been for the compassionate Englishman who found him out and nursed him back to life."

There were tears in her eyes, and Judith felt an odd mist before hers.

"Father never was able to do much after that, but he had saved a little money, and my grandmother, with whom I lived, left me a little, and so we came here," she ended her simple story. "And father says it was the proudest day of his life when Mr. Winter offered to come and stay with us."

Judith went up the hill at a brisker pace than she had descended it. Her blood was generously stirred. She was glad, she did not know why.

At the lodge gate she met the riders returning, Teddy perched on the big horse in front of his guardian. The little horse had lost a shoe, and sent them home before their time. Winter sprang off when he saw Judith.

"I have been hearing about you," she said, smiling up at him with a new softness in her dark eyes.

"My conscience," he said, "does not accuse me of any very recent crime."

"Ah," she said, "you were safe from criticism where I have been. I have been visiting a very grateful friend of yours."

"Well," he answered, smiling, "I hope she is a friend of yours also, Judith?"

"I should like"—her eyes were merry—"I should like, if I might, to give her some new flower-glasses."

"That is a very satisfactory proof of friendship," he laughed.

"I know where you've been," interrupted Teddy, from the back of the tall chestnut. "You've been to see Margaret. Old Mr. Lee makes jolly cakes. He wears a white apron and a paper cap. I think," said Teddy, with grave consideration, as if he found the uniform irresistible, "I will be a cook on board a steamer when I'm grown up. Margaret's lover isn't a cook, he's only a mate. He comes ashore once a year."

"A lover?" Judith turned inquiring eyes on Winter. "I heard nothing of a lover."

"That belongs to a riper stage of friendship," he answered. "When you make that presentation you hinted at, you will hear about him, I dare say. All the same, Sir Edward, you are a very indiscreet young man. Don't you know that girls never, under the utmost stress of temptation, talk about their lovers?"

"Margaret told me," said Teddy, on the defence; "and, besides," he added, in an aggrieved voice, "you said yourself that you were going to give Margaret teacups or dinner-dishes; you said that I was to choose them."

"It appears, then, that it is I who have been indiscreet; but how was I to guess that your innocent mind would connect dinner-plates with lovers and matrimony, Teddy?"

"People get presents when they are married," said Teddy, meeting the case with great promptness. "Judy got one this morning. It was a necklace. Great-granny said it was a trumpery thing, but that it doesn't matter, because she would have the family pearls when she married Harry."

Judith felt her gaiety suddenly die out at the childish words. It went as unaccountably as it came; it left her sad and depressed with the reaction. She could find nothing to say as they all went together to the door where the groom was waiting for the horses.

Winter, too, was silent, and each could only hope that their mutual embarrassment was covered from the other by Teddy's chatter. Sir Teddy was not tongue-tied; he was very eloquent, but neither of them could have given any precise account of his theme.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—A LITTLE MANAGEMENT.

IF Harry did not enjoy himself in London, it was surely no more than he deserved; he had a remnant of conscience left, and it stung him at inconvenient seasons. To be weak is bad enough, but to know yourself so is something of a punishment.

Harry was weak enough in all truth, and he had yielded on a point where he had held himself to be impregnable. That much-abused word, honour, how it figures in men's mouths. Accuse me of every crime in the calendar, but spare my honour. Do not so much as hint, for your life, that I could do a mean or disgraceful thing. Was it a mean thing Harry had done? He did not love Judith; he acknowledged, with a pang of hurt vanity, that she was too good for him—too earnest, too severe. Her aims and aspirations were beyond him. The air was too rare and bracing for him on the heights where she lived. Was it wrong, then, to draw back from a life that was too difficult for him?

"I should only make her miserable. For a week or two I might stand it; we should go driving in the yellow chariot, distributing soup and flannel to the poor; we should exchange solemn dinners with the Admiral and Sir Thomas and the other dreary old bigwigs, and have prayers for the edification of the servants at ten o'clock. I should read prayers, doubtless, as the head of the house. It is easy for women to be good under

such a condition of affairs; a very little satisfies them. They can take life unspiced and find it palatable enough, but as for me, I am not a hypocrite; I couldn't pretend for more than a week or two, after that there would be a grand rebellion. Tears, reproaches, accusations, and—exit the husband!"

This was how Harry argued with that troublesome conscience of his; with these and other plain truths he sometimes managed to silence it for a time. As for Letty, he loved her very truly, and felt it to be the one comfort in his lot that he had won her. Life with this little woman presented itself as a gay and pleasant *fête*. Letty was always amusing; her daily letters from Richmond were full of fun and drollery. She described her neighbours at *table d'hôte*, hitting them off with great neatness, and she related with good-humour her encounters with Farthing when she went to see her sister.

Harry always felt much better after one of those letters, and more resigned to wait Letty's time for the disclosure of the secret that weighed on his spirits. He spent half his money in buying her trinkets and presents; and one day, when he felt more glum than usual, he startled the widow's servants by appearing at the little house in Kensington and asking leave to go into the drawing-room under pretence of some commission from their mistress.

In the pretty little room, where everything reminded him of her, he plucked up a better spirit.

"I must see her," he said; "I can't stand this any longer. Why may I not claim her before all the world? She is mine by every right—" His glance just then fell on the portrait of the late Captain Garston, hanging on the wall, tenderly mounted in plush. The captain's ugly, frowning face seemed to glare at him with an evil eye; he shook his fist at it. "She is mine," he repeated—"mine as she never was yours, for she did not know what love was till she cared for me."

It was as well for the young fool's peace, perhaps, that the menaced portrait could not retort in words; possibly the same thing had been said to the gentleman whom it represented, possibly there were others—but of that, of course, Harry knew nothing. He only knew that he must see Letty—must persuade her to yield to him on the one point wherein they differed. The storm once over, into what a glorious sunshine they would enter!

Letty had expected he would come back to her. She knew he could not resist very long, but she chose to exhibit a little surprise.

"Weren't you enjoying yourself in London, poor dear boy?" she said when she had given him a very pretty welcome. "Did the new plays not please you? Was society not kind to you?"

"How could I enjoy myself without you?" He looked at her with languid reproach.

"Somebody has been teaching you to flatter." She shook a finger at him. "You got on very well without me before."

"But I can't get on without you now. I have

come to claim you; I can't stand this torture of suspense a day longer. I shall go to The Rise to-day and get this grand scene over. There will be a big row, and after that—"

"And after that we shall be estranged from everybody; we shall be in disgrace; we shall be shunned as if we were lepers."

"We shall have one another, and we can afford to laugh at the world."

"It would be nicer to have the world on our side. Of course, Harry, if you must, you must." She drooped her head in meek obedience. "But it is I who will suffer—it is always the woman who suffers."

"You shall not suffer!" he said, passionately. "No one shall dare to breathe a word against you in my presence or out of it. You have done no wrong, and, my dearest, it has got to come some day. Delay only makes it look more formidable. Granny is better now—"

"Yes, she is better," Letty admitted, with candour. "I have had the pleasure of seeing her since you left, and I find her temper as robust as ever. You must be prepared for great vigour of language if you have really made up your mind to 'fess, Harry."

"Words break no bones," said Harry, who felt very brave while as yet the ordeal was at a distance. "It will be very unpleasant, but she can't do us any real harm."

"I don't know about that," said Letty, with quiet conviction. "If you marry the wrong sister—"

"I am going to marry the right sister."

"She may decline to provide you with an income."

"She couldn't do that," said Harry, to whom this probability had never once occurred. It startled him, but only for a moment. "Why, she has been bothering me for years to marry and range myself. Before there was any question of Judith, there was that girl Cambridge—"

"Oh! I know what a conquering hero you have been! But it was never a question of Letty, poor little Letty; Granny never proposed you should range yourself with her, and if—and if," she faltered—"she should really and truly behave like the old ladies in novels and cut us off without even the proverbial shilling, will you never, never regret and be sorry?"

Of course he vowed that he would never, never, never regret to the end of time, adding many other things which the experienced may easily imagine for themselves.

"I have my profession still," he said; "you shall have bread and butter, dear little woman, never fear."

Letty listened very sweetly; she intended to have the jam too, but of that she said nothing.

"There is one little favour I have to ask of you," she said.

"A thousand if you will."

"One will do to begin with. Bye-and-bye you will not be so lavish! If you must have your explanation to-day, Harry, and, my dearest boy," said Mrs. Letty, all at once grown very virtuous, "I hope I have too much principle to hinder you

from doing what your conscience bids you,—will you put it off till evening?"

"I had thought of going now," he said, a little uneasily. "That is, after I have had something to eat. Do you very much wish me to wait till evening, Letty?"

"It's only a whim of mine, of course," she said, "but I fancy it will be easier; Granny always mellows a little after dinner, and you will have had that meal to fortify your courage. And—" she looked at him demurely, "as we've agreed it is going to be a very big row indeed, I think it will be as well for us to have the refuge of our beds behind us. Granny will need to be put to bed at once—all that is left of her after the shock."

He yielded of course as she knew he would. What she meant to gain by the delay was only known to herself. Perhaps she counted on chance or accident hindering the evening meeting after all. There were a great many ways in which any one who was at all clever might very well prevent such a contingency. A little tact can do much. He further yielded when she proposed he should go to The Rise for the remainder of the day.

"You can't stop here with me," she said. "Even though I have been married I have to be very careful and prudent. People's tongues are so malicious."

Harry agreed that he could not remain with her, but he flatly refused to be sent alone to The Rise.

"I positively won't answer for myself if you send me alone. How could I look Judith in the face, and not betray myself? I am a scoundrel, no doubt, as I shall be told to-night, but I am not practised enough in deception to keep on the mask through a long torturing day of idleness."

"Very well, the poor dear boy shall not be tortured," said Letty, lightly; "we shall all go on the river. It was proposed yesterday, and carried unanimously; the fact of your return need not hinder the plan, it will rather help it; Teddy is wild to go, and we shall no doubt have the felicity of Mr. Winter's company. There is safety in numbers; will you feel protected from yourself, my poor dear boy, if we all go with you?"

He admitted reluctantly that it would not be so bad.

"I shan't be expected to pay court to Judith in public," he said, grimly. "That last baseness will be spared me. I can leave her to Winter's society; she prefers it to mine."

"Yes, and you must be very good," said Letty, gaily; "and if a temptation to upset the boat and drown Mr. Winter and Judith and Teddy assails you, please remember me."

"Do you think I ever forget you, Letty?" he said, rather sadly. He loved her more and more every day. He was a fool in her hands, and she could do with him what she pleased.

CHAPTER XXXV.—THE TRAGEDY OF THE RIVER.

HARRY was dispatched without any further delay to The Rise. Mrs. Garston would not even permit him to lunch with her.

"You are my cousin," she said, "but everybody does not know that."

"I won't be a cousin much longer!" exclaimed Harry.

"And when you are—something else—perhaps you won't be so very anxious to lunch with me," said Letty, slyly. "Go off and take your meal with Granny; I suppose I can trust you out of my sight for an hour? I have sent a note to Judith about the river plan; it is all settled. I will meet you at the lodge gate at three o'clock. I won't hazard the risk of enraging Granny before the time by daring to appear at the house."

At five minutes to three Letty punctually set out to keep her tryst. She was prettily dressed in the first cotton of the season—a demure grey, that might illustrate a subdued grief for a departed husband and yet not offend the feelings of a coming one; in short, you might consider it mourning or not, just as you pleased. The bonnet, with its little wisp of crape, had given place to a large hat with a curly brim, under which Letty's face looked very piquant and smiling. The prospect of the grand scene did not affect Letty's spirits—perhaps she took refuge in the certainty of accident, and made up her mind that it was not to come off.

"What a courage she has!" Harry thought, as he saw her coming, serene and dainty; "if she can bear everything for my sake, surely I need not be afraid."

He was looking very glum indeed, however, and he advanced with Judith in a silence that she did not care to break. She had not failed to notice that he was out of spirits, though she wholly misconstrued the reason of his dulness.

"I hope," she said, "that your business did not give you trouble?"

"Business!" he said, vaguely; and then he pulled himself up with a start.

"I hadn't a very good time in London," he said; but he did not add that he was glad to return to the quiet and peace of The Rise. He had not for a long time now made any pretty speeches to Judith, and she felt grateful to him in her heart for the omission. Friendship was possible, almost easy, so long as there was no striving to call it by another name. Judith had long ago relinquished her hostile attitude; she was no longer held by the dread of coming to hate either herself or him; the love that had come to her through other channels was her safety from despair.

"Since Granny cares for me a little, and I have Teddy's love, I am rich enough."

Teddy's love was a bountiful store that filled the hunger of her heart, and took away from her the fear of the future.

It was not a brilliant life for a young creature full of fire and zeal and with a wholesome longing for vivid experiences; it would be at best but a tame, uneventful existence, varied only by the constant effort to do the utmost of her duty, but it held one solid and substantial ground of comfort. She could think of her mother now without any accusing pang. Lady Severn had fulfilled her part of the contract, and the struggling Parisian

household was now lifted above all want. Mrs. Severn had moved from the dingy entresol to the comparatively luxurious first floor suite where her dulness was consoled by the ministrations of a companion, whose services were liberally rewarded by Judith, eager that her sacrifice should yield her mother the utmost value. It was through Judith that all the payments were made.

"A quarterly letter from my daughter-in-law would be too severe a trial," Lady Severn remarked to Farthing. "Four sheets of gratitude on thin paper—dull women always write the longest letters—might be amusing the first time, but a periodical repetition would be monotonous. She hasn't mind enough to vary the phrasing by so much as a new adjective."

To Judith, she merely said,

"Here is your income, my dear; I don't ask to know what you do with it, I only expect you will be always suitably and prettily dressed. If you don't care to spend it all on your milliner, you may throw the surplus into the Thames, if you will."

Judith interpreted this hint as it was intended, and found no difficulty in disposing of her riches. The dress Letty wore had been paid for out of them. Judith's own gown matched it except for the scarlet ribbon at her throat.

"Here you are, come back from your haunts of dissipation," said Letty, meeting the trio, holding out a hand to Harry while she put up her cheek for Judith's kiss; "I hope you are prepared to be agreeable, Harry," she said, in words that were, perhaps, barbed with a secret warning. "Young men fresh from town are apt to patronise the suburbs; we don't want to be patronised, do we, Teddy? Why, my boy, what a terrible instrument you are armed with!"

"I am going to fish," said Teddy, "there are lots of fish in the river. I'm going to sit in the bow and trail the rod. Harry has promised to go very slowly to give the fish time to catch on, you know. It doesn't do to hurry them."

"What unsophisticated fish they must be!" said Letty, laughing merrily. "How is Granny this morning?"

She turned to her sister.

"She had a bad night and hasn't left her room yet."

"Then you didn't see her?"

Letitia turned to Harry.

"No," he answered, looking very glum and melancholy.

Letty's gay spirits amazed him; and that assumption of having met him now for the first time—"I suppose women learn to practise those little deceits and think nothing of them," he said to himself. "It is part of their social training," but he wished Letty would not put her arm within her sister's or smile so much.

Letty's spirits rose with the tidings of her grandmother's indisposition. The explanation would not take place that night; it would be positively brutal to make it to a sick woman, and the chances against its being made at all seemed on the increase.

For Letty settled within herself that it would be safer to marry first and let the confession follow the act.

"It is always silly to announce beforehand what you are going to do. Perhaps it will help Granny's resignation when she knows she can't forbid the banns."

Not a whisper of this, however, had she breathed to Harry; by no abrupt disclosure, but by a thousand little pushes, little hints and artifices and suggestions was he to be led up to it. She took an opportunity while he busied himself with the boat to rally him on his melancholy.

"My dearest boy," she whispered, "you look as if you had committed a murder. Do try to look less tragic."

"It is almost as bad as a murder," he said; "and, Letty, I can't think how you can be so con-foundedly—friendly with your sister."

"Don't use bad language, sir. Do you imagine I am going to stoop to the vulgarity of quarrelling about you? You are very stupid and disagreeable. For the first time in my life you make me regret Mr. Winter's absence."

"Where is Mr. Winter?" she asked, turning back to Judith and the boy, who were examining, with subtle criticism on Teddy's part, the boats drawn up on the beach. "Why haven't we the honour of his company?"

"He hadn't come up to The Rise when we left."

"But we left a message for him," burst in Teddy, "and he's sure to come. He likes coming with Judy and me."

"He shows very good taste," she looked at her sister with a gay, meaning smile, "and I don't doubt he'll come, Teddy, since he likes to be with Judy and you."

"She will marry Lawrence Winter, and they will suit each other to perfection. He's a little dull and grey, like his Essex marshes, but Judy likes dulness, and they are both so good that they will never find a flaw in each other. Perhaps they will unite in thinking me a great sinner, but they will have to own that I have been kind to them. They will ask Harry and me to The Moat, and we shall go for a week or two when we are tired of everything else."

Thus Letitia settled the future, as she leaned back against the crimson cushions. It was all very satisfactory, and she smiled as she contemplated it.

"What are you smiling at?" Judith asked, leaning forward to glance under the big hat, with an answering curl of the lips.

"I was projecting myself into the future—your future and mine."

"The present is enough for me," said Judith, quickly.

She was trying not to remember that June had begun; she lent all her energies to dwelling on the pleasantness of the moment. It was very pleasant. The hour and the season were alike too early to encourage the horde of cockney navigators who spoil this reach of the Thames for sensitive sailors; they had the water highway almost to themselves.

It was a still day; so still that the laburnums and lilacs on the brink took their fill of their own reflected beauty, and the languid willows scarcely swung a drooping tassel. They pushed out into mid-stream. The current carried them gently by the embowered shores without an effort on Harry's part, and the little fisherman, big with faith, was ardent in pursuit of perch at the bow. Something in the hush and peacefulness of the scene checked their words. It was a day when things grow and spring silently, helping on the coming summer. By-and-bye the serene afternoon would melt into a perfect evening, dominated by mild stars.

Judith did not want to think of the evening; she had a dread of any forecast that brought one particular day nearer. It was pleasanter to drift irresponsibly on with no thought but of the present beauty.

She looked about her with a grave interest, and a sort of surprised and glad thankfulness that the world could seem so fair. So long as the earth is beautiful to us we have one abiding source of joy.

As for Harry, all his thoughts and emotions were delivered over to and held by the forthcoming disclosure. The dark shadow of it fell on the summer brightness, the hours seemed immeasurably long till he should strike the blow for freedom. As yet he could think of nothing beyond that moment, he could not be clear about his future actions till his confession was made. He could not even take any joy in the thought of Letty, who sat opposite him, smiling and tranquil.

Judith sat opposite him too, and every one of her calm, friendly glances was a new stab of reproach.

All this cargo of emotions went floating down the river, Letitia the only person sufficiently disengaged to keep watch for Winter's possible appearance on the towing-path. She was for once quite eager for his company. She was angry with Harry for his glum looks. Perhaps she wanted to pique him into a livelier appreciation of her smiles by bestowing them on some one else.

"There he is!" she said, with sudden animation. "There is Mr. Winter. He must have crossed Kew Gardens. Look, he sees us; he is waving his hat. What a recognisable figure he is!"

"He would do for number five in a college eight," said Harry, with inward envy.

"He will do for five here quite as well," retorted Letty. "You must take him aboard; I am longing for some one to talk to."

They had all turned quickly at her first exclamation: they were looking, beckoning to Winter, shouting that they would take him in at the ferry landing-stage they were approaching: nobody had eyes for the little fisherman at the bow who was more eager than any of them to hail his friend. He had been leaning far over with an eager, wistful face, silent as the fish that would not bite, and perhaps he turned too quickly at Letty's words, and so overbalanced himself.

It was never clearly known how it happened, but suddenly across the ripple of Letty's comments and ejaculations there came a frightened cry, a splash of disturbed water, and Judith's anguished

"Teddy! Teddy! Oh, save him quick!" rang out.

Harry gave one bewildered glance round, and then the empty place at the bow explained everything. He was a practised swimmer; it was but the work of a second to ship the sculls, to fling off his flannel jacket—in another instant he would have plunged in after the child, but in the very act of springing overboard he was pinned by Letty, who flung herself upon him with an hysterical sob.

"Not you!" she cried; "not you!" She circled him with her arms, half stifling him with the closeness of her grasp.

"Harry, Harry!" she moaned; "if you are drowned, what shall I do?"

He tried with fierce words to free himself from her clutch, but she clung to him with an hysterical strength that defied him. A cold, leaden weight was at his heart.

"Would you see the child drowned before our eyes?" he said. "Do you want him to die?"

"If you go into the river I shall go too!" she sobbed out, still frantically clinging to him. "You are mine; I cannot let you go; I cannot live without you!"

He struggled no longer; he sank down on the bench. Her stronger will had paralysed him, and while he knew it with a sense of scorching shame, he was dimly conscious that his help was no longer needed now.

Winter, who had witnessed the catastrophe from the bank, had been swift to the rescue. With a few powerful strokes he was out in mid-stream, where the little man had disappeared for a second time. Judith had only eyes for him; not a word of what passed between the others had reached her. As she watched the strong swimmer the tension of her mind relaxed, the clutch of her dread yielded; she was aware of a sudden rush of comfort.

He would save Teddy! The little life that she loved so well would be given back to her! That calm, cool head and strong arm would not fail. It was only the space of a few heart-beats, but the emotions of a great part of her life seemed to be crowded into the pause before she saw the little form reappear, to be caught this time and held in a sure grasp. Her relief found outlet in a deep, sighing sob. She pressed her hands against her eyes; it was not yet the time for tears.

"Pull in shore," she said, in a voice that to Harry's ear had a bitter ring of scorn.

She had not a word of comfort to spare for Letty's terrors, nor, indeed, a thought for either her or Harry. They were as nothing for the moment in her eyes.

Harry disengaged himself from Letty's clinging arms; she was still sobbing out her fears and dreads, but he had no consolation to offer. A burning sense of anger and shame was raging in

him. He lifted her back to her seat, and he turned the boat's head to the bank.

Judith sprang on to the beach almost before he could touch it. It was she who took Teddy from Winter's arms. The child lay helpless and senseless there; no light in the closed eyes, no smiles on the sweet mouth, no struggle for life in the active limbs.

She looked up at Winter, and her own face blanched with fear.

"Is he—is he—" she began, but her lips refused to form the question.

"He hasn't come round yet," he hastened to assure her. "Don't despair. Do you know what to do?"

"Yes," she answered; "let me do it! Don't let any one else come!"

"You must get him out of those things as quickly as possible."

She stripped off the little wet coat with fingers whose trembling she stilled with an effort, and wrapped the child in Harry's flannel jacket, which Winter brought her. She knew what to do, and she did it calmly enough, though a sickening fear took root and grew in her heart.

Had the little spark of life gone out beyond recall? No; at last, under her patient friction, there was a fluttering and a quivering of the eyelids, a faint shiver and thrill of the reluctant spirit that had so nearly escaped.

Judith looked up with a strange, solemn gladness in her face.

"God has given him back to us!" she said. "Let us take him home."

"Let me carry him," said Winter. "We are not far from help; there is an old inn close at hand where we might get a carriage."

"No, he is mine; I can carry him, I am strong. Ah, you are all wet," she said, suddenly, "and I have let you stay here all this time! You must go and change—"

"It is nothing; I am used to it," he said, but he was grateful that she could spare him a thought.

She had wrapped the boy in a rug that some one, remembering the evening return, had thrown into the boat. She folded it round him and held him close—very near her beating heart. Her eyes, as she let them fall on her burden, were full of unutterable tenderness and gratitude; her love and her joy and deep thankfulness gave her strength.

"You are sure you can carry him?" Winter asked.

"Quite sure—please let me," she said humbly, "he has been so much to me."

He said no more, but he looked at her with a sudden pang of envy and desire, and a longing that mastered him. He was blind no longer: at last he knew his secret.

Neither of them gave so much as a thought to the other pair of voyagers, who seemed to have no part in the tragedy. Letty, who had conquered her sobs and rearranged her draperies, had once indeed drawn near that other group doing battle

with death under the summer sunlight, but she shrank away again very quickly with the aversion of her order from the spectacle of suffering. Something in Judith's sad, stern, set face overawed her, and she crept away without a word.

To whom should she go for the comfort she felt herself to need? Not to Harry. Her quick instinct told her that this was not the moment to claim his sympathy. Perhaps in the midst of her self-pity, her sense of undeserved loneliness, she had a passing fear of the fierce spirit she had aroused. Would it turn round and rend her?

And yet of all those gathered by this silent reach of the river, and so variously stirred and thrilled, he was the most to be pitied. He sat facing the placid water, held in a dismal and dreary wretchedness, conscious of nothing that went on around him. How the battle went over there he did not know and scarcely cared. He suffered a sick distaste of life: he was afraid—afraid of himself, afraid of Letty.

Those little clinging hands of hers had mastered him; she had made him a coward—Letty, to whom he had vowed a lasting faithfulness!

He clenched his hands, and the blood came up into his face. He was reduced to hoping that she would not come near him—would not appeal to him—would go home without him. He was in dread at that moment chiefly of his own cruelty.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—DARK DAYS.

ONCE more the doctor's carriage rolled up to the door of the big house; once more there were anxious faces and hushed steps and heavy hearts, and tears that nobody had shed when the mistress of the mansion was ill.

When one has numbered more than eighty years death is a guest on whose arrival one may count at any hour, but which of us has not a regret, a murmur, a grudge in yielding up the little child who comes and goes as a summer flower, and but makes a warm place for itself in love to leave it bare and empty? Death and youth, what have they in common? What has that grim messenger to do with innocence and love, and young, confiding hopefulness, that it must rob our hearth of these?

At first there was a resolute disbelief in every heart, a loud denial that Teddy could be leaving his little world. The doctor with the piebald horse, and his more prosperous town brother with the dashing greys, came rolling up the avenue and stood by the little bed where the boy lay in unquiet and fevered weariness. They looked very wise as they felt his pulse and pushed the hair away from the hot brow. They might say what they would for all Teddy cared; he was living in a dreamland of his own, full of strange fancies and visions and forlorn experiences, where he could not be touched by Judith's grief and tenderness. It was not the cruel river that had carried Teddy so far from his old life; there must have been a blow, a concussion, to cloud the weary little brain. They called his illness by some long and learned name, and they brought out that little formula of

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rest and quiet and care that they use when they would cheat death a while.

It was Judith who cut off the pretty brown ripples of hair and put ice on the child's hot head. She bathed the fevered hands, she soothed the terrified fancies, she sat hour after hour by the little bed, never moving from it lest she should miss some sign of returning consciousness. She dared not think, she could scarce breathe, she lived only for that moment when Teddy, to whom she had given all the wealth of her affection, should come back to her.

Sometimes one or other of the women would steal in with an apron lifted to the eyes to wipe away a silent tear. They had all loved the boy for his gaiety and his joyousness, his delight and trust in life. The sight of him wrung the first tears from Farthing's eyes that she had shed for many a long year.

Her old mistress had no tears, she never came to the little bedside from that first day when they brought Teddy home. Her temper was dreadful in those days, and only Farthing, who had felt its edge these fifty years, could bear its exactions. Farthing was quite gentle and forbearing, and sealed her lips from retort. She could guess, perhaps, what bitter pangs rent the old woman's heart; what a fierce revolt of anger and rage she suffered.

She who had bid defiance to death in her own person—was he to conquer her in the end by robbing her of everything that made life desirable? Children first—grandchildren too—and now this little one, the pride and hope of the family, the last of his race, must he go too? It did not humble her, this shadow of coming grief; it maddened and enraged her, and left her cold and hard to all the world.

When the family physician made his daily report, wrapping up his words in a delicate veil of mystery and doubt, she as good as told him to his face that he was a fool.

"The boy will recover," she said. "A cold—a chill—what is that? Haven't I been a thousand times worse over and over again, and here I am without an ache or ail? Do you suppose my great-grandson is such a weakling that he cannot stand a wetting? He inherits my constitution; the Severns were never cowards to give in at the first summons."

The physician bowed, and rubbed his white hands softly.

"An excellent constitution," he remarked, "was no doubt, the greatest help, the best friend of the doctor; and the Severn constitution, as her ladyship exemplified it, was, without question, magnificent."

"Then why do you come to me with your long face, and your hints and inuendoes, and your cautions?" flashed out the old lady.

Undoubtedly she was very detestable, and if it had not been for the cheques that passed very freely from her desk to the doctor's pocket, he would have thrown up the case and shaken the dust off his shoes at her threshold; but doctors, alas! no more than the rest of us, can afford the luxury of pique, and have to swallow a good many

insults between dawn and nightfall, and digest them as best they may.

Farthing was at one with the doctor, and never had had any hope from the beginning. She, too, spoke of constitution; but in her eyes it was a deadly disease, relentless in its working. She cited instances in her own family where this same constitution had demanded its tribute; she spoke to a listening and assenting audience in the house-keeper's room, where her assertion was supported by quite a wealth of examples offered by Claypole, the butler, and Mrs. Smith, and even by the deferential footman.

They were all on the side of death down there. The servants'-hall had made up its mind that Teddy was to die, and already, perhaps, it had provisioned the sad excitement of the funeral that would darkly take the place of marriage bells. Joy and sorrow, grief and laughter, the beginning of life and the end of it—it was a little epitome of the human drama that was playing itself out on the hilltop.

And all the while Judith kept watch with a strange, fierce fidelity, that permitted no one a share in it. Teddy had awakened her heart, and given her back her relish for life; he was all hers; she hardly snatched a moment to eat or sleep, in case Teddy should wake and ask for her.

In reply to Farthing's remonstrances, she answered mechanically that she was very strong, and that nothing tired her. Old Lady Severn's peremptory messages were all unheeded.

"Tell her I can't come," said Judith, absently, scarcely hearing the appeal, and when Farthing carried the message, softening it as best she could in the delivery, the old lady's anger knew no bounds.

"Does my granddaughter refuse to my face to come to me when I desire her? And my grandson—where is he? Am I to be forsaken, neglected, by everybody, because a child—a baby—has a cold? A cold! You will kill him among you, with your petting and molly-coddling and your long faces."

Farthing's face was long enough at the moment, and the sight of it exasperated her mistress to a fresh attack.

"It is me you want to kill," she said, trembling with the strength of her own passion; "you are weary of your service, Farthing; you neglect me, too, to run after this baby. You think I have lived too long. You would be glad if the grave were to open for me."

"Oh, my lady! my lady!" moaned Farthing.

She tried vainly to restrain herself; she burst into a sudden fit of sobbing.

"If you would only believe—if you would only understand!" she gasped.

"Understand? Believe? What am I to understand but that you have lost your senses? Stop crying!" she commanded, her own eyes dry, her face white with anger. "Do you think it improves you to have a red nose? Tears are very unbecoming to you, my good woman; your front is awry, and your eyelids will be red for days. There—go; I have had enough of your emotions."

Farthing meekly took her grief out of the room;

perhaps it was unbecoming, but at least it came from her heart. And so the battle raged while Teddy was still held in feverish dreams, and life and death hung in the balance.

Lady Severn would not budge an inch. She insisted that the wedding preparations should go on as before, though the bridegroom had vanished.

Milliners and seamstresses stitched unceasingly, and presents kept dropping in, though it was Lady Severn who took them out of their wrappings and acknowledged them in the name of her granddaughter.

The servants whispered and commented and shook their heads, but the routine of the house went on the same as ever. Bells rang to prayers and lunch and dinner, and the mistress of the house presided at them all. Sometimes Winter—who climbed the hill every day—remained to dine; he bore, with a manly gentleness, his hostess's caprices, her sudden flashes of anger; perhaps he understood her better than she understood herself, and he did what lay in him to humour her. Harry's absence was an additional offence. He was not among the absent watchers.

"How can I go back?" he said, bitterly. "That door is shut to me. The little chap is dying, and I am as good as his murderer. Shall I go back and pretend to be Judith's lover, and hang about waiting for the child's last breath to step into his shoes?"

Letty would have had him go back, or at least remain within call, but her power over him was weakened, and she was quick enough to know it. The present was certainly not the time for his confession to be made; even he recognised that, but on the whole it might be as well to send Harry out of temptation. Letty, as we know, had determined that there should be no repenting or acknowledging until their transgression was past mending. So she let Harry escape her, and bury himself in London once more.

"He will miss me there, and will repent of his crossness and unkindness. I saved him, very likely, from drowning; and as for poor little Teddy, his chances were far safer in Mr. Winter's hands. I must bear with Harry's reproaches and scruples while the moody fit is on him." This was how she argued. "He will miss me in London, and will come back," she said, with a smile, certain still of her own ascendancy.

She remained at the Star and Garter, and daily walked to the lodge to receive the last bulletin from the house. Once she ventured to go up to the sick-room; she entered the house by a side door, and passed upstairs unhindered. The silence and hush struck and chilled her. All the doors and windows were open, and only the sounds of the green June outer world came into the big house.

Could anything have happened? Letty stood still and held her breath. If Teddy were to die! Did she wish him to die? Would she be glad if he recovered? She asked herself the question, and she did not dare to answer it. She was afraid to look into her own heart.

The door of the sick-room was wide open too, and she paused on the threshold, where she faced the little bed. Teddy lay in a flushed slumber, his head pillowed on Judith's arm. She sat as still as if she had been carved in marble. The gentle air fanned the flowers in the window, and stirred the gay prints on the wall, but she never moved. Teddy's canary sang out loud and jubilant, but neither watcher nor sleeper heard it.

Letty felt a hot impulse to strangle the bird; perhaps its notes sounded too dangerously like the voice of her own triumph. Her involuntary movement as she lifted her hand attracted Judith at last. She scarcely moved her head; her face was white, and her dark eyes sombre. She looked at Letty—at first with a vague, absent glance, then, as her recognition of the drooping figure and the appealing face grew, there crossed her own a momentary expression of hardness, of repulsion. It was so fleeting that it was scarcely definable, but Letty shrank under it—for the first time in their joint lives she felt afraid of Judith.

She turned away as silently as she had come, and was slipping down the corridor when she came face to face with Great-grandmamma.

Letty fell back, startled and amazed. Lady Severn had not been known to leave her own floor for years; yet she had apparently come upstairs alone and without aid.

"Well, Mrs. Letitia Garston," she said, surveying Letty's shrinking figure with a fine disdain, "to what may we owe the honour of your presence? Perhaps you have a mind to occupy the red bedroom again, and have been giving orders for its preparation?"

"I—I—was asking for Teddy," said Letty, shaken from her usual courage.

"You, too! And pray why does not my grandson come also and ask for Teddy, since it pleases you all to consider him an invalid? Is Harry afraid of infection? Perhaps he thinks the doctor will tell him he is dying too, and, with the cowardice of his generation, he will believe him!"

"How should I know?" faltered Letty, looking up furtively into the hard, keen, old face.

"Ah! how indeed should you know? Yet if you should chance to see him, you may tell him I expect his return before the 21st. We must let him have his little holiday before we tether him, must we not? That is but fair; his days of roving are nearly over."

The widow had nothing to say in reply. Her grandmother's irony and her suavity frightened her. Could Harry have breathed a hint? She grew cold as she thought of it.

"Come here," Lady Severn went on, "I hear that you are a young person of some taste, though you scarcely exhibited it in your choice of a husband. Let me have your opinion on the drapery of this skirt."

She led the way into a large room where Market and the sempstresses sat at work. Scraps of ribbon and lace lay all about, and on a stand by itself hung the wedding garment, Judith's bridal

satin. The sight gave Letty the severest pang she had yet felt. She was dumb before all her grandmother's questions and appeals.

Lady Severn was very gracious. She would have Letty look at everything and pass judgment

to set foot in the big house again while she was the widow of Dick Garston. Indeed, when she went home to the hotel she set about packing her boxes and portmanteaus without delay. When she had finished she sat down to write to Harry.



HIS GLANCE JUST THEN FELL ON THE PORTRAIT OF THE LATE CAPTAIN GARSTON

on all the finery. Never before had she bestowed so many words on the little widow, who, on her part, stammered and hesitated and hung her head.

"Judith will be able to face the county without being ashamed of her toilet, will she not?" the grandmother asked, with a satirical smile in her bright old eyes. "Your taste is admirable, my dear, since it entirely coincides with mine. You have not made a single suggestion or criticism!"

Letty went away glad to escape, resolved never

It was a long letter, and kinder, tenderer than usual. She told him how cruel his grandmother was, and how Judith, too, was absorbed in the boy, who was getting better, and, indeed, would soon be well again. She had herself seen him sleeping tranquilly. Harry need reproach himself and her no more. Then she told him how lonely she was, and how she missed him, and finally she let him know that she was going to town on the next day, and begged him to meet her at the station.

She could not afford now to wait for his surrender. Great-grandmother was an enemy whose tactics one was forced to respect, and to meet with opposing tactics of one's own.

These little arrangements all completed, Letitia rang and ordered her bill to be ready next morning, after which she went downstairs with quite a cheerful face to eat her last dinner in Richmond.

"The Valley of Lost Sunsets."

"Behind that misty ridge the suns of many yesterdays were lying in a valley that must be all golden with their shining.
—From "Great-Grandmamma Severn."

BEHIND the misty ridge of blue
The suns of all the yesterdays
Fill all the valley hid from view
With one transcendent golden blaze.
What other treasures harbour here,
—Lost treasures that the past have blest?—
Perchance "the snows of yesteryear;"
The birds that flew from last year's nest.

There where the gilded light is fed
By suns of all the yesterdays,
The roses of lost summers shed
Their scented petals o'er the ways,
'Mid sounds of all the brooks that purled,
And whispering trees, and songs of birds;
Lost myriad voices that the world
Made music to the heart's own words.

Here, too, their beauty re-illumed
By suns of all the yesterdays,
Our lost illusions lie entombed
In shimmering veils of sunset haze.
Those glints of Heaven that with us stayed
When thence to Earth we newly stepped,
But doomed—ah me!—to fail and fade
As slowly on through life we crept.

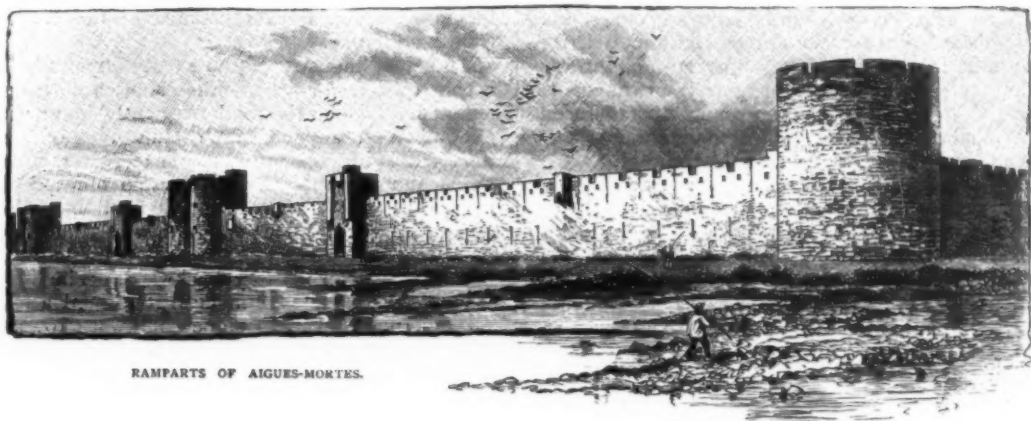
Here dallying in the golden beams
Of suns of all the yesterdays
Are dreams that once were only dreams,
And hopes fulfilled without delays.
Here life's lost morning breaks once more
With bloom of lovely youth eterne,
And Time, from out his garnered store,
Lets all our wasted hours return.

And here, maybe, we'll find erewhile,
With suns of all the yesterdays,
Lost voices speak, lost faces smile,
Lost eyes look back our loving gaze.
Old love will live, old hurts be healed,
Old ills forgot in new-found good;
And in that glorious light revealed
Old errors will be understood.

Farewell, oh, sun! that joins to-night
The suns of all the yesterdays,
Merging your solitary light
In their entirety. The days
Are shortening now; when done they be,
I'll climb the ridge—that lies so far
I cannot reach it now—and see
The "Valley where Lost Sunsets are."

H. M. WAITHMAN.

IN THE DESERT OF THE LOWER RHONE.



RAMPARTS OF AIGUES-MORTES.

[T is probable that no two persons feel the influences of nature in exactly the same way.

Each man's standard of perfection in natural beauty is just the highest measure of pleasurable excitement which a certain combination of the elements composing the forms and colours of this world happens to produce upon him. But it is not only those influences which all agree to proceed from beauty, although they may variously affect the minds that respond to them, which produce this pleasurable excitement; the desolation, the monotony, the terror of nature have a fascination for many of us which it is easier to recognise than to account for.

What tempted me to tramp among the dismal swamps of the Rhône where it branches out into a delta and from being a swift current moves sluggishly over the flat land towards the scarcely lower Mediterranean, was not altogether the desire to see the curious monuments of mediæval art which I knew were to be found in this region; the fascination of the wasteful solitude also drew me thither. There was the certain prospect of a vast horizon, of immensity both of land and sky, of that sensation of utter loneliness which is as stimulating to thought while it is a novelty as it is depressing when it has ceased to be such.

The country of the Lower Rhône was not always sad and silent as those plains where Asiatic and African cities of antiquity have disappeared under the sand. For the Phocians to have colonised it and for Arles to have become the "Rome of Gaul" the region must have been much more inviting then to civilisation than it is now. The forces of nature have here proved more than a match for the genius and energy of man. The sea is ever throwing its sand up the Rhône, the surface of which even in summer is nearly on a level with the surrounding country; hence the great marshes of the Camargue; hence, too, the complete destruction of the maritime trade of Arles, once a flourishing port, but now only to be

approached from the sea by barges of light draught.

The mistral, which had been gradually lessening in force for days, had so spent its strength that the sun in the clear March sky shone with the warmth of early summer as I walked out of Nîmes and took the road to St. Gilles. The district that lies between these towns is not a part of the desert just spoken of, but it is on the confines of it. For a few miles the road, planted on each side with poplars, ran as straight as an arrow across a plain cut up into innumerable cornfields, but without a hedge, a wall, or a fence to separate them. The phylloxera had quite destroyed the old vineyards here as elsewhere in Lower Languedoc, but feeble and half-hearted attempts had been made to return to the vine cultivation by the aid of American stocks. The first signs of the great marshes which lay to the south soon showed themselves. Oozy ditches which ran parallel with the long flat road were filled with large shining leaves of the arum, among which multitudes of toads and frogs gambolled and croaked. In pleasant contrast to their music was the rapturous singing of the larks overhead.

After passing a broad-faced peasant, who honoured me with a grin, I saw no human being until I reached a small hamlet at the foot of a range of low hills. Here I entered a little inn where the family were sitting down to dinner, for so the midday meal is still termed by the French peasantry. Their repast consisted of a very watery vegetable soup, and there being apparently only enough for themselves they did not offer me any. I was therefore saved the trouble of declining it. Excepting the soup, I had the best that the house could afford, namely, eggs, olives, bread, and wine. I asked for the eggs boiled—the safest way of eating them when confidence has been shaken in the cleanliness of fingers and frying-pan. My hostess brought them to me in a basin into which she had conscientiously emptied the water wherein they

were boiled. Then she expected me not only to fish them out of the hot water, but also to eat them with my fingers. With some misgiving I asked for a spoon, and at length the inn did produce a pewter utensil of this character, the point of which could, with a little forcing, be introduced into an egg. It was quite irritating to see a billiard-table in a place where the simplicity of manners in other respects was so delightfully primitive. If the house was poor in provisions it was rich in dogs. I had no sooner commenced my frugal meal than several of these animals surrounded me and stared at me with such eager, glistening, hungry eyes full of silent reproaches at my greediness, that I was compelled to feed them for my own comfort's sake. Then there was a bantam cock that kept close to my feet and picked up every crumb that the dogs thought beneath their notice. For my eggs, bread, bottle of wine, and olives, I paid in English money what would be exactly a shilling.

The next stage was more solitary than the first. It was a nine-miles' walk, without a village or hamlet on the road. I was just gaining the open country when a man stopped me and asked if I sold stationery. He did not look as if he wanted to buy any. He was probably one of those persons who never hesitate to hazard a question to satisfy their curiosity. I was not at all offended at being taken for a pedlar, for I had grown accustomed to such hasty reasoning respecting my occupation. Lunching once at a restaurant in Avignon with a fellow-tramp, our astonishment at being served with a remarkable number of dishes for the sum of two francs was set at rest by the proprietor coming forward as we rose to leave, and saying, with a low bow and bland smile, "I hope *ces messieurs* will come again, and bring some of their comrades."

"Comrades? We are strangers here."

"But *ces messieurs* belong to the circus?"

"What circus?"

"The English circus that has just arrived."

He had taken us for clowns or acrobats. We were obliged to undeceive him, although this was rather distressing after he had so taxed the resources of his larder and kitchen in order to draw custom.

The country which I was now crossing consisted of plains or low table-lands, showing scant vegetation beyond an occasional wood of holly, but dotted over at distances of two or three miles or less by substantially built homesteads, nearly surrounded by dense groves of cypresses and pines. These farmhouses, called *mas* in the Languedocian dialect, standing in the midst of their sombre groves, only add to the mournfulness of the land. The groves are intended less for ornament than for use. Without them existence would be much less bearable than it is throughout the long summer in these scorching plains. Nature here in the hot months keeps all her sweetness for the brief twilight, the early morning, and the moonlit nights; at other times she is harsh and repellent. The Languedocian, like the Englishman, is strongly attached to his home, because

the asperities of climate so frequently compel him to take refuge in it. He needs not only frequent shelter from the sun, but also from the fierce mistral—the master-wind that lifts the stones off the ground in its fury, and often blows for days together. The Languedocian, moreover, loves his grove, where he has listened to the cicadas from his infancy.

The chief industry of the scanty population is corn-growing, for which the land seems well adapted. I found the road frequently lined with almond-trees, among which multitudes of bees hummed as they flew from flower to flower. Marigolds and coltsfoot in full blossom relieved the prevailing brown of the wayside and the fallow fields with golden patches. The winter had been unusually severe for the South of France, and spring flowers were very backward. The land, which had gradually risen until it formed a wide plateau, now began to slope southward towards an immense plain, where in the far distance broad pools of water were flashing gorgeously in the early evening sunlight. They were the outlying puddles of the great lakes and marshes of the Camargue. In the plain I found the olive-gardens again which had disappeared soon after I left Nîmes.

When I was about a mile from St. Gilles I was overtaken on the road by a rustic youth who was driving a cart with a long beam jutting out behind. He stopped his horse and asked me, half in Languedocian and half in French, if I would like to take a seat upon this beam. The invitation pleased me, for the sultriness of the weather had made me languid and weary. So I thanked the bucolic youth, and jumped upon the curious tailboard. As soon as I was seated he whipped the horse, and away we went at a pace which would have been merry enough had I not been placed in so delicate a situation. There was a springing movement in the beam, which tossed me two or three inches in the air every second or so.

"Tiens-toi!" shouted my new acquaintance, whose *tutoiement* implied no disrespect.

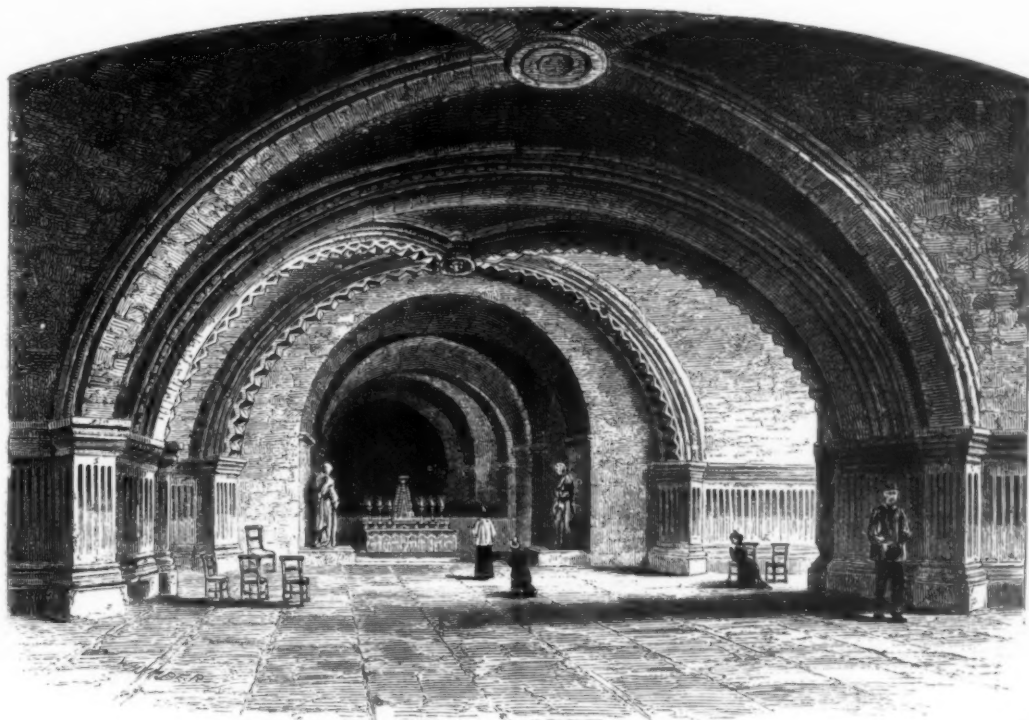
To be sure, I did hold on, and very tightly, but I could not have borne another half mile of such jerking.

The town of St. Gilles—a very important place in the middle ages, containing numerous churches and monastic houses, and attracting multitudes of pilgrims yearly from various parts of Europe—has now only six thousand inhabitants. It was so battered about during the religious wars that it shows few traces of its mediæval splendour. For this reason it is far less picturesque than other towns in Languedoc which escaped the devastating wars because they never became strong enough to attract to themselves the successive waves of human fury such as ruined even the ruins of St. Gilles. The vestiges which it can show of its once magnificent abbey church render it, nevertheless, one of the most interesting places in the South of France.

The founder of this celebrated abbey was an Athenian, whose name became Latinised into

Ægidius, and who is known to us Englishmen—especially to Londoners—as St. Giles. Although of kingly origin, he chose the life of a hermit, and came to Provence in the year 663. Through the bounty of the Visigoth Flavius Wamba, he was enabled to found a monastery on a desert spot which he had already selected for his hermitage; and around this nucleus the town of Saint Gilles sprang up as the pilgrims to the shrine of St. Ægidius increased in number. The monks of Saint Gilles at length adopted the rule of St. Benedict, but other orders also founded important establishments here, such as the Templars and the Knights

of exterior wall, tells us that the building of the upper church was commenced in April, 1116. Three other churches had been pulled down to make room for it. The length was 285 feet, and the breadth 83. The design, which was prepared at the Abbey of Cluny, was that of a nave with two aisles and an apsidal choir. We can judge, from the ruined arches of the choir, how noble this portion of the structure must have been. Round the *deambulatorium* were numerous chapels. The elegance, harmony, and pure proportions of the details, and the loftiness of the vaulting, although the Roman arch was still



CRYPT OF ST. GILES.

of St. John of Jerusalem. Of all these conventional buildings nothing now remains. The most ancient piece of architecture is the crypt under the abbey church, which dates from the eleventh century. Like most crypts constructed while the basilican style was still in vogue, it was intended to be used for religious services. Its high altar was consecrated by Pope Urban II in 1095. Its vaults, of prodigious span and strength, were designed to carry an upper church that would be the most splendid basilica in the whole of Gaul. Upon entering this crypt you are so seized by the gloom that the eye for a while can distinguish nothing clearly, but presently the rich carving of capitals and archivolts grows out of the dimness, and you become aware of the imperishable spirit of ancient art reviving as the winter of the dark ages was passing away.

A Latin inscription, still legible on a fragment

adhered to, must have produced an effect little inferior in grandeur to that of some of the finest Gothic choirs of the thirteenth century. The capitals of some of the columns are closely imitated from the Corinthian order; others are cubiform, indicating Byzantine influence. From traces that are left, the zigzag moulding appears to have been much used as an embellishment of archivolts.

It is, however, upon the façade that the interest of this Romano-Byzantine church chiefly centres. It has been wonderfully preserved when all the violence from which the edifice has suffered is considered. If the design has something in common with that of the Latin Christian basilica, Byzantine principles predominate. French architects refer to it as a specimen of Byzantine architecture, but it is in reality a style apart, illustrating a combination of Eastern and Western taste. It

is an incrustation of sculpture superbly fine and delicate in workmanship but conveying a general impression of immoderate æstheticism semi-barbaric in its tendency to stifle art with ornament. The composition is confined rigidly within straight lines like a piece of embroidery within a wooden frame, or elaborate carvings on the panel of a cabinet. The cornice, which answers for the upper part of the frame, is but a few inches higher than the uppermost archivolt; above this there is only blank wall. This façade is pierced with three portals, and it is upon these and the parts dependent upon them that so much marble has been lavished in carved facings and statues. The lateral portals are of inferior elevation to the central one; they project beyond it, and are connected with it by a continuous entablature supported by columns with Corinthian capitals. The numerous receding archivolts over the portals, in the enrichments of which the pearl and egg moulding is conspicuous, form a beautiful and imposing feature.

In the sculpture of the friezes and tympana the figures are more or less badly proportioned, the heads being in some cases grotesquely large; but in the composition of the groups, and in the dexterous chiselling, the work is in advance of the sculpture applied to the human form of our Northern Gothic churches of a century later. The southern artists had the advantage over their northern brethren of being able to study from antique models—an advantage which they might have turned to still better account. Most of the bas-reliefs have been mutilated, but some of them are in an excellent state of preservation. Below the friezes are niches containing large statues of the twelve Apostles. Some of them were sadly battered by the Revolutionists of '94.

The façade appears to have been spared by the Reformers of the sixteenth century, who completely ruined the interior. The Apostles can be all identified by the Scriptural texts inscribed upon the open books or scrolls which they carry in their hands. Thus St. John is distinguished by the first words of his Gospel: "*In principio erat verbum.*" Some of the sculptures which ornament the façade are fantastically allegorical, such as, for example, the figures of three indescribable winged beings in the act of crushing under foot three hideous monsters. Some are curiously anachronistic, such as the figure of Goliath in the armour of a warrior of the twelfth century. Griffins, dragons, lions, centaurs, monkeys, and other animals, real and fabulous, mingle with saints and angels. Two figures of Apostles in the jambs of the central portal stand upon crouching lions. The favourite ornamentation of plain surface is the fret pattern, which, together with the pearl and egg mouldings, shows that the sculptors were strongly influenced by classic traditions. On the other hand, arabesques of exquisite workmanship exhibit the intermixture of Oriental taste. When the world was seven centuries younger the front of the abbey church of Saint Gilles must have glistened in the sun like snow, but its white marble has turned grey and yellow with time.

Among the ruins of the choir standing behind

the existing church, which was built to the old façade, is a tower enclosing a staircase which led to one of the galleries for the use of the congregation. This staircase goes by the name of the "Screw of Saint Gilles." Its spiral vaulting is still regarded as a triumph of mathematical science applied to masonry, and it has served as the model of similar structures in various countries.

I studied the façade of the old abbey under difficulties. The town urchins had apparently established their playground by predilection upon the church steps and parvis. There they chased one another, rolled over one another, and rent the air which ought in such a place to have been solemnly still, with their strident screams. Some, who seemed to have realised the advantages of compulsory education, were writing or drawing with chalk or bits of stone upon the sculptured marbles seven hundred years old. There was no beadle, no sacristan, no priest to curb their misdirected animal spirits. Old women—some wearing the little sugar-loaf coiffure of Arles, which to Northern eyes gives a singular air of frivolity to old age, and displaying a great deal of wrinkled yellow neck, entered the church clasping their rosaries in their withered hands, to say some prayers and came out again, but took no notice of the children. In the little square a woman now and again would appear upon her threshold to overturn a pail or to send the dirty water flying into the middle of the road, but she, no more than the old people bent on praying, took any heed of the urchins. So long as they amused themselves by scratching upon the Apostles' feet and the lions' foreheads, everybody seemed to be well satisfied. A lean and haggard cat crossing the square actually did look out of its yellow eyes unpleasantly at the children, but the expression plainly said: "Do just what you like to the Apostles, but don't throw stones at me."

What a strange inert life the people lead in these mausoleums of the past which are called towns in Lower Languedoc! One can almost believe that the races which have disappeared from the land, but have added to it successive layers of bones, send forth a miasm that, without destroying life, renders it languid and spiritless.

There is an old house at Saint Gilles which deserves to be mentioned, because it is one of the very few specimens which exist of domestic architecture that is purely Romanesque. It is said that Pope Clement IV was born in it in the year 1265. After being woefully degraded it has been classed with historic monuments by the French Government, and restored to what was no doubt its original appearance. The most striking peculiarities are the imbricated lozenge ornament running along the façade at different elevations, and the blind arches scooped, as it were, out of the wall, some of the trefoil shape, others nearly circular, which crown the arched heads of the window-lights. These lights are separated by slender graceful columns with diversified capitals.

The morning after my arrival at Saint Gilles I was on the road to Aigues-Mortes, but the sun

was rather high before I started. I went in the direction of those pools of water which I saw flashing up to the verge of the southern horizon on the previous afternoon. So summer-like was the weather that clusters of red berries on some hawthorns mingling with the light green of the very young leaves seemed quite fantastic and unreal. The first few miles of the journey were enlivened by company. I passed a small troop of turkeys with a blustering old cock at their head, that looked capable of setting himself on fire with his own wattles, then a troop of screaming guineahens; and, being in an idle humour, I was myself overtaken by some Landais pedlars, wearing the *béret*, which would be called without hesitation a "Scotch cap" in England, and afterwards by several labourers tramping to a fresh district in search of work with their bundles and their tools on their backs. The men were all provided with cloaks, a precaution which the sudden changes of the climate render necessary. Then I was overtaken by a stolid looking farmer in a trap, and he, moved by pity or curiosity, invited me to take a seat beside him. I did so, and the first question he asked me was, "Are you a traveller for the Salvation Army?" He could not have asked me anything that would have astonished me more. This man dropped me soon, for his *mas* was not far from the spot where we met.

I made a halt at a wretched hamlet called Galician, and turned into an inn that was little better than a hovel. The enervating moist heat—I had now reached the marshes—gave me neuralgia, but I stopped it in time with some absinth. Then I lunched upon the best food that I could obtain; this was some very good cheese made from sheep's milk, eggs, olives, and bread. The wine that was given me was the pure juice of the grape, but it had been grown in the Camargue, and the saline soil had imparted to it a slight taste of salt.

The rest of my day's journey was made along

the towing-path of the canal that connects Le Crau du Roi on the coast with Beaucaire. From the point where I now struck it, it ran in a perfectly straight line to Aigues-Mortes, with marshes on both sides, filled with reeds and sedges of last year's growth. There were low bushes of tamarisk just beginning to bud, and still lower, bushes



GATEWAY OF AIGUES-MORTES.

of salicorn, which never has leaves, but puts forth instead of them jointed fleshy sprouts filled with a saline juice which makes them not a bad substitute for pickles. Splashes of this salicorn occasionally relieved the prevailing brown of the dead reeds and sedges with a flush of russet-red. More pleasing to the eye in this desert of sombre tones were small white patches of narcissus, whose flowers generally grew where they could not be gathered without wading through the marsh. Gulls that had come inland to fish, and other water-fowl, screamed dismally among the reeds, and myriads of frogs kept up an incessant chorus with their elfish croaking. And yet this walk was not altogether solitary. First I met a barge with a sail coming gaily up the canal with the strong breeze that had set in; then a bigger barge, gorgeously painted yellow-and-red, with a shoulder-of-mutton sail, but nevertheless towed by a couple of horses, one of which was ridden by a girl. Her face was as brown as those of the bargees who sang while they steered. I likewise met a fellow-tramp, a genuine one, who did not tramp in

search of the picturesque. He had a small bundle slung over his shoulder. As we drew near one another he stopped short, and addressed me as follows: "Voyageur, n'est ce pas? Vous êtes dans le grand; moi, je suis dans le petit." After such a compliment I could not do less than give him some sous; so he parted from me on excellent terms.

I now passed a farmhouse lying two or three miles away to the right on land a little higher than the surrounding marshes. This is all that remains of the ancient and famous Benedictine Abbey of Psalmody, which, after being destroyed by the Saracens, was rebuilt by Charlemagne in the eighth century. The monks kept up the *psalterium perpetuum*; day after day, year after year, century after century, the mournful chorus sounded incessantly over the ever silent waters; the singers disappeared from their stalls, and, with their cowls drawn over their faces, were lowered coffinless into their shallow graves; but others took their places, and chanted the same psalms to the

the waste of waters. Connected with this tower I could distinguish a line of battlemented ramparts, with lower towers rising above it, and projecting beyond it at intervals. The wall of Aigues-Mortes was in front of me. In less than an hour afterwards I passed into the town through a massive archway, where, in the vault above, once hung the portcullis.

I have been in many a little quiet town, but never in one so small and so silent as Aigues-Mortes. In the crooked, narrow streets—where the paving-stones of all shapes and sizes seemed to have been merely thrown down and there left to settle into the earth under the feet of the passing centuries—scarcely a figure moved. Even the few that were seen looked like ghosts in the twilight. There were no human voices; no sounds except the frog-chorus, that came with ever-growing distinctness at the approach of night from beyond the walls.

I managed to find an inn—the only one in the town worthy of the name. It was quite modern



THE TOWER OF CONSTANCE, AIGUES-MORTES.

same notation, and there was no apparent change. All things, however, have their ending; the peasant now stalls his cattle where the abbots of Psalmody ruled as spiritual and temporal lords.

A high round tower came into view, with the golden flash upon it of the sun now sinking into

and uninteresting, having been built apparently for the accommodation of the few commercial travellers and persons of an archæological turn of mind, who are almost the only visitors that Aigues-Mortes receives. After dining, chiefly on fish and wild duck—the staple food of the inhabitants of

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this region, which in all other respects is poor indeed—I went out in search of fresh sensations. Although the inn was in the centre of the town, three minutes' walk brought me outside the wall. There was no moon, but the night was not so dark that the face of the country and the perspective of the ramparts, even to the indentations of the battlements, alternating an indigo sky with the more sombre stone, could not be distinctly seen. In that black-blue vault overhead stars gleamed and cast their reflections upon the great salt pools, the desolate lagoons, and the reedy swamps; so that incalculable will-o'-the-wisps seemed to be resting on the bosom of the dark water that reached to within a few yards of the wall, at the foot of which the rank grass grew. As I stood still the frogs came out of the pool with a croak that might have meant love or defiance, and disported upon the sand along the water-line. The air was full of the voices of these reptiles, but the sound was so monotonous that it was like silence. When some aquatic bird shrieked as it flew past, or from its nest far out among the reeds, this weird silence was abruptly and harshly broken.

The ramparts might have been the wall of a cemetery, so solemnly still was the little town within. Well is it called Dead Waters. Plunging torrents of human purpose, enthusiasm begotten by a shining ideal, have foamed into it, and have foamed out again, to be made one with the great sea of exhausted, unavailing effort and generous human aspiration. There is no spot in Europe that tells the story of the Crusades like Aigues-Mortes. The Crusaders destroyed many towns; this one they built. This miserable cluster of houses, surrounded by its thirteenth-century wall and towers, lying in the midst of the great marshes by the historic sea whose pebbles are books, is like a little heap of ashes left by that once mighty conflagration. And yet this strange old wall—the ruined wall of Damietta rebuilt in

the desert of Gaul as a monument of St. Louis's glorious exploit—is a trace singularly lasting and impressive compared to those which the greatest human movements are wont to leave in the world.

I walked around these ramparts several times, for the woeful solitude, with its associations, held me as by a spell. At length I entered one of the gateways, and returned to the inn through the dark and now quite deserted streets.

If it be true that St. Louis's fleet of a thousand ships assembled at Aigues-Mortes to take on board his thirty-six thousand Crusaders, the physical conditions of the region must have been very different in the thirteenth century from what they are now. The town is at present about four miles from the sea, and not even a barge can get any nearer to it otherwise than by canal. But local tradition quite upholds Joinville's narrative of the Crusade as far as it relates to the embarkation.

The ramparts of Aigues-Mortes, which nearly form a quadrangle, are not so ornamental and graceful as those of Avignon, for they lack the machicolations of these last and other details which exhibit an artistic feeling and motive apart from the grim necessities of defence. But although they are considerably older than those of the Papal city, they are in a much better state of preservation. With the exception of the towers, which now only show vestiges of their battlements, they have remained until the present day almost unchanged. The elevation has been diminished by the filling up of the moat, but the walls, with their loopholes and crenellations, offer very little trace of the influence of six centuries otherwise than by their deepened colour. The high tower which I had noticed on approaching the town was built by St. Louis in 1246. It stands outside the line of ramparts, with which, however, it is connected by a protected passage. It is a gloomy mass, with walls of vast thickness, and a few long slits to let in light, and to let out arrows and bolts.

EDWIN BARKER.

Farewell.

FAREWELL! What mortal ear hath never heard
That little whisper echo like a knell?
Ah! where is he who knoweth not the word,
The mournful word—"Farewell"?

Strong men have spoken it; the life-blood wrenched
By this one utterance as by deathly pain
From bearded lips, that trembled not nor blenched
Upon the battle-plain.

And tender hearts of women, held in thrall
With anguish earth could never more dispel,
Have found perchance the keenest pang of all
In some low-breathed "Farewell!"

Oh, these farewells! Why, see how day by day
The very children grow beyond our ken;
The little ones we love soon slip away,
And join the ranks of men.

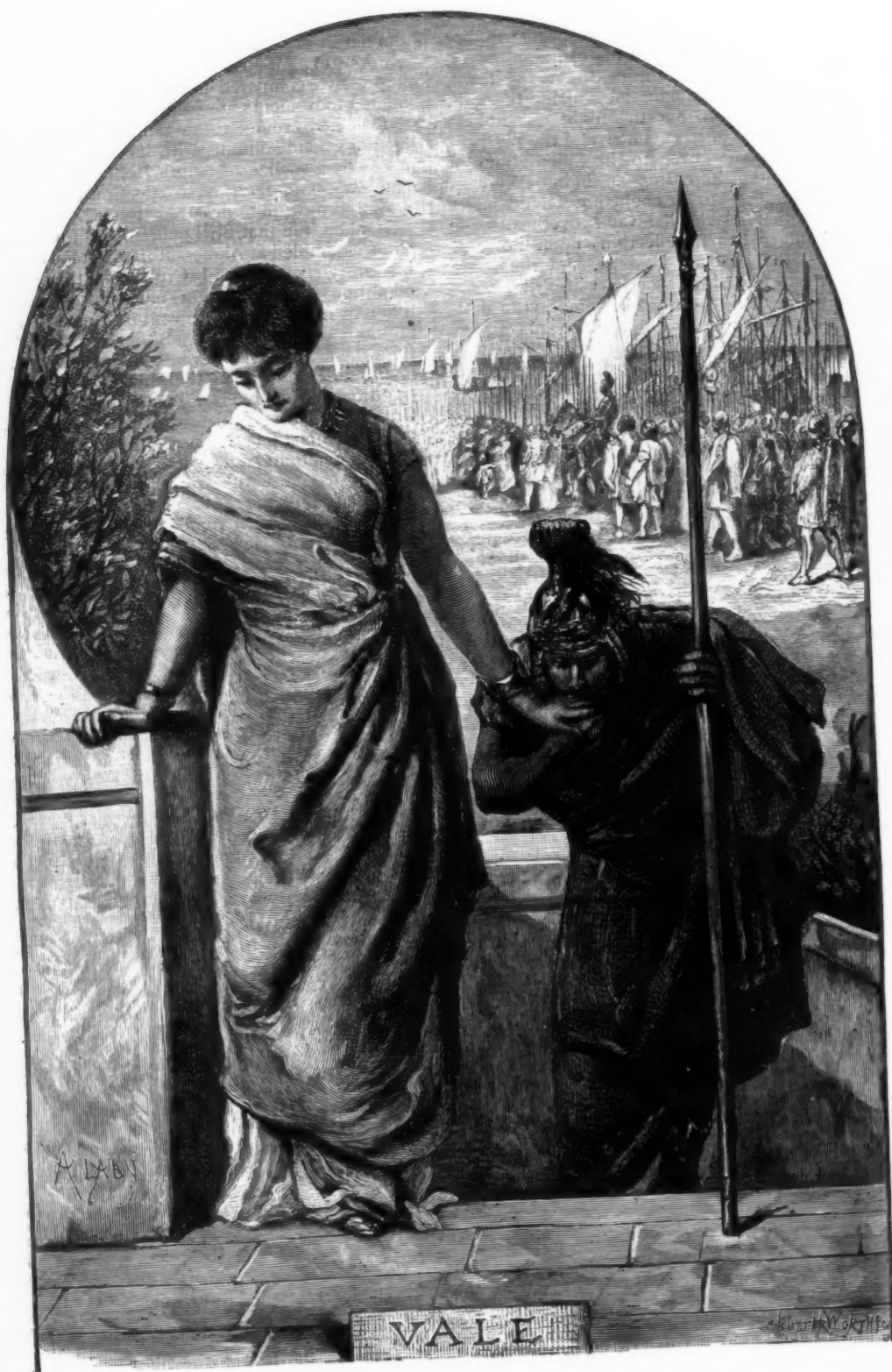
Farewell, again! Fast fades the cherished dream,
Blurred by a mist of tears in secret shed;
Anon there comes that parting hour supreme
Beside the quiet dead.

Not only we, who live and love and hate,
And proudly chafe within our narrow range,
Not only we, but things of lower state
Show Nature's law of change.

The springtime whispers *vale* as it goes;
The summer writes it on her golden sheaves;
Farewell is in the perfume of the rose,
And in the falling leaves.

It is the sigh, the constant sigh, of time,
The sad refrain which transient joys compel.
Ah! when with ours the angel voices chime,
Amid eternity's unending prime,
We shall not say "Farewell."

SYDNEY GREY.



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THE CRADLE OF THE LAKE POETS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HARVEST OF A QUIET EVE, ETC.

PART II.



ALFOXDEN BEECHES.

THE picnic is finished in Holford Glen; the excitement of the plate-washing in the stream, for the second course, is over, and the young folk are dispersed,—some to build, with blocks of stone and ramparts of turf, a dam across the stream, delighting in the widening, deepening pool above, and in the miniature cataracts which, do what the engineers will, break out here, and again there, over or through the barrier; some to seek, if peradventure they may find, the habitat of the rare *Lastræa Emula* (or *Recurva*); some to wonder over the round-leaved Sundew, with its treacherous snares for flies, or to admire the tiny bells of the ivy-leaved *Campanula*, or the pink-freckled blossoms of the mountain Stonecrop; or the masses of the small turquoise Forget-me-not on the edge of the stream.

But we elder people like to recline on the springy turf, and listen to the wood-notes, and enjoy the tranquillity and absence from the world's noises and worries which seem almost perceptible here. We almost unwillingly bestir ourselves from our *siesta* and the lotus-like influence of the glen, for we are to visit Alfoxton, and to see Wordsworth's house and the dell.

Alfoxton belongs to the St. Aubyn family, and

the kindness of the present possessor permits our access to the grounds within which is Wordsworth's glen—for not every one knows that Wordsworth did live a year or two of the bright days of his early life in this house and in this lovely seclusion.

It was during the minority of the heir that Wordsworth took Alfoxton House,¹ about three miles from Nether Stowey, the village in which is Coleridge's cottage. And in this Wordsworth lived for a year or more; I am not certain for how long. This it is that consecrates (if we may use such a word) the Quantocks to his lovers. Take this extract from the preface to one of his poems, a gem of purest water, "We are Seven":

"Fresh as a star that crowns the brow of morn;"

and perfect in itself, and rounded, and clear, and bright,

"As rain-drop lingering on the pointed thorn."

"It was," Wordsworth says, "written at Alfox-

¹ Since considerably enlarged. Wordsworth's rooms are on the left of the porch as we emerge from the house as seen in the drawing, daintily touched in by the artist in my presence.

den (so he spells Alfoxton) in the spring of 1798. I composed it while walking in the grove. When it was all but finished I came in and recited it to Mr. Coleridge and my sister, and said, 'A prefatory stanza must be added, and I should sit down to our little tea-meal with greater pleasure if my task were finished.'—The little girl, who is the heroine, I met with in the area of Goodrich Castle in the year 1793."

And, besides this, Alfoxton can claim several, some of the most exquisite, of the shorter poems: "To my Sister" (beginning "It is the first mild day of March"), "Expostulation and Reply," "a great favourite," as Wordsworth writes, "with the Quakers, composed in front of the house at Alfoxden in the spring of 1798." Also its sequel, "The Tables Turned," "actually composed while I was sitting by the side of the brook that runs down from the Comb through the grounds of Alfoxden." "Lines written in Early Spring," the exquisite poem, of which the following is the first verse:

"I heard a thousand blended notes,
While in a grove I sat reclined,
In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind."

The very lovely poems, "Matthew," "The Two April Mornings," "The Fountain," and (my great favourite) "A Poet's Epitaph," were written in 1799, may I not hope before Alfoxton was left? This, surely, is its stream:

"In silence Matthew lay, and eyed
The spring beneath the tree;
And thus the dear old man replied,
The grey-haired man of glee:

'No check, no stay, this streamlet fears;
How merrily it goes!

'Twill murmur on a thousand years,
And flow as now it flows.'

Then the Quantocks are the scene of the planning of the famous "Ancient Mariner" of Coleridge. Of this Wordsworth tells us, "In the spring of the year 1798, he, my sister, and myself started from Alfoxden pretty late in the afternoon, with a view to visit Lynton and the valley of stones near it, and as our united funds were very small we agreed to defray the expense of the tour by writing a poem to be sent to the New Monthly Magazine. Accordingly we set off and proceeded along the Quantock Hills towards Watchet, and in the course of this walk was planned the poem of 'The Ancient Mariner,' founded on a dream, as Coleridge says, of his friend Mr. Cruikshank." Wordsworth goes on to say that his own part in it was very small. These lines were his:

"And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribbed sea sand."

Also the stanza:

"He holds him with his glittering eye—
The wedding-guest stood still,
And listens like a three-years' child;
The mariner hath his will."

But more of Coleridge and Stowey presently. We are now at Alfoxton, and may, for some account of the poet's sojourn there search a book, now out of print, "Reminiscences" I think it is called, by "Joseph Cottle," the kind friend of the two poets, and their first patron, brother of an "Amos Cottle," a verse-writer, of whom Byron exclaims in "English Bards":

"O, Amos Cottle!—Phœbus! what a name,
To fill the speaking trumpet of future fame."

Joseph Cottle, then, tells us that Coleridge informed him that the Somerset folk of that day, unknowing of poets and poetry, so wrought on the mind of "the ignorant man who had the letting of it" that, at the end of a year, he refused to continue the lease. One of these, so Cottle tells us, thought there was something strangely uncanny in his wandering over the hills and looking at the moon; another had heard him muttering to himself in some weird manner, and he must be surely a "wise man"—i.e., a conjuror; another thought his habit of frequenting the sea strangely suspicious. "Would any man in his senses take all that trouble to look at a parcel of water? Be sure he carries on a snug business in the smuggling line, and is constantly on the look-out for some wet cargo." But another deemed him to be "a desperate French Jacobin;" and some colour was given to this idea (which really was probably the true cause of his being refused the further tenancy of the house) by the visit to the poet Coleridge at Nether Stowey, of "the famous John Thelwell, who had taken refuge from politics, after a trial for high treason." And Coleridge and he, having both been public lecturers, "this quondam community of public employment induced Thelwell to visit Nether Stowey, where," says Wordsworth, "he fell in my way." "The visit of this man was," he adds, "the occasion of a spy being sent by Government to watch our proceedings, which were, I can say with truth, such as the world at large would have considered ludicrously harmless." It is concerning this visit that Wordsworth says, in words lately somewhat freely quoted by writers on the Quantock beauties:

"I remember once when Coleridge, he, and I were seated together upon the turf on the brink of a stream in the most beautiful part of the most beautiful glen of Alfoxton, Coleridge exclaimed, 'This is a place to reconcile one to all the jarrings and conflicts of the wide world.' 'Nay,' said Thelwell, 'to make one forget them altogether.'"

But perhaps this was really Holford Glen; the little Alfoxton dell has no wide banks of turf. It is the same brown brook that babbles through the glen, widening here and narrowing there, murmuring under arch of green branches, and shimmer of green leafy arms, and anon dividing with its amber bends the smooth turf of the meadows, gathering itself together at last for a dive under the road, and a fierce fall into Alfoxton. There, presently, its sister brook from Butterfly Comb meets its waters, and deep down in the ravine that I suppose the streams have worn out in the ages, it

works its marvels of delight, a miniature Lynmouth. Here a deep basin, scooped out of the rock, with a gathered fall pouring into it, and churning up the dark water into green seething air-points that foam up into white beauty. In this a man longs to sit on a summer day and let the delicious douche descend upon his neck in the beautiful privacy of overarching greenery. Round big boulders it curves, and here leaves a small shore, a little foothold for the wary explorer, who, with stick or alpenstock, pilots the unsteady-footed clan of eager maidens who, with fearful delight, follow; and an occasional scream, or a slip, and lo! the fairy foot is steeped above the ankle. But on, and here is a tree fallen across the tiny torrent, fringed with polypody fern—a lovely bridge. Cautiously it must be scaled, or with bent bodies threaded, and now a dangerous dizzy shelf mantelpiece-wide, and above a terrible precipice, six feet deep, must be ventured upon, with wary foot and hands steadying the rash adventurer by grasp of ferns which droop above; beneath, with swift rush, glides the fairy torrent. And now behold a beauty of white blossoms, umbelliferous, out of broad lily-of-the-valley leaves. One of the fair maidens stoops (at danger of equilibrium being overthrown) and picks. Alas! the fair flower proves to be wild garlic, as one of her senses quickly discovers! But a bend is reached, and the fearful climbers descend to a broader space, and look around, and behind and before. It is lovely, exceedingly. These great Prince of Wales plumes of lady fern, of filix mas, of darker broad fern, lodged here and there beside the stream and above on the height, delight the eye. The long gloriously green fronds of the hart's-tongue droop in magnificence; for here no rude wind intrudes to hustle and rend the tender new fronds, and, perfect in form, long, abundant, the glossy treasures curve and bend. I must not let Coleridge call them "long lank weeds," a derogatory name for one of the firmest and most beautiful of English ferns. But he shall give us here, while we pause, his sketch of Alfoxton Dell:

"The roaring dell, o'erwooded, narrow, deep,
And only speckled by the midday sun;
Where its slim trunk the ash, from rock to rock
Flings, arching, like a bridge;—that branchless ash,
Unsunned and damp, whose few poor yellow leaves
Ne'er tremble in the gale, yet tremble still,
Fanned by the waterfall."

A lovely dell, indeed; may it ever remain



ALFOXTON GLEN.

untouched, as the poets saw it; save for the removing now and then of an unsightly slip of new earth blocking the way and spoiling the dell. I can hardly even wish with Wordsworth, when he revisited this spot after more than fifty years, that "the beauty of this retired part of the grounds had tempted the owner to make it more accessible by a path, not broad nor obtrusive, but sufficient for persons who love such scenes to creep along without difficulty." No! the small terrors and hair-breadth 'scapes, do to me, even yet, enhance the delight of the exploration; and I would

jealously guard the spot in all its native wildness and difficulty of access, for those alone who love such a scene sufficiently to face these. But let me give Wordsworth's remembrance, forty years after, of the very ash which Coleridge drew. He writes:

"Across the pool below had fallen a tree—an ash, if I rightly remember—from which rose perpendicularly boughs in search of the light intercepted by the deep shade above. The boughs bore leaves of green that for want of sunshine had faded into almost lily-white; and from the underside of this natural sylvan bridge depended long and beautiful tresses of ivy which waved gently in the breeze that might, poetically speaking, be called the breath of the waterfall."



ALFOXDEN.

Sitting "by the side of this brook that runs down to the Comb," it was that the poet wrote the exquisite lines:

"Through primrose tufts, in that green bower,
The periwinkle trailed its wreaths;
And 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.

The budding twigs spread out their fan
To catch the breezy air;
And I must think, do all I can,
That there was pleasure there."

The author of the "Reminiscences" tells an amusing anecdote concerning Wordsworth, Coleridge, Miss Wordsworth, and himself, at Alfoxton, that may be worth recalling, in connection with the place.—Wordsworth happening to meet his future publisher in Bristol, asked him to spend a few days with him at Alfoxton. Driving down, they called at Nether Stowey for Coleridge, Miss Wordsworth, and the servants, who walked while the poet and his friend drove to Alfoxton about three miles. They brought provisions with them for lunch: "a noble loaf, a stout piece of cheese, and a bottle of brandy," expectant of a supply of lettuces for a salad from the garden. Somehow, (suspicions pointing to a sturdy tramp, whom the young folk had relieved on the way, and with whom, no doubt, in their hilarious spirits, they had

had a considerable amount of "chaff,") the cheese vanished, "a fact which was ascertained a little before they drove into the courtyard of the house. Mr. Coleridge bore the loss with great fortitude, observing that they would never starve with a loaf of bread and that bottle of brandy!" for it lay ready to hand under the seat. He proceeded, however, to unbuckle the horse, and, "letting down the shafts with a jerk, lo! the bottle, obedient to the law of gravity, suddenly rolled down, and in a moment lay shattered in fragments on the stones!" A happy accident, we might feel tempted to exclaim. But, knowing what we do of the poor poet's *penchant*, we may imagine the rueful gaze with which the ruin was regarded.

Amid the consternation of the bystanders at this

catastrophe, the narrator led the horse to the stable, "when a fresh perplexity arose. I removed," he writes, "the harness without difficulty, but after many strenuous attempts, I could not get off the collar." The sequel shows that poets do not know everything. "I called for assistance," he continues, "and first Mr. Wordsworth brought his ingenuity into exercise, but after several unsuccessful efforts he relinquished the achievement as altogether impracticable. Mr. Coleridge now tried his hand, but showed no more grooming skill than his predecessors, for, after twisting the poor horse's neck almost to strangulation, he gave up the task, declaring that the horse's head must have grown since the collar was put on, for, he said, it was downright impossible for such a huge *os frontis* to pass through so narrow a collar. Just at this instant the servant girl came near, and on understanding the cause of our perplexity, 'La, master,' said she, 'you do not go the right way to work. You should do like this!' When, turning the collar upside down, she slipped it off in a moment, to our great humiliation and wonderment, and conviction that there were indeed heights of knowledge in the world to which we had not attained."

To lunch they went; the cheese was gone, but a goodly brown loaf was there; the brandy had evaporated, but "its place was as well if not better supplied by a superabundance of fine sparkling Castilian champagne." Then there were the

lettuces; but, alas! on calling for salt, the maid confessed that she "had quite forgotten to bring it!" This did but add to the merriment; and in the evening the Plough Inn, a mile off in Holford village, furnished for dinner "all that could be desired."

What shall we say as to the remembrances yet lingering in the neighbourhood concerning these great poets who gave to these parts the proud distinction of cradling them and first kindling their inspiration? For who can look unmoved on the very scenery which called forth some of Wordsworth's most lovely lyrics, and on the hills over which the poets walked, in gladness of youth, "Coleridge no doubt the chief speaker, Wordsworth not the less suggestive," and "planned, during a walk along the Quantock Hills towards Watchet, the 'Antient Mariner' and 'Christabel?'" Who would not ask?—Can such men and such minds have left no trace on the very face of the land, not to speak of the minds of the people, of their having once walked these ascents and combs, and satisfied themselves with the loveliness around them of land and sea, at that time of life,

and is gone, and the sky is grey and dull again? Alas for the imagination of the people! I fear the names even are unfamiliar to the ears of the most part. The Scotch would have many a tradition of the "sang and story" of their neighbourhood, and any peasant would tell of "Burns and Bannockburn," but what know the Somerset country folk of Wordsworth and Sedgemoor? For any traces of the presence of these poets among those parts I turn to a volume before me, privately printed, which, if published, would render further discourse concerning the "cradle of the lake poets" superfluous. It is the writing of a gentleman and scholar, a dweller for long in a very nest amid the Quantocks, who "lives retired," yet delighting in, and delightful to, those fortunates who seek him out. He possesses the pencil note-book which Coleridge used in his roamings over the Quantocks, and all that can be known of these poets he knows. "Few personal anecdotes," he says, "can be gleaned of the poet's daily life at Stowey. The last survivor of those who had enjoyed any personal acquaintance with the poet died some three or four years ago¹ in extreme old age. He



COLERIDGE'S COTTAGE, NETHER STOWEY.

"When meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To them did seem
Apparell'd in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream."

Can their memory have passed away as that of
the rainbow, which rests on the hills a little while

was accustomed, with harmless vanity, to claim
some small share in the production of 'The
Antient Mariner' from the fact that he had made
or mended the poet's pens, who gratefully con-
ferred upon him the title of his 'pennefactor.'

What more? Mr. Nichols, the writer of the

¹ Written in 1873.

above, adds—"I often drive past that thatched cottage by the roadside, at the entrance of the long street of Nether Stowey, and the wish has sometimes occurred to me that it were possible to rescue it from its present use—a village alehouse (the Coleridge Cottage Inn). Are there no admirers of Coleridge who would be willing to assist in appropriating to some purpose connected with education—a free library or a village reading room—the house¹ and orchard of the poet, where he spent those three marvellous years which formed the prime and manhood of his poetical life, and where were conceived the splendid dreams of "The Mariner" and "Christabel."

"An interesting memorial of the poet's (Wordsworth's) sojourn at Alfoxden, now nearly effaced by time, used to be visible, the letters 'w. w.', deeply incised on one of the row of trees on the hill above the house." And it is remarkable, as Mr. Nichols relates, that he has met "pilgrims from across the Atlantic on their way to visit the shrine of the poet," and that he has found them familiar, from the poet's mention of them, with the names of these secluded spots.

Much more might be written, but space forbids. We may just note that in retired Stowey have been gathered, besides our two poets, Charles Lamb, George Burnet, Davy (afterwards Sir Humphrey), Dr. Beddoes, Basil Montague, De Quincey, and the younger Wedgwood. All these occasionally sat round the hospitable board of the Mæcenas of Stowey (Mr. T. Poole).

It must have been a gratification to Wordsworth, after the abuse with which his poetry was at first received, to read from the pen of the editor of "Blackwood," Professor Wilson, the splendid eulogy concluding with the words:

"From his golden urn other orbs may draw light; but still it will be said of him,—

'Then shone the firmament
With living sapphires, HESPERUS WHO LED
THE STARRY HOST, SHONE BRIGHTEST.'

We stroll back, the delicious day over, to where the young folk have been stirring up the embers of our camp fire, to prepare some tea. The quiet evening is lengthening the shadows and bringing the breadths of golden light over hills and woods. The lightened hamper is repacked with clatter in the stillness, we wind our way up through the woods, higher and higher, looking back, before the last turn, at the cobalt smoke that rises steadily from the still burning fire we leave behind, a thin cloud, pale against the deep green. We emerge on the heather, a grey hen skims away from the intruding foot. We descend the comb, noting the lines of bees that, with low continuous hum, in unbroken stream, wing their way down the comb homeward—recalling London Bridge and the dinner-train. There is much to think and talk about in our ended day, and we are just enough tired to feel glad at reaching home.

A DISSERTATION ON DRESS.

WE know it is a threadbare subject, but it will never, never be worn out. The passion for dress beats as strongly in the bosom of the cultivated beauty of the close of the nineteenth century as in the historic savage of Captain Cook. Years cannot dim it, ridicule cannot cool it, long indulgence cannot satiate it, poverty cannot extinguish it; flourish it will to the end of time.

However trite, therefore, and well worn our topic and our remarks upon it may be, we venture to think this paper will not be passed over without being at least scanned, by one single reader of this serial, so confident are we in the interest of the word "dress" to even the most sober-minded of our readers.

The chastened vanity of the sterner sex is, of course, also conceded, though not enlarged upon for obvious reasons when the writer is one of their own sex.

We do not wish to proceed in any carping or censorious spirit. Our object is to disarm opposition by approaching our subject gradually, so as to gain the attentive ear of our reader in order that we may instil into him (or her) sundry sage maxims which, if not all new, will at least bear repetition. We do not intend, however, within the compass of one brief article to traverse

the whole of the vast subject of dress. We only desire to consider that small, and to many most insignificant part, which consists in the relation of dress to health. And the reason *why* this aspect of dress is so little thought of is not so much because health is undervalued as that the relation of the two is as yet but dimly perceived, whereas its æsthetic value as a medium for the display of fashion, taste, and position is so obvious that as a rule the only part of dress that forms the subject of serious thought is the outermost garment or dress proper, this being the one of least importance from a health point of view. The conclusion is obvious, and may lead many here to breathe a sigh of relief; that if you will allow yourself to be underclothed hygienically, any vagary of fashion that is consistent therewith may be indulged in without serious injury. If once this is seen, a partial truce is formed between the modiste and the doctor, the province of each respectively being the inner and the outer dress. No doubt the one must affect the other in degree, but it is something to avoid war to the knife.

OBJECTS OF CLOTHES.

We are all, doubtless, agreed as to the general purpose of clothes. They are, besides minor objects, used for at least three great ends—to

¹ Another storey has been added since the poet's time.

cover the body, to warm the body, and for distinction of rank and sex. That they are used for the first purpose is sufficiently obvious in the pertinacity with which they are still retained in polite society in the dog days in India, the traditional shirt-collar and pair of spurs not being adopted as yet in well regulated stations.

As to their second use, it may be well at once to say that no clothes have any warmth in themselves; they do not warm us, we warm them; and the degree, therefore, in which they feel warm depends on two points. First, the power they have of retaining the heat of the body, or conduction; and secondly, of taking in external heat, either from fire or sun, or absorption. The body is sufficiently warmed by the blood to be independent of external heat, provided it is equally guarded against external cold. If, therefore, the body could be isolated from all external influences we should always feel comfortable. Now, the material that does this best is wool, and wool alone. That it practically isolates the body from the outside world is abundantly shown by the simple fact that when it is too *hot*, and we wish to remain cool, we put on flannels, and when it is too *cold*, and we wish to keep warm, we also put on flannels. In the first place flannel will not conduct the heat away from the body, hence it is warm. But it also will not conduct heat to the body, hence it is cool. It is twice as warm as linen or calico—that is, has half the power of conducting or transmitting heat. In addition, even when the perspiration is increased, being hygroscopic, it absorbs the moisture, and does not become cold or clammy like its vegetable rivals.

VALUE OF FLANNEL.

Nothing can be compared for health and comfort with a properly made flannel garment next the skin. Coarse flannel is warmer than fine, as the hairs act as a sort of flesh-brush, but for this very reason it is not suited for general wear. The manufacture of flannel underclothing has, however, of late years so wonderfully improved that it can be had practically free from irritating qualities, at least after the first inconvenience is overcome.

The colour of under-flannels is immaterial, and makes no difference as to their power of retaining body heat. A very tight-fitting and closely-woven flannel is not nearly so warm as a loosely-fitting and woven one, the latter keeping a stratum of warm air next the skin. Some under-garments, recently introduced, with meshes half an inch wide, are by no means so useless as they appear, for, by preventing the shirt from clinging closely to the body, they allow room for a warm stratum of air to lie next the skin, and are consequently most comfortable and sanitary.

When flannel is worn as an over-garment the colour at once becomes of importance, as different colours absorb the rays of heat in very different degrees. White, for instance, absorbs only half as much heat as black, hence is only half as warm, while red lies just between the two. With that general wisdom which regulates most of men's attire, it will be observed, therefore, that in sum-

mer we play cricket in white flannels, while in winter we play football in dark colours. Flannel allows moisture freely to evaporate through it, therein differing materially from mackintosh or waterproof, which, although in some respects a warm material, is essentially unhealthy, because it retains all moisture.

It has been objected to flannel that it is heavier than cotton or linen, but on the contrary, careful experiment has conclusively proved that wool is the lightest substance that can be used in proportion to the warmth given. Weight in clothes is an important point: the weight of indoor dress, for instance, should average about seven, and outdoor dress about twelve pounds. It has been also objected to flannel that it is not so cleanly. This is a more true and serious objection, and is partly due to the fact that it shrinks in washing, and partly to its colour concealing dirt. One can only say that it is quite possible to be dressed in flannel and yet to be perfectly cleanly, and that knitted flannels especially do not shrink so much as woven ones, and that the method of washing is now very greatly improved. In no case, however, should the flannel be allowed to become very tightfitting.

Speaking of material for clothing, it is not nearly so generally known outside Trafalgar Square¹ as it has been in, what a very warm and light covering common paper is. A layer of this, though perhaps a little noisy, retains almost as much bodily heat as an ordinary blanket, while the morning paper inside the waistcoat is an admirable chest protector.

The third use of dress is for social distinction. In the first place, it distinguishes the sexes, and I for one should be very sorry to see the day when, on hygienic or any other grounds, this distinction should be obliterated. I do not enlarge on this Carlylean aspect of dress, interesting though it is, but must enter one protest against the decay of local costumes which formerly so greatly added to the picturesque life of England, though, strictly speaking, this lies outside the range of our subject. National and local costumes are, however, everywhere sharing the same fate, and if even the picturesque Japanese are rapidly transforming themselves into burlesques of Europeans, we cannot wonder at the disappearance of the steeple hat from Wales, with the rest of the picturesque market dress, the Scotch kilt, and the English knee-breeches. We are glad, however, to note that where distinctive dress is appropriate to special work, it shows more vitality: butchers, bakers, milkmen, draymen, domestic servants of various grades, all voluntarily retain suitable attire when on duty, though transformed past recognition when their work is done. Of course officially all dress restrictions are rigorously perpetuated. Our whole military and ceremonial circles depend absolutely on dress, and to them it is clearly a matter of life or death. Take away its distinctive costumes and the whole of officialdom would be chaos. It is pleasing in passing to mention that even, however, in designing dress for

¹ Nearly all the recent sleepers in Trafalgar Square at night utilised paper as bedclothes for the warmth it gave.

social distinctions, health has not been quite lost sight of. For though we cannot regard a full-bottomed wig as the best device for keeping the head of a learned judge cool, still, we must all agree that a sailor's costume or a cricketer's suit are admirably adapted for their respective uses.

MEN'S DRESS.

But let us now pass on to consider in fuller detail the modern dress of men and women. I take the men first, putting off the more burning topic until the very last. Unfortunately, the subject of men's dress does not afford matter for any very extended criticism. On the whole it can scarcely be denied that it fairly fulfils the three-fold purpose of cover, warmth, and social distinction. It is true that this last is not as clearly or as well marked as it should be.

I shall not easily forget the withering look with which I was favoured a short time ago at the Midland Hotel, when I told a gentleman, faultlessly got up in evening dress, and therefore resembling a waiter, to show me the way to the dining-room. The other day the same misfortune befel a well-known London wit. A heavy but hideous swell coming into the hall from upstairs, and, concluding the wit was a waiter, said, "Call me a cab." The gentleman looked him full in the face and said deliberately, "You're a cab." "What do you mean, sir? Call me a cab." "I have called you a cab," answered the wit, "and will do it again if you wish. I'm only sorry," he continued, cruelly surveying the swell's face, "I cannot call you a hansom cab."

Our dress has, however, a few faults, hygienic and otherwise. In the first place, it is ugly. Painters shirk it, and sculptors reproduce it only to their sorrow in stone or marble. Critics have inquired for what obscure reason gentlemen put on two half garments, one all front—the waistcoat—and the other mainly back—the coat, instead of a single whole one. Such questions, are, however, frivolous, it being obvious that the coat may be buttoned if required, thus altering the amount of clothing at will. Few find much to carp at in the trousers, or even in the present fairly loose style of collar, that tight all-round masher variety, a whitened parody of a dog-collar, having now nearly died a natural death.

Perhaps the stove-pipe hat affords the most hopeful field for spiteful remarks. It is hideous, it is useless in shape, it is too heavy, it compresses both the blood-vessels and veins that run in the scalp in a most objectionable way, giving rise sometimes to intense headaches, and sometimes to feelings of great oppression. It cannot be properly ventilated, hence, when on the head, it is too hot, and when it is taken off the wearer catches cold. It is expensive, and, what is worse, becomes a ruin—and not a picturesque one—in the first storm.

It is perhaps going too far, in a city where the bearskin still flourishes, to say that no uglier or more useless shape could possibly have been invented, but not so very much too far after all. Hygienically considered, perhaps the soft-felt, high-church-curate wideawake deserves the most approval.

LADIES' DRESS.

We must now touch on the subject of ladies' dress. We have already pointed out in introducing this subject how, to a certain extent, fashion and health can work together, provided to the former be relegated the exterior only, while to the latter is restricted the choice of the under-clothing. We can now still further disarm opposition by at once declaring that, with the correction of one or two minor points, the dress of unfashionable women does not anywhere call for any very severe stricture; it is, alas! I regret to say it, in proportion as a woman dresses fashionably that she ceases to dress rationally, and boldly defies the laws of health one after another, and this because she will interfere with the inner clothing of the sex, not content with having undisputed sway over the "dress proper." Why fashion should so persistently defy the plainest dictates of common sense, beauty and health, it is hard to say. It was not so in early Greek and Roman days, and a new era may yet dawn when it will be fashionable to dress in accordance with the sound principles of health, and according to the dictates of reason.

I have said that the ordinary dress of the unfashionable woman is fairly within the line of health, with a few exceptions. It is a covering; it is fairly warm, and it can be used for social distinctions, while still keeping within the limits of health. A hospital nurse, a lady, and a housemaid may, for instance, be all suitably though differently attired.

When we enter the world of fashion, however, the goddess of health must perforce close her eyes, so numerous and so flagrant are the sins against her on every side. Sins of omission not only abound, but the most dreadful sins of commission are superadded to them.

EVENING DRESS.

The fashionable evening dress is not a covering to at least of some of the most tender, vital, and susceptible parts of a woman's frame. Those delicate upper lobes of the lungs, the chosen seat of consumption, are left absolutely uncovered, as is also the whole front of the chest. The fashionable evening dress is not to be commended for warmth, it is either too hot or too cold. While, as we have just pointed out, these upper and most susceptible regions of the body are left absolutely bare and devoid of all covering, the lower part of the body is encased in some dozen or so folds of various materials.

UNDERCLOTHING.

With regard to under clothing we strongly recommend combination garments of fine-knitted soft flannel as being far healthier—far more comfortable—than cambric, cotton, or even silk. If this is too much for long-continued habit to bear, at least let us have the flannel in some shape or form. These garments ought decidedly to have sleeves; and, while not tight-fitting over the

trunk, should embrace the legs and arms closely at their extremities.

CORSETS.

Corsets next claim our attention. Every lady here has, no doubt, at some time or another, heard the evil of tight-lacing dilated upon almost *ad nauseam*; still, some may not be aware of a few fundamental facts about the human trunk, and particularly about the female waist. In the first place, women have a natural waist, and that without corsets; and, what is very worthy of notice, and which I commend to the consideration of ardent evolutionists, is the fact that, in spite of centuries of tight-lacing, this waist shows no sign of becoming any smaller than when sculptured by Phidias.

Again, it must be clearly understood that the body is not a hollow receptacle, containing a few organs knocking about it which are rather improved by being steadied by a little compression than otherwise; but that it resembles, on the contrary, a bachelor's portmanteau—so well, so fully, and so scientifically packed, that it will not hold another ounce, still less bear to be violently squeezed about its centre to two-thirds of its proper size.

The normal circumference of the female waist is about twenty-five inches, and there is no doubt in any reverent mind that this represents not only the size consistent with perfect health but with perfect beauty of outline. That nature does not remonstrate more than she does, and that the votaries of fashion can venture to declare that they can easily pass their hands under a corset laced to eighteen inches, does not alter the danger or the evil of the pernicious practice; for, unfortunately, the very spot where the modern girdle of beauty—the staylace—is so tightly drawn, is the exact point where four most important organs lie—the liver, stomach, spleen, and pancreas, all concerned in digestion; while resting just above them are the lungs and heart. I have seen livers nearly cut in two with tight lacing, and I have seen them indented with the marks of the compressed lower ribs. The stomach has also been nearly divided into two segments. Even if we supposed for a moment that the lines of the modern belle are more true to beauty than those of the Greek matron or sculptured Venus, the price at which they are purchased are all too dear.

COMPRESSION.

In the first place this terrible compression greatly affects the complexion. In the next place, the firm compression of the lower ribs hinders all full play of the lower half of the lungs, throwing an undue and dangerous strain upon the upper half and greatly adding to the risk of disease in that delicate part. Again, tight lacing is not only a fertile source of dyspepsia by interfering with the stomach but is believed to be a frequent cause of the still more painful disease of ulcer of the stomach, so common amongst young women. Its interference with the liver is a common cause of gall-stones, and also of all the protean evils of a sluggish liver. In one young lady recently I

found the ninth left rib dislocated, solely from tight lacing.

However, seeing that tight lacing has been spoken against since the days of William Rufus, and still flourishes, both in and out of society, it is almost useless to say more.

In growing girls, as has been pointed out, corsets spoil the shape and strength of the back, and surely common sense and custom (if not fashion) might agree not to put any girl in them until after eighteen, but to be content with a stout bodice, which, while affording a support for the undergarments, gives no artificial support to the back, but allows full exercise to the muscles. When the back is well developed corsets may be worn with fewer bad results, provided always that they are not laced tighter than the natural measurement of the waist. If the back has been left alone from youth the craving for the artificial support for it that corsets give will soon be gone. It is curious that fashion in civilised countries should have taken such a peculiarly pernicious form. Better far be a Hottentot, and have our lips and noses pierced, than have our vitals compressed in that lacing manner we have described.

DEPRESSION.

But enough of compression; let us look at depression, and for a moment consider the question of skirts. As long as women continue to encircle both limbs with one garment, so long will these articles be in use; and if proper combination garments are worn next the skin, with or without cotton or linen over, I consider that with the addition of one or two skirts the lower limbs are sufficiently well covered. I know we are told that a woman's dress requires four times as much exertion in walking as a man's, and that it is always in the way, whether working, walking, or stooping; but I consider, nevertheless, that it is best to do what one can by lightness of material, by looseness of make, and by appropriate length to remedy these defects than boldly to add any Transatlantic vagaries to the already adopted ulster and waistcoat. The question of skirts, therefore, I think has not yet quite reached the stage of "to be or not to be" (it may soon), but is rather a matter of having them supported hygienically. At present their whole weight is sustained by the body, forcing downwards with dangerous pressure the delicate organs of the stomach, and producing a long train of evils, as has been proved by several remarkable instances.

Some have suggested suspending all these garments from the shoulders, but I think erroneously, considering the weakness of a woman's spine, and I believe a far better way is to attach them to a well-fitted bodice. The great importance of the subject must be my apology for these necessary details.

There is no doubt but that the lower extremities are far too lightly clad, while the trunk has too many thick woolly garments round the hips. Thick stockings, broad-soled low-heeled boots would do much to relieve the congested heads of the present day. Test the difference of temperature at

the level of the feet and head in a room, and the need of warmer clothing below than above is at once apparent.

LAWS OF DRESS.

Contrast now for a moment hygienically the fashionable dress of both sexes. A man improves in his style of dress as one descends from his head to his heels. His head-dress is undeniably bad and ugly; his body is better clothed; his leg-coverings could hardly be improved; while his knitted socks and broad-soled low-heeled boots are just about what they should be.

A woman's head-dress, on the contrary, is perhaps the least objectionable part. The clothing of shoulders, chest, and limbs, between low dresses, corsets, and heavy skirts, is most unsanitary; while the French boot is only surpassed by the Chinese.

There are four great laws for all healthy clothing. 1st. It must allow full play to all vital organs; this ladies' dress does not do. 2nd. It must not be suspended from the hips; this ladies' dress is. 3rd. It must be light; this ladies' dress is not. And 4th. It must maintain an even temperature in the various parts of the body, which no ladies' dress does.

BOOTS.

And now another word about the modern French boot. It is certainly far on the way to rival the Chinese distortion that was the object of our childhood's ridicule. Why it is so difficult to find a boot that simply follows the natural lines of the human foot is a profound mystery. The inner side of the foot in nature is a straight line, but as boots are made the big toe is forced to slope outwards at such an angle, that not only is the toe itself frequently

partially dislocated, producing a bunion, but the second toe, having no room left, rides upon the top of the others, and, being perfectly useless, has not unfrequently to be amputated!

The high heel is likewise a dreadful invention. It is unsafe to the last degree; it throws the foot forward, pinching the toes and ruining the best of tempers, and it destroys the balance of the body. All good boots, then, ought to have their inner edge straight all the way, to have low, broad heels and elastic soles and uppers, so as fully to allow of the natural spring of the front pier of the arch of the foot.

High boots, designed to support the ankles, are also clearly in error. If the ankle has been allowed free play it will support itself. High boots are simply corsets for the legs, and in proportion as, like them, they do away with the need of the muscles by giving artificial support, so far they weaken the ankle, and render it more and more dependent.

CONCLUSION.

But I think now that enough strong language has been used, though I have touched but lightly on many important points. Dress, considered as an aid or hindrance to locomotion, for instance, is in itself a large subject.

Have I, however, written enough to induce any fair reader to alter her dress in any one particular? It is said that during Lent, in Paris, those churches are most thronged by the gayest of the fair sex whose preachers denounce the most their favourite sins. They like to be well scolded; it is a sort of easy penance. And so do we in England. Dress reform is a subject that always interests, but how many reformed dresses are the result? ALFRED T. SCHOFIELD, M.D.

THE LABOUR QUESTION IN AMERICA.

BY DR. AUBREY

WITH the rapid and unprecedented growth of the United States there has been a development of social problems, the successful working out of which demand consummate prudence and Christian patriotism. In addition to the perplexing question as to the immediate future of the coloured people in the South, which has been already discussed in these pages,¹ there are difficulties arising out of Mormonism; the growing pretensions and enormous wealth of the Romish church, and its unwearied attempts to control education and to influence politics; the increase of great cities; the acquisition of vast fortunes by the few, and the impoverishment of the many; with the swelling ranks of the dangerous classes, and the bold avowal of extreme Com-

munist opinions. Without taking a pessimistic view, it is impossible not to feel solicitous, and even apprehensive, as to certain social manifestations, and as to features of national character that are beginning to appear. Intelligent and devout Americans are being somewhat exercised in mind as to what is likely to be the speedy result of forces and conditions now operating within their own land. New England is becoming more and more foreign, to the extent at the present time of twenty per cent. Boston, with a population of half a million, is one-fifth Irish, and sixty-three per cent. of its inhabitants are foreign by birth or parentage. All the manufacturing towns of Massachusetts are largely supplied with foreign labour. New York, with a million and a half of people, is cosmopolitan and not American in character, owing to the multitudes from every European na-

¹ See "Leisure Hour," November, 1886.

tionality dwelling within the city. Chicago is estimated to have a population of nearly nine hundred thousand, nine-tenths of whom are foreigners or of foreign lineage. In the Great West there are large colonies of Germans, Scandinavians, and Poles. The United States census of 1880 gave the foreign-born population and their children as nearly fifteen millions out of a total of fifty millions. Year by year the number rapidly increases from immigration, the average of each of the last five years being upwards of half a million.

The present year will probably witness the arrival of a much larger number, if the rate of the first six months be maintained. On one day in May, upwards of seven thousand landed in New York, seeking occupation and homes which Europe seemed unable to afford. One-fourth of the number were from Russia, which has furnished a large contingent during the last two years, and one-third were from Germany, while another third represented every country in Europe, omitting Great Britain and Ireland, which sent the remainder. The demand for labour, especially in the Western States, is so insatiable that there has been hitherto no fear as to the absorption of these endless streams of emigrants from older and crowded countries. Recently, however, much alarm has been aroused, especially in the newspapers and among politicians, by these incessant and enormous arrivals. To use one of the idiomatic expressions, more forcible than polite, in which Trans-Atlantic writers and speakers are prone to indulge, "America is being made the dumping-ground for the pauper labour of Europe." To check this a measure has been adopted by Congress forbidding the importation of contract labour. The owners of ships bringing over persons without any visible or proved means of support are liable to be made to take them back again. More stringent measures are in contemplation, and it is certain that the portals of the United States will no longer be flung wide open for all who choose to enter. Meanwhile the question presses for consideration—Will America be able to assimilate these foreign elements under such startling conditions of time and numbers so as to impress upon them her own national character, or will this be changed and modified by the rapid influx of crowds of aliens in speech, opinions, sentiments, manners, and laws? There is a cheerful optimism prevalent in many minds that the common-school system, the exigencies of trade, and universal suffrage will serve to blend the diverse elements, but the process may be more tedious and difficult than is supposed. It is certain that the flood-tide of immigration into the United States, more particularly during the last twenty years, and not alone or chiefly of English-speaking people, has done much, with the extraordinary prosperity of the country, to develop and intensify troubles connected with labour and Socialism, which form one of the knotty questions that America has to disentangle.

It is well known that the native-born citizen of the United States disdains manual labour, as a rule. The young men want to be lawyers, politicians, doctors, clergymen, or to engage in some

other professional pursuits, unless an opportunity offers to make what is termed "a pile of money" in a store, or by some keen speculation. The young women engage themselves as clerks, or short-hand writers, or type-writers, in telegraph offices, or they enter the scholastic and the medical professions. Domestic service is regarded as drudgery and degradation, and the "helps" are chiefly Irish girls, and, to a certain extent, Germans and Swedes. Most of the policemen and the hack-drivers in the cities are Irish, who also perform the rougher kinds of manual work; while the operatives in factories are partly Irish, but chiefly Germans, French Canadians, and Italians. The Teutonic element, which is the largest among the foreign population, has brought over the ultra-communism that Prince Bismarck has done all in his power to stamp out of Germany; and this, with the general scarcity of labour outside the largest cities, the high rates of wages, even for unskilled work, and the power of the German and Irish vote at the ballot-box, explain recent strikes and outbreaks. There are tens of thousands of men in New York, Chicago, and other great centres, who might find lucrative employment in adjacent country districts, or in the West, yet they prefer to struggle on in a state of semi-starvation. Farmers along the Hudson River, and in the neighbourhood of large cities elsewhere, are prepared to give from four to five pounds a month, with board and lodging, and yet are often unable to secure the requisite labourers. Domestic servants, however ignorant and incompetent, command as much, and sometimes more; and it is the custom to leave at a moment's notice, and to regard the evenings as their own. To the trouble arising from this is attributable in a great measure the growing custom of families residing in hotels or boarding-houses.

In all the skilled industries organised labour has made its power and its political influence felt, especially during the last ten or twelve years. The coal and iron trades, the railroads, the textile trades, and the stockyards of Chicago, in particular, have suffered, just as all the staple industries of England have done, from frequent and prolonged strikes for an increase of wages, for a diminution of hours, or for changes in working rules and customs. Until lately, one of the most powerful of these combinations was the "Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers;" but the "Knights of Labour" now claim a membership of nearly three millions, with ramifications all over the United States, and embracing almost every trade and industry. The avowed object is to embody the mass of workers of all kinds against capital, and to dictate to employers the terms on which labour shall be performed, irrespective of the condition of trade and of the number of the unemployed. It is thought, and boldly avowed by the more sanguine advocates of the new system, that production, sales, wages, and profits can all be so regulated as to ensure maximum rates of remuneration, while the prices of all commodities can be fixed. Others go far beyond this and deny all rights of property, stigmatising capitalists as robbers, and demanding

the establishment of a Socialistic system pure and simple. The outbreak of the Anarchists in Chicago early in 1886, and the procession of some thousands of Communists in the city of New York one Sunday in the succeeding summer, with bands and denunciatory banners, are symptomatic of opinions and aims which, if not widespread, are sufficiently serious. The great mass of the people who have something to lose are order-loving and law-abiding, and they would assuredly assist to put down with a stern and prompt hand any attempts at violence, anarchy, and plunder; yet the existence of such a spirit of lawlessness, even on a restricted scale, is in itself a danger and a menace.

Nearly every trade has its organisation, and there are unions of ironmoulders, locomotive engineers, firemen, miners, typographers, carpenters and joiners, cigar-makers, carvers, boot-makers, brush-makers, tailors, confectioners, cabinet-makers, hatters, fresco-painters, blacksmiths, paper-hangers, boiler-makers, stone-cutters, horse-shoers, gilders, upholsterers, and others. Some of these are local, others are national, while some claim to be international. In most cases the membership is not stated, and no means exist of determining how far the lengthy list of office-bearers represent only a buckram army. The newspapers constantly record disputes and difficulties of varying degrees of importance in these trades, but in the absence of accurate data it is impossible to draw general deductions. The working men's party of the United States was formed in 1877, with the following objects, which have been pressed forward in various ways during the interval in the State Legislatures and in Congress: 1. Eight hours as a working day, with legal punishment for violation. 2. Sanitary inspection of all conditions of labour, including means of subsistence and dwellings. 3. Establishment of bureaux of labour statistics, the officers to be taken from the ranks of the labour organisations and elected by them. 4. Prohibition of the use of prison labour by private employers. 5. Laws against the employment of children under fourteen years. 6. Gratuitous instruction in all educational institutions. 7. Liability of employers for accidents. 8. Gratuitous administration of justice in all courts of law. 9. Abolition of conspiracy laws. 10. Acquisition by Government of railroads, canals, and telegraphs. 11. All industrial enterprises to be placed under Government control and worked by free co-operative trades unions for the good of the whole people. Great meetings in support of this scheme were held in a number of the principal cities, and the two political parties of Republicans and Democrats have ever since been bidding against each other for the working-class vote, which is an important factor in all elections.

Herein lies a grave difficulty. Politics are mixed with every question. Universal suffrage obtains, and there is an unwearied struggle, often unscrupulous, to win the popular vote. A National Labour Party has been formed to control elections in its own exclusive interests. Only a limited measure of success can attend such an enterprise,

because there is in the nature of the case a lack of solidarity. The inter-dependence of some trades, and the antagonism of others, with the insuperable obstacles in the way of combining for concerted and simultaneous action millions of men scattered over an enormous area, and affected by individual and local peculiarities, will always act in restraint of a mighty federation of labour. But there is an uneasy and impatient feeling that asserts itself in ways that are unpleasant if not ominous. There are also sundry newspapers claiming to be the organs of the labour party, but it is not too much to say that they are chiefly occupied with rabid denunciations of capital, and with ignorant fustian as to the power of the working classes when united under those who conduct such newspapers. A specimen may be quoted from a turgid and bombastic declaration put forth in one of these organs. The apology for reproducing such frothy rant is to be found in the fact that the paper in question has a large number of readers, although the common sense of most Americans would revolt against it: "Resolved, that the present spirit of the aristocratic and moneyed classes is one that warns the working-classes of this Commonwealth that it is an imperative duty for them to thoroughly organise in defence of the rights of labour and the ballot, so as to oppose effective opposition to all forms of intimidation; and the danger to which we are now exposed fully justifies us in warning the men who are seeking to control our votes by substantially threatening us with starvation, that they had better not drive us to desperation, and to remind them that in such a conflict, such as this diabolical plot would precipitate, the people would be sure to take to themselves new powers—resolutions never to go backwards. Resolved, that in support of this solemn protest against an infernal assault upon the vital rights of freemen, we invoke the name of God, the teachings of Christ, the precepts of religion and humanity, the hallowed Declaration of Independence, the memories of our revolutionary history, and the deathless inspiration of American democracy; while we invite upon all those who would place so much as a straw in the pathway of the humblest citizen who is on his march to the American ballot-box, the withering scorn and righteous condemnation of an outraged people, and the eternal judgment of Almighty God." This is an exaggerated form of the spread-eagle style of declamation, for which intelligent Americans must not be held responsible.

Teachings like these have not led to such serious outbreaks as might have been expected, owing to the character of the great body of the American people. There have, however, been some alarming manifestations, and a passing reference to two or three of these must suffice.

Some years ago, an organisation known as the "Molly Maguires" was formed, chiefly in the iron and coal districts of Pennsylvania, where it was said to have a membership of 150,000. The objects were to terrorise capital, to inflate wages, and to control the local courts and the police, so as to prevent detection or punishment in numerous

cases of outrage and murder perpetrated by the members in the supposed interest of their body. This went on for some time, and crimes were committed with impunity, but at length the managers of some of the powerful coal companies of the State determined to make a stand at any cost or hazard against such an odious and intolerable oppression, which annihilated profits, threatened the ruin of all trade, and rendered life almost unendurable. The chiefs of the conspiracy were tracked, apprehended, tried and convicted on charges of murder, and eleven of them were executed. The great railroad strike in Pennsylvania in 1877 will always be memorable because of its distressing and fatal results, and of the severe lessons which it taught. Acting under orders from the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, having its head-quarters in Cleveland, Ohio, a number of engine-drivers, firemen, conductors, and brakemen suddenly left the employ of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company, on the refusal of a demand for an increase of twenty per cent. in wages. This, of course, the men had a perfect right to do if they chose, but they proceeded further to prevent and intimidate others from continuing at work or from filling the vacant places. In all, 386 men left, and then tried to compel 22,000 to abandon their employment, and threatened merchants and shopkeepers with loss of custom if they received goods over the line. The difficulty spread over the Baltimore and Ohio and over the Pennsylvania roads, two of the largest and most important systems in the country. The governors of the States affected were appealed to by the railroad authorities for protection of their property and of the men who desired to work, and the militia had to be called out at various points. This was necessary because the railway officials were overpowered, the police were beaten back, and possession was taken of the stations and of the rolling stock, so that the goods traffic was entirely paralysed. At Martinsburg, in West Virginia, at Reading and Pittsburg, in Pennsylvania, at Baltimore and other places, there was a blockade of trains, and severe conflicts occurred between the militia and the rioters, who tore up the rails, barricaded the streets, set fire to the engine-houses and the stores, and for several days successfully resisted all attempts to quell the outbreak.

The worst scenes took place in Pittsburg, where all the bad and reckless characters of the district resorted in the hope of plunder. The strikers, with few exceptions, did not participate in this, for matters had passed beyond their control. Thousands of idle, noisy, drunken vagabonds roamed about the streets for three days, burning, destroying, and robbing. Every building containing arms or ammunition was sacked; railway cars loaded with corn and provisions were burned, as were the large central station and the adjacent hotels, with numerous shops and private houses. The damage was nearly a million sterling, which had to be borne eventually by the taxpayers. At length the respectable and orderly citizens rallied from their panic, and formed vigilance committees; addi-

tional troops were brought in from other parts of the State, and the riot was suppressed, but not until more than three hundred had been killed and wounded in Pittsburg alone. St. Louis, Indianapolis, Kansas City, Chicago, Detroit, and other places also suffered severely. The aggregate loss to the railways through the destruction of property and stoppage of business exceeded five millions sterling, excluding losses to individuals by goods destroyed and business interrupted. Over a wide area trade was dislocated and almost paralysed for a time, and the attempt of a small body of men to coerce their employers recoiled upon themselves, and led to untold loss and misery. The railroad companies made no concessions, except promising immunity from prosecution to all but those actually engaged in destroying property. A similar attempt in 1887 on the Missouri Pacific line, which threatened at one period to be disastrous, was frustrated by the firmness and skill of the railroad authorities.

Last spring there was a temporary cessation of traffic on the great system of the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy Railroad, which controls more than five thousand miles of lines in the North-West, owing to a strike on the part of a section of the workmen, where upwards of ten thousand were thrown out of employ for the time. Indeed, almost every branch of industry in America is passing through an experience similar to that which England underwent in the last decade.

Eminent Christian economists and sociologists in the United States avow their anxiety, if not their alarm, at the rapidly-accumulating wealth of a comparatively few individuals, and the enormous money-power of railroad and other corporations, as contrasted with the growing struggle for existence in the densely-peopled cities. Some good men, including distinguished clergymen, whose zealous intentions are more well-meaning than intelligent, and whose knowledge of theology is doubtless much greater than their acquaintance with political economy, have been led by their sympathies into the adoption of specious theories which are wholly impracticable. There is no short and royal road by which to escape the evils that afflict modern society, nor is there any enchanter's wand whereby existing anomalies and contrarieties can be dispersed. But all these things are insisted upon by agitators in their attempts to arouse class antagonism, and especially by the Socialists of an extreme type. The more intelligent operatives are not deluded by such appeals, but there are tens of thousands to be found among the less educated and the new arrivals on whom the desired effect is produced. The New York papers recently gave the profits of several of the best-known railroad operators during one year of speculation in Wall Street. Vanderbilt was stated to have made six millions sterling, Jay Gould three millions, Russell Sage two millions, Sidney Dillon two millions, and James R. Keene a million and a half, while several others are down for smaller sums, making a total for ten persons of sixteen millions sterling realised in twelve months. Enormous fortunes are also made, and often lost, in similar specula-

tion or gambling in produce of all kinds, and the blaze of publicity in which every man of note lives ensures the speedy proclamation of the facts, often, doubtless, much exaggerated, throughout the length and breadth of the Union. Many readers are filled with admiration, while many more are aroused to envy and hatred, by reading that one man has made what is termed "a corner" in lard, or in wheat, or in petroleum, and has cleared several millions in a few days. The Produce Exchange of New York, its Cotton Exchange, the Board of Trade of Chicago, and similar establishments elsewhere, have become gigantic gambling centres, where far more is sold, ostensibly, than is grown or made. When the cotton plantations of the South yielded less than six million bales, the crop on the New York Cotton Exchange was five times as much. Pennsylvania yielded twenty-four millions of barrels of oil last year, but the Petroleum Exchanges sold two thousand million barrels. The accumulation of wealth in a few hands is sometimes made a matter of complaint in Europe, but it is nothing compared with what has been witnessed in America during twenty or thirty years, owing partly to the leaps and bounds in the increased value of real estate, but still more to the reckless spirit of gambling, and to the unscrupulous issue of fictitious stock. In like manner, the "Chicago Tribune" stated last year that of seventy-six senators at Washington twenty were millionaires, while others were connected with wealthy and powerful corporations so as to be able to control legislation in the interests of concentrated capital. Many such statements might be quoted, and in the face of these it is not strange if many people in America think that they are not receiving their due share of this marvellous increase of national wealth.

Efforts have not been lacking to provide effectual remedies for labour disputes in America. Proposals have been made to establish boards of arbitration or conciliation in various industries; and some of the State Legislatures—notably that of Massachusetts—have directed inquiries to be made into the working of such methods in other States and in Europe. Arbitration has seldom proved satisfactory, because it is usually found that the arbitrator "splits the difference" between the parties to the dispute, so that neither is satisfied; and, moreover, there are no means of enforcing the decision. So far as is known, there is nothing in America corresponding to the boards formed of masters and men for determining questions that arise in the hosiery and lace trades at Nottingham, in some branches of the iron and coal trades of the North of England, and in certain textile and other industries in France and Belgium. Yet earnest and methodical attempts are being made to ascertain industrial facts, and all information bearing upon the comfort and prosperity of the working population, by means of official bureaux of statistics of labour, which have been established

in the States of Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, and elsewhere. The first-named is the oldest, and was instituted by the State Legislature in 1869. Its annual reports, issued by the chief of the bureau, Colonel Carroll D. Wright, are valuable repertoires of information, and they attest the skill and conscientiousness with which the work of the department is carried on. The reports contain authentic facts and statistics on wages, prices, and profits; on hours of labour, and the cost of living; on drunkenness and liquor-selling; on citizenship and voting; on pauperism, crime, and convict labour; on the history of strikes; on divorces within the State; on the social life and condition of working men; on the education of the young and the half-time system; on the natives, ages, and illiteracy of various classes; on the special effects of certain forms of employment upon female health; on factory legislation; and on a great variety of germane questions. There is no English publication exactly analogous, for the reports of the Chief Inspector of Factories are necessarily more restricted in their scope. The important services rendered in this way by Colonel Wright, led to his appointment, two years ago, by the President of the United States, to the direction of a similar bureau at Washington, newly formed by Congress. A quotation from one of his recent Massachusetts reports will fittingly conclude this paper, and it has more than a local or temporary significance. "An educated interest in public affairs insures good government; a corrupt or selfish interest in public affairs leads to bad administration, and weakens all efforts to upbuild society. Working men have not recognised this privilege to a sufficient degree to prevent them from elevating men, too often, politically, who simply disgraced them, and brought their efforts to secure reforms into disrepute. They must learn to put forward their best men; choose for themselves, and not be driven into the support of any man who does not honour his constituency. The labour problems of different generations would be less troublesome, both to labour and capital, if the working men would take such educated interest in public affairs. Capital is the educated factor in the alliance between it and labour; it is this distinction which gives power to capital. The lessening of this distinction will more and more carry the questions concerning capital and labour into our legislatures for adjustment, thereby avoiding force and strikes. As labour becomes educated with capital, reason will find an equitable settlement of unhappy differences and conditions; and so, in an intelligent voting population is to be found the truest conservator, not only of political progress, but of industrial peace and prosperity." If such sound, just, and patriotic sentiments prevail, there is ample reason for hope and confidence with regard to the labour question in America.

F. W. CHESSON.



*Believe me
Very faithfully Yrs.
F. W. Chesson*

From a private Photograph by Russell and Sons.]

WHEN news comes to us of the untimely death of a friend, in whom there seemed to be years of life, a fund of unused energy, the hope and promise of continued service, our first instinct is wont to be one of pity, both for him and for ourselves. So it was with many of us when we heard that the man whose name is at the head of this paper was no more. The shock to those who knew him was both sudden and great; he had been so familiar that to cancel his existence was like cancelling a factor in our own lives. He might have done so much that requires to be done—that he had shown himself so well fitted to do. Thousands of men and women who only hurt their fellow-creatures were left behind, and he, whose life was full of help and service, was gone. He had been taken from an unfinished work, and if he could have foreseen his end he might have complained, with an old French poet,

Avant le soir se clôra ma journée.

Nineteen out of every twenty men of those acquainted with him, when they heard that Chesson was dead, impulsively told each other that he could never be replaced.

In one sense, no doubt this is perfectly true. He had struck out for himself a dozen different lines of usefulness, and in those particular lines he stood quite alone. But in this also a good man is happy, that his effect lives when his individuality ceases. Death had so much power over him that we see his face and hear his voice no more; but there is the limit of the power of death. His life remains an active force. The thing wants saying: not the men whom chance, or effort, or birth, or wealth raises to eminence, not the mere traffickers in politics, not even the politicians who carry great measures apart from origination, nor even the originators of party moves who simply float with the current or tack to catch the popular breeze, are most worthy of respect and imitation, but the men who see the need, and face prejudice,

and organise victory, and convert minorities into majorities. He who does this not for reward, but in obedience to the higher law of his nature, though he seem to plough that others may reap, and though he earn obscurity whilst others acquire fame and distinction, is a genuine hero. And such was Chesson.

F. W. Chesson was born at Rochester in 1833, and whilst still an infant he went with his family to the United States. The father, disappointed in his hope of making a good settlement in that country, returned to England some years later; and in the year 1842 he met his death accidentally by fire, in his own mill, at Gillingham in Kent. At the age of thirteen the boy began to earn his living in a London office. He used to say in after years that he could not remember when his interest in political affairs began; but it was certainly keen in his boyhood, for he rarely lost an opportunity of attending public meetings. From the mouths of men like Cobden, Bright, Hume, and Ashley, as well as from the stirring history of European revolutions and American struggles for emancipation, he learned, once for all, the maxims of civil and political liberty which were to guide him throughout his life.

In 1849 he again paid a short visit to the United States. At the age of twenty he entered on his first regular engagement in connection with political matters, becoming secretary to the Peace Conference Committee at Manchester. It was here that he made the acquaintance of Miss Thompson, the daughter of an indefatigable apostle of the anti-slavery movement, whom he married two years after, and who to the end of his life was his faithful companion and helpmate. In the same year (1855) he accepted the position of assistant-secretary to the Aborigines Protection Society; and about twelve months later he supplemented the labour of the daytime by undertaking the nightly duties of sub-editor to the "Morning Star." His connection with the Society endured for thirty-three years, and with the newspaper for thirteen, being terminated in the one case by the demise of the paper, and in the other by his own death.

One might suppose that this double tide of work was enough to exhaust the energies of a strong and active man; but where ninety-nine out of a hundred would have considered themselves entitled to occupy their few hours of leisure in recreation or rest, Chesson gave proof of his calibre by creating for himself new tasks and grave responsibilities. It was not that he was void of keen and refined tastes, or that he had no appreciation of the joys which spring from leisure and culture. The simple fact was that he had begun his life as he was to finish it, taking at every moment the duty that was nearest to him, committing himself instinctively, without premeditation or selfish calculation, but by force of nature and habit, to any cause and any labour which appealed to his generous enthusiasm. The bent of his life had already been acquired when he entered on his work in Manchester, and became acquainted with the family of George Thompson. Henceforth he devoted himself to the task of be-

friending oppressed races. In 1859 he began to hold meetings in his own house, to express sympathy with the American Abolitionists, and to demand the neutrality of Great Britain in the impending struggle.

At the end of 1862 he formed, and acted as honorary secretary to, the Emancipation Society, which had for its chairman Mr. William Evans, and for its treasurers Mr. P. A. Taylor and Mr. W. T. Malleon. Amongst the earliest members were John Stuart Mill, Goldwin Smith, James Stansfeld, General Peyronet Thompson, Professor Cairnes, Aurelio Saffi, George Wilson, T. B. Potter, R. H. Hutton, George Ashworth, and Arthur Trevelyan. Hundreds of public meetings were held, and the Emancipation party in America was notably stimulated in its arduous undertaking by the society of which Chesson was the guiding spirit and directing hand.

At a banquet which was given in his honour many years later—as late as July 16th, 1886—he described how he received one of his earliest incentives to fervour in the cause of humanity. "I was in the United States," he said, "when the Fugitive Slave Law came into operation. That was a period of revolution, when the forces of freedom and slavery were being organised for the final struggle. It was really the beginning of the end of slavery, though it seemed at the moment that slavery was established on a throne that was likely to last for ever. I remember being present at a meeting attended by three thousand of the coloured people of New York, who had assembled for the purpose of denouncing the Fugitive Slave Law. I believe I was almost the only white person in the church, and I soon became aware that large numbers of those present were armed, and that during the proceedings fugitive slaves were being sent on to Canada. A short time subsequently I saw what, if I lived for hundreds of years, I should never forget, namely, the return into slavery of a fugitive slave who had sought refuge and employment in New York. It helped to give me that love of freedom which I have cherished ever since, and it was therefore very natural that when, some years later, the people of the Free States were involved in a tremendous struggle with slavery for their national existence, I should interest myself on behalf of the four millions of slaves in the Southern States." An object-lesson of that sort was well calculated to impress the plastic mind of an impressionable boy, and assuredly it was not thrown away.

Scarcely were the slaves emancipated when another duty beckoned him—less congenial, but, as he deemed, equally imperative. The stern suppression of a negro revolt in Jamaica aroused the indignation of a large section of Englishmen. The Jamaica Committee was organised mainly by Chesson's personal efforts, in order to bring to a focus the light of many contributory facts. One result of its labours was the appointment of a Commission of Inquiry into "the Jamaica massacres," which reported that, after the suppression of the outbreak, 439 persons had suffered under martial law, 600 women had been publicly flogged, and a thousand dwellings had been burned to the

ground. The effect of the exposure, which was followed by much hot and angry controversy, was durable and excellent. Never since that time has a colonial governor attempted to deal with aboriginal races in the same ruthless fashion.

Meanwhile Chesson was working hard at his profession as a journalist. His family was growing up and his private responsibilities were increasing. In the year 1869 the "Morning Star" came to an end. A very severe illness disabled him in 1872-3. He was not the man to be daunted by adverse circumstances, and it is enough to say in this place that he faced them doggedly and overcame them. With an industry rarely equalled, and a frugality so unvarying as to make his friends suppose that he did not possess the tastes and appetites which he merely suppressed, he spent some ten years of steady effort and perseverance, constantly increasing the respect and affection of all who knew him. In 1876 he found himself in the stream of opinion which demanded the settlement of the Eastern Question of that day by the concert of the Great Powers, and as one of the honorary secretaries of the Eastern Question Association he took an active part in the movement, partly political and partly humanitarian, which has left its imprint on the history of the time. A couple of years later he was prominent in the formation and work of the Greek Committee. Both of these organisations are too recent in date to call for detailed notice; but it is fair to observe that the moving principle in each was one of sympathy with an oppressed nationality. If they were inextricably interwoven with political controversies, and more largely associated with one of the two great parties than with the other, that was, at any rate, not the motive which led Chesson to engage in them. I never knew a man who was less dominated by mere partisanship, less inclined to take up with a movement simply because it would advance an individual or a party. That which we know him to be he was when a boy and he was when a man, because the principles first instilled in him commended themselves to his heart and his reason, and he never saw cause to give them up. To the last day of his life he stood fast in the old ways, a friend of the oppressed, a champion of the weak, ready to work with any one and every one who would fight for the same ends.

Most recently of all, he concerned himself with the interests of the Malagasy, the Amatongas, the aborigines within the borders of the Cape Colony, King Ja-Ja, the Samoan islanders. His method was to learn all that could be known in this country about the rights and wrongs of the people whose complaints had reached him, to work up his case, to inform those who were associated with him in the Aborigines Protection Society, or the Native Races Committee, or elsewhere; to furnish materials for questions or motions in the House of Commons; to write letters to the newspapers, full of details, but always temperate and accurate; to bring together men and women who could help the cause by speech or pen, sometimes on a public platform, sometimes at a political breakfast, sometimes in a drawing-room, at a

club, or in his own office. Thoughtless people would rally him now and again on the breadth of his sympathies, which certainly had no geographical limits. Others would hint that he listened too credulously to the complaints of savages, and that he was too ready to plead their cause against his own countrymen. The truth is that he had marked out for himself a definite groove and compartment of public duty, in which he knew that he could answer for himself, both morally and physically; and beyond this domain, though his sympathies might be as keen as any other man's, he had little desire or temptation to stray. For him right and justice had no colour; no prejudice arose out of uncouthness, and no favour was created by power and prestige. To one who throws himself by choice on the side of the weakest, weakness itself becomes a recommendation; and to Chesson a man could have no better introduction than the fact of being in trouble, sickness, or any kind of adversity. His benevolence was never limited by the number of spare coins which he might have in his pocket—was not measured, indeed, by money in any sense. He aided his fellows by working for them, by giving them helpful advice, by putting them in the way of helping themselves. If I were to mention only those whom I personally know to have been indebted to him for large-hearted service of one kind or another, the list would be a long one, and it would include many who, either at the time of help or subsequently, have been much better endowed with this world's goods than Chesson ever was or cared to be.

His friends would sometimes say, half in joke, that a man who did such work as he did ought to be laid hold of by the State, to be relieved of all personal care and anxiety, and enabled to do in a more efficient manner in a public position what he already did in his private house and in his office. I once repeated to him an observation of this kind, but his answer was prompt and unmistakable. "They seem to forget," he said, "that a man working on his own initiative has far more power, in a certain class of cases, than one whose responsibility is covered by that of the State. I have always kept my independence, and I always shall. No offer that could be made to me would have any attraction whatever." Independence and impartiality were amongst his best characteristics, and they gained for him the confidence of all who knew him. Those who knew him well did not stop short at confidence. The kindly strain in his nature was always manifest; he never spoke ill of others, but was ever ready to see the best side of a man; to deprecate anything like vindictive severity; to defend warmly, and even indignantly, those whom the world had misused. His was a noble life, based on self-denial, on enthusiasm for humanity, on goodwill to his fellow-men, and on a consistent observance of religious duties.

Though tolerant in a remarkable degree, and incapable of judging others merely by his own standard, he was a regular church-goer. Scores of times he would leave his office in Westminster to attend the Abbey service, and I have heard him speak with subdued exaltation of the effect

produced upon him by some grand anthem in that pantheon of saints and heroes. He showed little enough outwardly of the imaginative side of his nature, but they were wrong who thought that he had no imagination. He had distinct archaeological and ecclesiastical tastes, with an ardent love and a fairly extensive knowledge of the London in which he lived, and especially of the Chelsea in which the latter part of his life was passed. Perhaps the last time that he spoke in public was when he gave a lecture in a Chelsea schoolroom, on his experiences during a short trip to Constantinople. Whilst his friend Mr. Hagopian exhibited a series of lantern-views of Turkish life and scenery, he graphically described the objects and ideas which had been impressed on his memory years before; and no one could listen to him without realising how far beneath the surface he had been able to penetrate in all that he saw or heard in Turkey.

When Chesson died—it was on a Sunday night, the 29th of April—the thought occurred at once to a dozen of his friends that it was impossible to let his death pass without in some way doing honour to his memory, and giving expression to the feelings with which he had inspired all who knew him. Accordingly a committee was formed for the purpose of raising a memorial fund—just such a committee as he had shown us how to bring together, composed of men of all parties, all creeds, all ways of thinking, some diametrically opposed to others on vital points, but absolutely unanimous on the point which combined them.

It was Chesson's last committee, with his own name for its title and object, and his own spirit for its motive power. The result has been precisely right and fitting—everything has been spontaneous, appropriate, hearty; there has been no stint, and nothing lavish; those who have given, whether money or work or goodwill, have merely testified what they felt for a good and exceptional man. The list of subscribers includes the names of Ministers and leaders of the Opposition, of Liberal, Conservative, and Home Rule members, of officers in the fighting and civil services, of colonial administrators, of Indians, Africans, Americans, Frenchmen, Germans, Greeks, Bulgarians, and Armenians; of Roman Catholics, Anglicans, Quakers, Nonconformists, and Agnostics; of authors, journalists, artists, and lawyers; of eminent women as well as men; of peers and commoners; of philanthropists, men of the world, men of commerce, men of study and seclusion. Rarely has a more comprehensive list been put together, and it is a wreath of honour to lay on the dead man's tomb. Even such a wreath is not much to give in return for a noble example of unselfish and life-long work. But to him, if sight and hearing could reach us from the land where he now is, it would seem a great and high reward that his labours for oppressed races had nerved other hands to take up the interrupted task, and that those whom he left behind, the nearest and dearest to him, had seen his memory embalmed in the hearts of good and worthy men.

LEWIS SERGEANT.

The Horses of Gravelotte.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KARL VON GEROK.

[The incident celebrated in these verses occurred during the Franco-Prussian War, and was recorded in the newspapers of the day, in August, 1870. The regiment to which the horses belonged was the Second Prussian Dragoon Guards, from Berlin.]

Oh, hot was the day and bloody the fight !
Cool is the evening and quiet the night.

High on the wood's edge, and far down below,
Three times the trumpet the signal doth blow ;

Calleth so loudly and soundeth so clear,
Summons the men at Appel to appear.

Trooplike, in batches, now haste do they make
Back in the ranks their old places to take.

But not the whole of them come back again,
Many lie there mid the heaps of the slain.

At the reveillé all fresh they drew nigh,
Now at Appel pale and dead do they lie.

Riderless Horses with no one to guide
Desolate gallop on every side.

Yet sounds the trumpet the summons again,
Calls from the distance, a third time, the men.

See how the black horse there, pricking its ear,
Neighing, dilating its nostrils, draws near.

See how the brown horse hastes forward apace,
Trots at its side, as before, in its place.

Even the grey horse, with blood-covered flanks,
Limps on three legs to its place in the ranks.

Troop-like, in batches, their places to take,
Haste do the Riderless Horses now make.

Soundeth the trumpet, the steeds, like the men,
Answer the call, take their places again.

Horses were counted, three hundred and more,
Whose riders were killed, their last battle o'er.

More than three hundred—oh, bloody affray,
So many saddles were emptied that day !

More than three hundred—how heavy the cost,
One man in four the brave regiment lost !

More than three hundred—oh, horses so tried,
True to the flag, with no riders to guide !

When of the heroes of Gravelotte you tell,
Think of the Steeds of the Guardsmen as well !

JOHN KELLY

THE HORSES OF GRAVELOTTE



FONSECA'S OPPORTUNITY.

IT was a lovely evening in the July of 1884 when first I made the acquaintance of Giulio Fonseca. We were in the Villa Municipale—the public gardens by the sea—at Naples; the band was playing one of Strauss's pretty waltzes, and seemed to thrill the very foliage of the over-spreading ilexes with gladsome music. All round the orchestra chiosque a pleasure-seeking crowd was lounging on the iron chairs, eating ices, drinking coffee or lemonade, smoking, chatting, flirting, as such crowds do. Others walked up and down the broad alleys, or stood about in little groups listening to the music, while above them all, tranquil and silvery, shone the full moon, casting its long, bright reflection on the peaceful sea.

I had been absent from Naples, and on my return found this young stranger added to the circle of friends, chiefly artists, with whom I spent the greater part of my time. How well I remember him as he stood before me then, dressed in the height of fashion and looking like a tailor's doll, with a collar that stretched his neck to its utmost length and gave him a half-strangled appearance. How utterly disagreeable and repugnant he was to me!

"What a fop!" I thought, returning a frigid bow to his salutation.

A few moments afterwards I drew Hugh Davidson apart, and asked him what he meant by introducing such a puppy into our circle. Hugh puffed away composedly at his cigar as we strolled along the walk beside the sea.

"Puppy!" he remarked at last, as if weighing the word, "why? Because he is in an ungraceful stage of growth? Perhaps he's consumptive."

"But his clothes—his get up!" I exclaimed, testily.

"Oh! But I didn't introduce the clothes, did I?" asked Hugh, innocently.

"We were all so jolly together without him. Where *did* you pick up such a meagre specimen?"

"At the café; and I'll tell you why I took to him," Hugh replied, "although he is—well—"

Hugh puffed away again, and I thought I detected something of a smile on his face in the moonlight.

"Well, he *does* look a muff; but that's exactly what I used to be myself."

"You, Hugh!"

If, reader, I could show him to you—my dear old Hugh—you would understand the force of my exclamation. A nobler looking man—strong, healthy, open-browed, intelligent—it would not be easy to find; and, as I mentally contrasted him with the ridiculous little fop we had just left, I burst into a roar of laughter.

"Giggle away, young one," said Hugh, in his imperturbable way. "It is none the less true, and natural enough. There I was—alone—no interests—plenty of money—nothing but self to think of. My dear mother died before I could

appreciate her influence, though I know it now, and I was as empty-headed and idle and stuck-up as you please. One fine morning I woke and found all the money gone; nothing to look to but my two hands here to save me from starvation." Hugh broke off and resumed his cigar for a few moments, and then went on in a different tone, "That was the saving of me. I'm not rich—probably I never shall be—but, by God's grace, I am a man now."

He took off his hat as he spoke and stood bare-headed, looking away over the sea. I fancied his lips moved, and a feeling of reverence kept me silent by his side. Dear Hugh! Although he was nearly double my age, and we were together for no more than two short years, although we may never meet again, no man ever had or will have from me such affection as I gave him from the bottom of my soul.

"Well," I said, at length, "I still fail to see what draws you to this Signor Fonseca. Has he by chance also lost a fortune?"

"Obtuseness always was one of your salient features, my boy," said Hugh. "Don't suppose for an instant that I thought you capable of taking in my motives without a yard or two of explanation."

"Kind, I'm sure!" said I, "by all means give it me, then."

"Well, you see, Jack"—(my name is Jack Hillyer, and I may as well add that I am an Englishman, pretty well off, aged twenty-four, and at that time I was studying painting in Naples)—"you see," said Hugh, "a rich man can do so many things a poor one can't. I only found it out when my riches were gone; but now I can't bear to see rich young fellows as blind as I was. I feel an irresistible impulse to open their eyes, to give 'em a hand out of the bog they're in, to spare them"—(his voice grew more and more earnest)—"to spare them from the wickedness and misery of throwing away their lives—precious lives God has given them—in useless idle emptiness. This lad—he's only nineteen—reminds me very strongly of my old self. He is an orphan, he's rich, and he's his own master. He was brought up, he told me, partly by the family chaplain and partly by an old uncle. The chaplain, to spare himself trouble and earn the future favour of his pupil, let him do just as he chose, and the uncle's only care was to see that his fortune accumulated as fast as possible. No wonder that he doesn't know a man's power in life—doesn't know there is such a thing as life in our sense. But I say it is our duty to help the boy, Jack."

"Well, I suppose we might do better than let him alone," I admitted; "but—"

"But—?"

"Perhaps he won't care for our kind interference."

"I don't know him very well yet," said Hugh,

meditatively. "These Italians are so many-sided; of course, one must get to know him first—one must study him."

"Then you can begin to-morrow," I said, linking my arm in Hugh's, and making him turn his face homewards, "for it is nearly midnight now, too late for moral and philosophical analysis."

"Sensible advice, Jack," said Hugh; "I think I am the boy to-night and you the man. But that Fonseca does so take me back to my own useless youth; I can't help thinking about him. The contrast between what is and what might be is so strong. If only a man would think, and think bravely and honestly about the mission God gives him with life! How beautiful the moonlight looks on the sea, Jack, doesn't it? What a rest to one's soul after the gas-lamps and the chatter and clatter over there."

We stood leaning on our arms on the low seawall, loth to go away. The tiny wavelets were shimmering in the moonlight; to the right the graceful curve of Posillipo shut in the bay with its dark masses of foliage and twinkling lights; to the left the Castello dell'Ovo jutted out black against the water; and behind us and all along the nearer shores of the gulf lay the clustering houses of Naples and the little towns beyond to south-eastward, all gleaming white in the moonlight at the feet of fateful Vesuvius, whose fiery breath sent a dull red glow into the smoke-cloud hanging over its summit. Far away before us Capri's hazy outline showed dimly against the sky.

"Come away, Jack," said Hugh, at last, and slowly, half reluctantly, we turned into the town.

The weeks went busily by. Hugh and I had plenty to do, and saw few friends; but Fonseca came often to our joint studio. I gradually came to know him a little and to like him better than I had thought possible. In ordinary morning dress he looked decidedly different, and I was greatly surprised to see how a high collar or a comfortable turned down one can completely change a man's intellectual appearance. He was a taciturn young fellow, and used to stand over us for hours as we worked, watching us laying on our colours with enthusiasm, and taking them out again with patience, and never said a word to indicate any sort of criticism or approval.

Hugh used to laugh at him a little and draw him out to speak the few words of English that he knew, but with me he did not get on so well. Once, after he had been with us from midday till about four o'clock, I ventured to remark to Hugh that I didn't think standing staring at us would improve him so very much.

"Let him be," said Hugh; "he might be worse employed."

"Oh!" said I, looking up to see how much this meant.

"Don't think ill of him," Hugh said, answering my questioning tone; "but he was beginning to take the wrong turning, and, what's more, he felt it go against the grain all the time; and he likes to come and stare at us, and do nothing that carries him further from himself. I fancy there's

stuff in him, Jack—it only wants the opportunity."

"Vedremo!—we shall see," I replied, paying very little attention; but it was not long before Hugh's words came back to me strongly enough. Meanwhile I shrugged my shoulders, and we sallied forth to find our dinner at some restaurant, and thought no more of Fonseca.

Ah, the happy Italian life! Even now, as I sit writing in foggy London, I recall its glow and warmth. How easy and joyous everything appears!—how you drink into your very soul, how your whole being is penetrated by, that delicious harmony of sunshine and warmth and colour that surrounds you like a lovely, all-pervading atmosphere, that overpowers you with sweetness like an Oriental perfume.

Summer was on the wane; many of our little circle had left Naples for the autumn *villeggiatura*, after having returned thither for a few days from the baths at Sorrento and Castellamare. Sad rumours were spreading about, and whispers of the appearance of the dread cholera passed cautiously from mouth to mouth. Friends begged us to leave town; and, as we were strangers, and had nothing particular to detain us—and as, moreover, we had a pressing invitation from one of them to go and pass a month on his estate in Calabria—we packed our portmanteaus, and thought ourselves lucky to get off so easily for such a delightful change and holiday. I cannot attempt to describe the loveliness of that remote Calabrese valley. The charming surprises, the picturesque scenery, the quaint Old World costumes of the peasants and small proprietors, the luxury of new beauty on all sides, that made our sojourn there a succession of delights. It was such a remote out-of-the-way spot that communication with such a thing as a town was at best a difficult matter; but at this time, by reason of the superstitious fear the peasants had of the cholera, it was simply impossible, and so we lived on happily from day to day, quite unconscious of the horror and misery raging in the town we had left so full of life and beauty, stricken now with disease and death.

"No news is good news," we said, laughing to each other as we prepared in the mornings for some new excursion with our sketching tools, or sat at the day's end on the piazza in front of our friend's villa, singing choruses in the moonlight, or listening to some plaintive melody on the mandolin.

One Sunday—it was the second in September—we had gone to the little chapel on the hill to see the peasants at mass in their picturesque costumes. As we returned to the villa we were astonished to see two horses covered with dust standing saddled beside the entrance, and our host broke off his chat with a sudden "Perbacco! My brother, I declare! How on earth can he have got here?"

It was our friend's brother, as we were not long in finding out—Dottor Giovanni Cerletti, a tall dark, pleasant-looking man. He came forward hastily and embraced his brother heartily, kissing him, Italian fashion, on both cheeks.

"Caro Giovanni," said our friend, warmly returning the salutation; "it is good to see thee after a whole year of separation. But do tell me to what good-fortune we owe such a charming surprise?"

The dottore looked very grave. "Ah, Filippo mio," he said, sadly, "it is not good, but bad—very bad fortune. Is it possible you know nothing?"

"We might have been living in the backwoods," said Hugh, laughing. "Do tell us what has happened?" we both asked, eagerly.

"Cari signori," he answered, with great directness, "the poor people are dying like flies in Naples and the villages round. Thousands die in a day!"

We looked at each other with pale faces. Was it possible?

"And you, Giovanni?" asked Filippo, anxiously. "How is it you are travelling just now? Where are your wife and children?"

"They are safe and well at home, thank God!" he said; and added, simply, "I am going to Naples."

"My dear fellow, impossible!" began Filippo.

"You don't know what you say," answered the doctor, quietly and firmly. "You forget my profession; I am a doctor, and doctors are needed, and nurses, and all the help that can be given."

Davidson and I were standing silent, feeling a little *de trop* while this brotherly discussion was going on, when Filippo Cerletti turned to us, and we were both struck by the beautiful expression in his dark, handsome face.

"Amici," he said, "it troubles me to leave you here alone when my duty as host would bid me remain and entertain you; but this duty is greater, I go with my brother to Naples."

"Lo sapevo! I knew it!" exclaimed Giovanni, with a radiant smile; and at the same time Hugh was saying, "And you shall not go alone; where there is work for you there is also work for me." As he spoke his eyes met mine interrogatively.

"Yes, yes; and also for me!" I cried eagerly, catching their enthusiasm, and we went to put a few things together for immediate departure.

And so our Calabrese *villeggiatura* came to an abrupt end, and before the sun went down behind the mountains we two, with the two Cerletti and a faithful servant of Filippo, were passing, a very silent little cavalcade, out of the lovely valley. We were all too full of new thoughts and feelings to be able to talk; my heart was in a tumult, I don't know what I felt or thought, but I fancy the others were in the same state of excitement and semi-exaltation. We were like soldiers going into battle against great odds, and yet thinking mostly of the victory. Could we not help? could we not save? might we not give our lives, with God's blessing, to buy those of some suffering fellow-creatures?

The journey was particularly tedious because of the state of the peasantry—a state which can hardly be imagined by those who have not had to deal with the superstition and ignorance of the South Italian poor. Their ruling idea was that

the cholera was a device of the government to kill off the poorer population. Every stranger—no matter whence he came, were it even from the healthiest part of the country, from some place the cholera never reached—was sure to be suspected of bringing it with him, not in the form of contagion, but of malice aforethought, done up in little packets of powder, to be sprinkled stealthily in the wells on his way, or spread by other mysterious devices. Unlucky travellers were met everywhere with sticks and stones; people became afraid to move lest they should encounter the fury of the unreasoning and panic-stricken peasantry. So we had to take strange byways and make long *détours* to avoid villages, until, to our relief, we came within reach of railways once more.

I shall never forget the impression Naples made on me then. All its noise was hushed, all the movement and vivacity so peculiarly its own had vanished, and given place to a heavy, mournful stillness. The very atmosphere was thick and murky. An intolerable smell of carbolic acid and other disinfectants took away one's very breath. The few passers-by, with pale faces, turned fearfully away from us as if to escape contagion.

We passed from the Marinella into a poor back street to shorten our way; a low, monotonous chanting swelled upon our ears as we turned into the darkness of the narrow way; and towards us came a long procession, preceded by a wooden image of the Virgin Mary, borne aloft by four stout young fishermen. We stood back against the wall to let it pass, and they went slowly by, people of all ages, bareheaded and barefooted, the women with their long masses of beautiful dark hair hanging loose over their shoulders, all joining in the mournful chant of psalms and prayers; all the faces were woebegone; some looked up pleadingly at the image before them, but the most seemed to walk there as mere automatons, with a vacant look of grief that was almost sadder to see. I looked at Hugh in blank dismay.

"Are we in Milan?" I asked. "Doesn't it remind you horribly of Manzoni's description of the plague?"

"Don't be dejected, old boy," said the dear fellow, encouragingly. "We mustn't think too much of the misery of it, or we shall be worse than useless. Filippo Cerletti will give us our work, and we must attend to nothing but that."

We went all four together to the Comitato della Croce Rossa—the Committee of the Red Cross—formed by several eminent citizens, who organised a rapid and orderly system of succour. Our names were entered as volunteers, and our several duties being allotted to us, we were instantly set to work.

And here, of all places and times, it was that I met again Giulio Fonseca. No longer the vulgar-looking stuck-up little fop, the empty figure of fashion I took him for, but as brave and true a hero as any among the many heroes of those days. With his heart and soul in his work he seemed endowed with the strength of a lion; nothing seemed to tire him; nothing threw him back.

Now it was a sick child he nursed back to life by sheer tender resolution; now an old poor man, whose wants he generously supplied. For himself not a thought—sleep, food, rest, he seemed never to want, and when Hugh and I remonstrated with him he only answered with a bright smile in his dark eyes, or a brief "*Tocca ai Giovani*—it is for the young to work the hardest." But it could not go on for ever, and at last, when the infection had already greatly abated, he took the cholera in his turn. How Hugh and I, under God's grace, got him through, I cannot tell. Those days were torture to us who had learned to know and appreciate him, for I often remembered with contrition how I had thought to know him by the cut of his coat and the shape of his collar; and Hugh said he had only gone so far as to think he might be worth saving in spite of them. What inexpressible joy we felt when we got him at last, weak, but convalescent, on to a sofa. Hugh hung over him like a father, and I felt uneasy when my duties (now much diminished) obliged me to leave him.

What we both thought so beautiful in him was the childlike unconsciousness he had of having done anything unusual; I noticed the same unconsciousness in many; every one seemed ready to sacrifice himself to the utmost without any second thoughts. It was all very well for us, as I said one day to Hugh, who had neither kith nor kin, and could follow our own inclinations; but how many left wife and children and hurried to offer themselves to the *Comitati di Soccorso* as volunteers. Even women and girls, of all ranks, offered their aid with sublime devotion. As for Fonseca, it had been for him that "opportunity" of which Davidson had spoken in the summer, and he rose from his sickness, no longer a boy, but a man with all the serious firmness of purpose he had lacked before.

Naples was not long in resuming its cheerfulness, though one was often reminded of the terrible cholera time by the many closed shops and the number of people in mourning whom one met in the street. After the close comradeship of those days it was not so easy to break up our little circle and go our several ways as before. But of course we had other duties, though there

was something of a staleness in ordinary life after the atmosphere of excitement we had all been breathing. Davidson had to return to America, I to London, and so far our way lay together. We went together to say good-bye to Fonseca, and I remember we were both uncommonly silent as we took the familiar way for the last time. We did not half like going, and when we got into Fonseca's room we found we had nothing to say, and hung about feeling disorganised and a little awkward. I found myself at last standing in the window at the far end of the room staring out at the beautiful gulf, dotted over with fishing-boats, whose white sails looked like the flashing wings of seabirds as they veered in the sunshine; and presently I heard Hugh saying, "And so, you see, I set out with the idea of giving you a helping hand, good example, advice, and all that kind of thing—"

"You did, you did!" interrupted Fonseca, eagerly. "I wanted to tell you—"

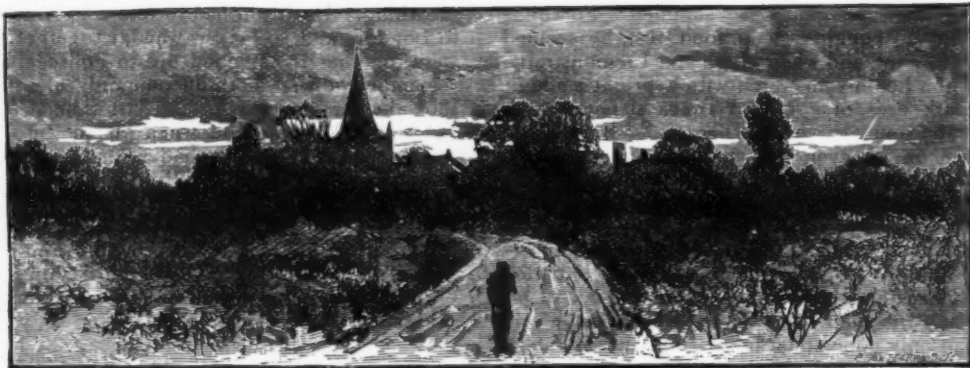
"No, no, young one, I was an ass, for all my forty years, and I may say I've learned a thing or two from you that I hope to remember as long as I live. And I've only one bit of advice to give you now," said Hugh, with a smile, as if he thought he had no business to offer it—[dear old Hugh! it never crossed his mind that he had really done anything for Fonseca]—and that is, there's lots to do, even though the cholera, thank God! is passing away. That was a call to work, but all life is a call to work, and you're a rich fellow who can do more good than many if you stick to the purpose—I mean the great idea of using your life for the good of your fellow-creatures—that's the thing, if only we didn't forget it so often."

It is "the thing," dear old Hugh, as you put it in your shy, blunt way, and that is what binds us all together still, though in life we may not meet again. The Cerletti brothers are doing good work with new liberal schools in their Calabrese valley; Hugh is in America, doing a world of unconscious good, no doubt; Fonseca has taken his degree as doctor of medicine, and is full of enthusiastic hopes in his future and his power for good work in his glorious profession.

Am I the only useless one? I trust not; God gives to each of us work to do for Him.

ELENA CASELLA.





VOICES FROM THE HIGHWAYS AND HEDGES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OCCUPATIONS OF A RETIRED LIFE."

THE PROBLEMS OF PLAY.

I HAD made up my mind to get at my husband's views on recreation and amusement, so one wild autumn evening, when the wind and rain were at work with such energy that I thought he would not be called away to visit any patient unless one was in mortal danger, I dashed straight into the subject by putting a personal question.

"Alick, how did you amuse yourself when you were young?"

Alick is a Scotchman, so, true to the instinct of his race, he replied by another question—"What put that into your head?"

"Because nowadays one hears so much about amusement and recreation," I replied. "Almost every letter I receive—almost every conversation I hear—bears upon it. One old friend, in a manufacturing town, has started a working girls' club, which is to be open every evening for games, music, illustrated books, etc. Another friend's husband, a clergyman in a big city, is developing an 'institute,' with reading-room, gymnasium, bagatelle-board, musical instruments, and an arranged series of concerts and popular lectures. From a country place comes an appeal from one of my old pupils for any hints as to the organisation of a cricket club and a choir. Certainly, we are not living in days when

"All work and no play
Makes Jack a dull boy."

"That is true," assented Alick; "and yet to my mind this great interest in amusement is not a sign of the healthfulness of the social body, though if it be wisely manifested it may tend towards that good end. As it is the sickly and the starveling whose diet has to be considered and made tasty, so it seems to me that life must have got very far out of wholesome conditions before recreation ceases to come in some natural way, but must be

thought of as a thing apart from the main current of existence."

"But you do think that this distinct consideration and organisation of recreation and amusement is at least a present necessity?" I asked.

"Aye," said Alick, fervently. "I have seen far too much of the one-roomed, squalid homes and dreary, sordid highways in the outlying parts of our big cities, to deny that! Let anybody travel even by train through the denser London districts—or, better still, let him wander up and down their narrow streets of one-sized dismal houses, the weird monotony only broken by the huge shadow of a factory—and he will understand how evil greed and sore need, or the unavoidable pressure of a large population, have conspired together to trample out of thousands upon thousands all those faculties of spontaneous mirth and love of beauty and perception of humour which have the magic faculty of creating true enjoyment out of the simplest materials. If you destroy your 'noble boy,'" said Alick, in his zeal rising and pacing the room, and actually quoting the lines which had arisen in my own mind in the same connection, "If you destroy your 'noble boy,' if you keep him hungry and cold and ignorant, above all, in gloom and dirt, and surrounded by hideous shapes of cruelty and sin, you may not hope to see him at that 'noble play' at which he becomes the best type of the world's best workers, but you will presently find him basking in the ginshop's gaslight, yelling inane songs in a hoarse voice, and indulging in rude jokes and fiendish laughter over sights that must make angels weep!"

"But that is not universal, Alick," I ventured to interpolate.

"No," he assented. "If there is something in the 'noble boy'—inherited, perhaps, from happier ancestors, or awakened by a higher spiritual life—which persistently revolts against such outlets for

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nature's energies of mirth, then you shall find him sinking into a subdued creature, whose vital powers will presently fail to meet the claims made upon him; or, if he be blessed with an exceptionally strong constitution, he will make interest and excitement out of his very wrongs, and join the ranks of those whom we so grandly call 'demagogues.'

"But this state of things does exist, Alick," I said. "People are living in these mazes of streets and earning bread in these gaol-like factories. So we must cope with things as they are, even though they have been brought about before our day and exist against our will. I have heard it said—and I think the saying was true and beautiful—that almost all heroism consists in the atoning for, supplying, or mitigating the sins, incapacities, or defects of others."

"Most true and beautiful," said Alick, "provided always it be also borne in mind that the great problem of righteousness—or right wisdom—is how to effect such atonement, or supply mitigation, without doing something to perpetuate the very sins, incapacities, or defects which make them necessary. This brings me to my point. In seeking to carry some joy and brightness into the mass of outwardly cheerless lives, we must take care not to merely make them more comfortable for the time, but rather to arouse in them that 'divine discontent' which will make them covet better things for all time. We must 'amuse' them with a view of showing them how to 'amuse themselves'—a capacity which, in child or adult, is always in exact proportion to health and true development of all the faculties."

"To my mind," Alick went on, "there seems something like mockery in some of the diversions and consolations tendered to those whose true needs my professional experiences in big cities have shown me so clearly. I will give one instance among my former patients. She was a poor little girl, very sharp, clever, and well-mannered, but pale, thin, and smileless. She lived with a widowed mother and an elder sister, who worked for the family bread as shoebinders. The only home they could afford was one small room. This was reached by passing down the passage of a small crowded house, and crossing its dark, dirty, and foul-smelling yard, into which opened the only window of the chamber, where they worked for fourteen or fifteen hours daily, and slept the remainder of the twenty-four. The mother was superior in education and original condition, and her elder daughter was a prior edition of my little patient. Now, what these people really wanted was a chance of such work as would enable them to live in cleanliness on good food. They wanted fresh air and sunlight. It seemed like an insult to offer them a picture gallery, or a popular lecture, or a concert of classical music. When one is seeking the sheer bread of existence these things fall on the heart like stones! Do you remember how Mr. Ruskin refused to have anything to do with the new recreative classes in London, because, he said, he would do nothing in these days to render life in London attractive, or even tolerable, but would rather that people

were left to feel that they must flee out of it, as Lot fled from Sodom! It was strongly put—as he delights to put things strongly to arrest people's attention—and doubtless he also realised that he set forth a side of the matter that is too seldom represented at all. But I can enter into his feeling on the subject."

"And yet," I said, "one must begin somewhere. And half a loaf is better than no bread. And many people who long to do something helpful can sing a song or read a poem, but could never lead a whole community out of the wilderness of bricks and mortar into the land of green fields and pure waters, as Josiah and Priscilla have done. Even one hour of brightness is something subtracted from a year of monotony."

"I admit all that," said Alick, "but might it not be possible for the picture-gallery to familiarise its visitors with places, people, and ways of life, towards which it is desirable to turn their hopeful attention? And from the concerts, whatever else I might try to cultivate in the audience, I would never omit the kind of singing possible to themselves and desirable to introduce among them. They would not likely be slower to appreciate Beethoven or Schumann if they could sing a good ballad or join in a merry glee. I remember attending one such concert years ago. It was given after the tea-party of a 'mothers' meeting.' Its promoters played their own little parts in a friendly impromptu way, as if in their own drawing-rooms, and then, by a preconcerted arrangement, a blind girl, a dweller in one of the poorest neighbouring courts, keeping her place among the audience, lifted her voice—a very sweet one—and sang an old-fashioned pathetic ballad. That, as the saying goes, 'brought down the house.' The applause was hearty and renewed, and among the women there was scarcely one dry eye! An occasional incident like that would do much to encourage household singing, and a place might be found at such concerts for performances on the flute, concertina, or other instrument within the reach of narrow purses."

"I have often thought," I remarked, "that the choirs of churches and chapels would do well if, as an adjunct to their regular practising, they met on another evening in schoolroom or vestry-hall for an hour's weekly study of good part-songs and ballads. It is so natural to sing! People will sing something, and at present they don't seem to know what to sing, and alternate between revival hymns or Gregorian chants and music-hall ditties or fashionable 'rondeaux,' scarcely less inane or more elevating. We are always quoting old Fletcher of Saltoun's saying that a nation's songs signify more to it than its laws, but if we are sincere in our recognition of its wisdom, what do we feel must be the destiny of a people, most of whose drawing-rooms echo with false sentiment, while the highways resound with folly, claptrap, or even worse? I think that to be able to start a song without any assistance from an instrument is a beautiful gift, and it is common enough if it were only rightly directed. How its exercise would brighten the poorest fireside, and what a bond of household union it might prove!"

"Aye, and that last clause of yours brings me to another danger which those who would organise recreation so as to produce good results should study to avoid," said Alick. "That is, the creation of habits which tend to destroy a common household life."

"But in so many cases there is no common household life to destroy," I urged. "Apart from the many young people who live in the dreariest and loneliest of strange lodgings, the household life of too many families is already broken up by the demons of drink and gross dissipation, from whose degrading presence the promoters wish to rescue as many as they can."

"I concede all that," Alick answered; "for these, clubs and institutes of every kind are needed simply to supply a poor substitute for a true home and to implant a love and a longing for pure domestic pleasures. The danger lies in these becoming inducements and temptations to the desertion of household life. If a working girls' club is open every evening, with its music and its games and its social excitements, and the same girls can frequent it night after night, whether they have homes of their own or not, it seems to me that this is an ill training for the seclusion and retirement which must be the lot of every domestic woman worthy the names of wife and mother. If a man is never content unless he is at a lecture or a debate, or some other item of an institute's programme, his wife is doubtless more fortunate than if he were a constant frequenter of a public-house or a music-hall, but she does not enjoy much of his society, nor do his children get the full benefit of his influence. No; if these clubs and institutes are really doing their duty, they must work—gradually enough I own, but still steadily—towards their own extinction, or, at least, towards their definite limitation to their true sphere, which is simply the aid and refreshment of home life. Why, Lucy, do you not notice that while we are talking on this subject only one class of people is in our thoughts—to wit, 'the young,' those ranging, to speak widely, from fifteen to thirty years of age. What about the little ones and the middle-aged and the old folks? No scheme of recreation is complete which does not provide something for all of these, and also, in a general way, provide for them together."

"Yes," I said, reflecting. "God's ways in nature show us that it is no part of His will to group people together according to age or sex—rather the contrary."

"I do not think that we Christians should show ourselves more impervious to the Divine example in this respect than do the heathen Japanese," observed Alick; "and they have a pretty song, which, translated, runs,

'Merrier is the harvest dance
'Neath our old folks' kindly glance.'

The fact is, old people, young people, and little children—the natural constituents of a family—if they be of the right sort and under right conditions, naturally provide recreation for each other. Where can one find a happier scene than

that which the poet Whittier depicts in his 'Snow-bound,' when he says (and Alick read),

'Shut in from all the world without
We sat the clean-winged hearth about :
* * * * *
And sped the time with stories old,
Wrought puzzles out and riddles told,

and goes on to describe the father telling his tales of adventure, the mother,

'while she turned her wheel,
Or run the new-knit stocking-heel,'

taking the children back to the story of her early days, or the history of saint or martyr; the uncle,

'innocent of books,
But rich in lore of fields and brooks.
* * * * *
Who read the skies as prophecies,
And foul or fair could well divine,
By many an occult hint and sign.
* * * * *
Himself to Nature's heart so near
That all her voices in his ear,
Of beast or bird had meanings clear;

while the aunt,

'The sweetest woman ever fate
Perverse, denied a household mate,
* * * * *
Called up her girlhood memories.
* * * * *
Weaving through all the poor details,
And homespun warp of circumstance,
A golden woof-thread of romance.'

And guests come in, the master of the district school, a many-sided man, who

'tuned his merry violin
Or played the athlete in the barn,
Or held the good dame's winding yarn,
Or mirth-provoking legends told
Of classic legends rare and old,
Wherein the scenes of Greece and Rome
Had all the common-place of home.'

Or the visitor might be some strange picturesque 'character,'

'Of nature passionate and bold.
* * * * *
Rebuking with her cultured phrase
Our homeliness of words and ways.'

Happy the young people and children who mingle in such a household circle, for they are in the way of obtaining an education that mere colleges and classes cannot give, an education of hand and head and heart at once. The pleasures they are learning to enjoy are those which will be good for themselves and for all around them to their lives' end!"

"But I am afraid most people would say that

your beautiful American poem strikes too high a key for the average British working or middle-class," I remarked.

"Very well," returned Alick, "then I will give them a companion picture of native materials, though drawn with a rougher touch. Do you remember Waugh's 'Our Folks'? I must soften the Lancashire dialect somewhat, as I read some verses to you:

'Our Johnny gi's his mind to books,
Our Abram studies plants,
He caps the dule for moss an' ferns,
An' growing polyants:
For aught about mechanickin'
Our Ned's the very lad;
My Uncle Jamie roots i' the stars
Enough to drive him mad.

Our Mattie helps my mother, an'
She sews an' helps our Joe:
At doin' sums, an' sich as that,
My feyther licks 'em a'!
Our Charlie—eh, there cannot be
Another pate like his;
It's o' cromfull of ancintury,
An' Roman hawpennies!

Our Abel's the youngest: an' next to Joe
My mother likes him best;
She gi's him brass, above his share,
To keep him nicely drest;
He's getting in wi' the quality,
And when his clarkin's done,
He's always either cricketin'
Or shootin' wi' a gun.

My Uncle Sam's a fiddler; an'
I fain could hear him play
Fro' set o' sun till winter neet
Had melted into day:
For eh—sich glee!—sich tenderness!
Through every changin' part,
It's th' heart that stirs his fiddle,
An' his fiddle that stirs his heart."

"Now, Alick," said I, "your next last verse there suggests another subject, and that is the function and place of athletics, of 'manly sports' of every description. I suppose you have no doubt of their desirableness?"

"None," replied Alick, promptly. "The glory of a young man is his strength, and the imbecile in body, who cannot leap or run or throw, is almost as much to be pitied as the imbecile in mind. In great cities open-air sports are needed to develop muscle and health, in villages they serve to give community of feeling, and to counteract the loutish carriage apt to overtake those engaged in heavy physical labour. But to-day I think we all feel that 'athletics' do not necessarily impart the moral elevation which was claimed for them by a certain school of thinkers a few years ago. One of the worst young men I ever knew—a youth utterly mean, cowardly, and debauched in mind and habits—was a crack cricketer, for whose assistance 'elevens' eagerly competed. The truth

is athletics are an excellent means towards an end, but when separated from that end, they tend, like many other good things, towards evil. Their true end is to play their subordinate part in the development of a whole man. They should never rise to the dignity of an object in life. A student should cultivate athletics just so far as they make him the better student—clearer-brained and stronger-hearted—and no farther. An artisan should cultivate them so far as they improve his health and make him more active and handy. He should not be proud of the 'prizes' he can win while his womenkind are left to tug at heavy water-pails or lumbering coal-scuttles. In short I think the 'prize' element should be left as much as possible out of athletics. They should be taken as part of the play of life, and done for pure pleasure. Why should men need prizes for feats of strength or agility any more than children do for games of hoop, ball, or skipping-rope?"

"I think one might say the same about the way many young ladies go about their lawn-tennis," I observed; "they make it their chief occupation. It is allowed to make them 'too tired' for anything else. And don't you think there is danger of too much excitement and publicity creeping into this form of recreation? If I had daughters I don't think I should like to see their names constantly figuring in the public papers as taking part in 'tournaments,' their skill and luck probably being made the subject of this terrible habit of betting, which one hears is on the increase among schoolboys and lads in college or office."

"Ah, it is very sad when play becomes a business," said Alick. "It is an unwholesome social sign when jockeys and boxers are objects of great interest and admiration. It is striking to note how Seneca detected the same dangers attending the athletics of the Roman world of his day. He warns his young friend that 'the worst manners follow upon slaves being promoted to be masters: men occupied in nothing but training,' and directs his pupil's attention to 'certain kinds of exercise which are easy and short, which loosen and supple the body *without great loss of time*, to which we ought to have a principal regard, as running, dumb-bells, high jump and long jump, and vaulting. Choose of all these which thou wilt,' says he, 'the use will make it easy unto thee. Only, whatsoever thou doest, return quickly from thy body to thy mind.' Really it is very hard to get beyond the wisdom of 'these ancients,'" said my husband, as he put the book from which he had read back into its place.

"It always seems to me," said I, "that if there is one means of providing recreation surer, safer, and more wholesome than any other, it is the providing of open grassy places, planted with trees, and having plenty of seats. There the children can play safely, and the old folks can sit and watch them, and the weary workers can come with book or knitting and have a kindly chat together. There ought to be some flowers, simple, hardy things, such as the people can grow for themselves at their windows or in their back yards, only here they should see them at their very best.

And I think there might be one or two pet animals of the same stamp, even if nothing more than a garden cat or a few rabbits."

"Yes," Alick answered; "there ought to be no city district without such a cheerful retreat, all its own. But, let me tell you, that unless the individual power of appreciation is cultivated, even these blessings will pass unregarded, unused by many of those who need them most. I have lived in compact, wholesome provincial cities, where sea-shore or grassy hill were within easy reach of the feeblest inhabitant. How many made a habit of frequenting them? Ask, rather, 'How few?' I fear Ruskin's severe remark is true, 'that a wholesome taste for cleanliness and fresh air is one of the final attainments of humanity, and that there are now not many English gentlemen, even in the highest classes, who have a pure and right love of fresh air, since they will put the filth of tobacco even into the first breeze of a May morning.'"

"I have often noticed people sitting down with their backs to a grand prospect which other people would travel miles to see," I said. "I suppose that, except where there is a natural passion for beauty, the sense of it needs to be awakened. I always think it is a sweet anecdote of the old poet Rogers—how he used to go out into the Green Park in London and bid the nursemaids and the little children to look up at the sunset and watch its changing beauty."

"Yes, that is the right way—that is exactly what I am driving at," said Alick. "If we would help people to recreation and enjoyment it must be by showing them how these lie close beside every path of human life. It is no use to provide libraries unless there is a taste for reading, nor picture-galleries nor music unless there is a love for art and a sensibility of feeling, nor fresh air while people prefer tobacco. As my often-quoted Ruskin says, 'The least thing has play in it'—if only one knows how to bring it out!"

"But how are people to be helped towards that knowledge?" I asked.

"By turning more attention to the cultivation of the faculty of enjoyment, and perhaps less towards the multiplication and perfection of its means," said Alick. "I have often thought it might be possible to get up little social circles—groups of people—who should meet at stated intervals for the informal discussion of current topics, or the reading through of good and great books, with due comment and consideration. I think it is a plan that might work well in all classes of society. The parties should meet, whenever possible, in private houses—in country places, at least. This would be possible even in the cottage of the very humblest labourer, and every effort should be made to make it possible in towns. Why should it not be so? The groups should not be too large, and might they not assemble in turns in the lodging of the young doctor or bank clerk, in the schoolmaster's chamber, the foreman's parlour, and the artisan's living room? The women of each family should not be left out nor the children banished. It will be good for them to show little civilities to the

guests, and to keep quiet for an hour or two; it might help to supply that training in 'manners' whose absence from our modern educational programme many of us are inclined to deplore. Who knows what seeds might fall upon their minds? I have heard a popular authoress say that she derived her love for Shakespeare from hearing an uncle reading his works, while she sat under the table, a tiny mite, supposed to be playing with the dogs! Indeed, I am inclined to think that many of the indirect benefits which would result from such a plan of social intercourse might be even greater than its direct objects."

"The books would have to be very carefully chosen," I remarked. "One would require to steer so carefully between simplicity and triteness on the one hand, and too great erudition or depth on the other. And I make that observation generally, without an eye to any particular section of society. Those who have had to select reading for ladies' working-parties or for hospital wards will bear me out as to the difficulty of successful choice."

"I would advise keeping chiefly to what one may call objective books," said Alick—"travel, biography, fiction, especially fiction. I don't think the social value of fiction is half realised. Why, it gives one all that human nature enjoys in 'a good gossip'—the criticism of life, the study of character, the discussion of ways and means, the forecasting of probabilities and tendencies—and it gives these without any dangerous mixture of personal feeling or malice, and without risk of disturbing the current of circumstance. I believe that fiction, if its possibilities were once understood, would afford one of the best conversational meeting-grounds for people of varied rank and culture. They would then have symbols in common wherewith to illustrate their statements, or to which to appeal in argument. But that would mean, of course, that fiction should be written—not heavily, didactically, or sadly, but nobly and sincerely—after the fashion of its best masters."

"I can never understand," said I, "why people insist on stories having 'happy endings'—or, rather, why they will insist on 'a happy ending' meaning a marriage, and nothing else."

"While, on the contrary, the ancients wisely bade us to call nobody happy till he was dead—and in reality, the real discipline of life, the real trial of character, only begin with marriage," Alick assented.

I looked up at my husband a little wistfully. Nevertheless, I knew he spoke the truth.

"All God's true stories end with death," I said, softly. "But that is because He knows beyond it. Our shrinking means our little faith. Yet, apart from that, I never can feel cheered or even interested by the recital of all sorts of troubles and difficulties out of which people are rescued by some incredible, unlikely, if not unnatural means! I would like to follow them out of their distresses by natural ways, the discovery of which might serve to help myself if ever I was in similar dilemma! And the more realistic the description

of the woes, the more unsatisfactory the illusoriness of their solution!"

"The low level of general public taste in this matter cannot be exaggerated," said Alick, "and the enormous sale of shilling dreadfuls, and of much more expensive literature, offering a similar type of false and cruel excitement, shows that the taste for 'horror' and 'mystery' is by no means confined to one class. A great novelist of last century, about whom and whose works there is nothing that can be contemptuously styled 'goody,' and whose wit and humour have never been surpassed, has some wise words on these points, which I think I will read to you. Himself a scholar and a gentleman, he justly resented that authors should be 'considered as mere jack-puddings, whose business it is only to excite laughter,' though he gladly agrees with the Roman lyricist that 'there is no reason why one should not promulgate truth with a smile on one's countenance.' The writers for whom he claims our admiration are those 'who endeavoured, with the utmost force of their wit and humour, to expose and extirpate those follies and vices which chiefly prevailed in their several countries,' so that whoever reads them 'must either have a very bad head or a very bad heart if he doth not become both a wiser and a better man.' He sums up the whole subject of our present chat by declaring that 'In the exercise of the mind, as well as in the exercise of the body, diversion is a secondary consideration, and designed only to make that agreeable which is at the same time useful to such noble purposes as health and wisdom. But what should we say to a man who mounted his chamber hobby, or fought with his own shadow for his amusement only? How much more absurd and weak would he appear who swallowed poison because it was sweet!' And he earnestly advises his young readers 'that they would cautiously avoid the perusal of any modern book till it had first had the sanction of some wise and learned man,' a counsel worth considering in an age like ours, when whole cartloads of literature are constantly pouring from the press, to be glanced through, laughed at, or wondered over, and then consigned to the waste-paper basket, after all, its fittest receptacle."

"In these days, though so much current literature is specialised for particular ages, sexes, etc., I think it is a very wise habit for a household to persevere in 'taking in' some periodical of the sort known as 'family magazines,'" I said. "It furnishes one topic of common expectation and interest, and in its pages the parents are certain to glance through the serial which is so absorbing to their sons and daughters, and thus they get some sympathy with their feelings and some insight into the influences borne upon them."

"And in such magazines, popular articles on history and natural history and botany will serve to give common interest and aim to the little walks or excursions that can fall into the family life, or into the programme of such a 'social circle' as we have imagined," said Alick. "Opened eyes, opened ears, and opened heart can find plenty of recreation in what looks like

the dullest life. At the very time when Mrs. Barrett-Browning was penning her magnificent wail of the factory children, one Thomas Edwards, since famous as a naturalist, was finding life as a factory boy quite happy because of the interest and excitement he discovered in animated nature in the course of his morning and evening walks to and from his toil! Hugh Miller, the geologist, has recorded that, after his free, boyish life, he rather shrank from thought of the regulated labour which earns bread, but found so much to interest him during his first day's work in a quarry that he had to own he had 'enjoyed himself fully as much as usual.'"

"And do you not think, Alick," I asked, "that too definite an expectation of any special play and pleasure, and too elaborate a preparation for it, tends to destroy that delightful sense of surprise and unexpectedness which makes half its charm? A friend of mine declares she never enjoys any holiday so much as one for which an opportunity is seized and which is taken on the spur of the moment. You remember Wordsworth's poem on the sight of simple country people merrily dancing to the sound of music which is played for other people. I think I can quote some of his lines:—

'It plays not for them—what matter! 'tis theirs!
And if they had cares, it has scattered their cares:

They from morning to even take whatever is given,
And many a blithe day they have past.

Thus pleasure is spread through the earth
In stray gifts, to be claimed by whoever shall find.'"

"I quite agree with you," said Alick, rising, and going back to the bookcase. "The only truly debatable question in all this subject is how to help most people to get most and best pleasure in the readiest way. There is no question that life must have pleasure and play. It is a human right! And before we go to rest, I should like to read you what a honourable place Ruskin assigns to it. He says,

"Grant that one has good food, clothes, lodging, and breathing, is that all the pay one ought to have for one's work? Wholesome means of existence and nothing more? Enough, perhaps, you think, if everybody could get these. It may be so; I will not, at this moment, dispute it; nevertheless, I will boldly say that you should sometimes want more than these; and for one of many things more, you should want occasionally to be amused. . . . There are three things to which man is born—labour and sorrow and joy. Each of these three things has its baseness and its nobleness. There is base labour and noble labour. There is base sorrow and noble sorrow. There is base joy and noble joy. *But you must not think to avoid the corruption of these things by doing without the things themselves.*' (The emphasis is mine, Lucy.) 'Nor can any life be right that has not all three. Labour without joy is base. Labour without sorrow is base. Sorrow without labour is base. Joy without labour is base.'"

ITALIAN EXPLORERS IN AFRICA.

BY SOPHIA BOMPIANI.

VII.

COUNT ANTONELLI and Dr. Traversi accompanied the King of Scioa in one of his wars with Galla, where Cecchi and Chiarini suffered such hardships a few years before. This mountainous country has a high plain, like that through which runs the River Huash, about twenty miles square, where not a stone could be found, and where the fertile, alluvial ground is ten or twelve feet deep.

The people of Galla, to save the lives of their flocks during the rainy season, when the plain is inundated, have ingeniously constructed numerous mounds of earth near to each other, where their sheep and cows can find safety from the water and the mud brought down from the mountains, and also abundant pasturage.

The explorers followed Menilek and his vic-



MENILEK.

torious army over fertile plains and woody banks of rivers into the mountainous country of the enemy. In four days of fatiguing march they went around the mysterious Lake Zuai, which rests in the crater of an extinct volcano. The aspect of this lake is melancholy, high grass and wild tropical plants growing along the water and hiding it from view. It is a great mass of water, generally in motion with waves three feet high, and covered near the shore with a thick network of woody aquatic plants. Our explorers one day, in trying to walk over these, went down to the neck, dressed in white as they were, in the mud. There elephants roam at their ease, and hippopotami inhabit the muddy shores. The only path around the lake through the grass and shrubs was made for the army and travellers by the elephants that fled before them, and their feet slipped in the ashy, volcanic ground. The king was first in the woods after the prey, and first with his lance in battle.

Near Lake Zuai are two large volcanic rocks near each other, to which the natives attach a curious superstition. They believe that only the good—those who are beloved of God—can pass between them, while those who cannot are beloved of the devil. Thin men pass without difficulty, but those who are more fleshy twist and strain to procure this patent of sanctity, often without success. Once a year the blind, the deaf, the lame, and all afflicted with any disease, together with the curious and fanatics, meet at the lake by night to drink the water, which it is believed will effect miraculous cures. The Lake Zuai has five islands, one of which is inhabited by fugitives from a massacre that anciently took place in the surrounding country. It is said that they carried with them, and still possess, precious manuscripts relating to the history and religion of this district, and some believe they are Jews.

King Menilek twice endeavoured to take possession of this island, called Tullu-guddù, but, owing to the lack of boats for his army, was unsuccessful. But as the inhabitants, owing to the aridity of the volcanic soil, raise nothing for their subsistence, and make their purchases at two towns on the lake shore, the wily king will yet take possession of those towns and reduce the island by starvation.

The Gallas who live on the shore make light and elegant little boats from the wood of an aquatic plant that grows there.

The army of the Scioan king and our explorers then ascended to the high mountains by narrow, precipitous roads—horses neighing, men swearing, some under foot, trampled into nothingness, and the others only reaching the end by feats of climbing and leaping that recalled to the Italian his early days on Mount Amiata.

They mounted to the high plain of Albassò, where the inhabitants subsist on meat, honey, and milk, and saw the springs of the River Uabi. The Guraghè, a tranquil, industrious people, conquered by Menilek, have long been so esteemed as slaves that their number has been decimated.

The slave catchers steal the women and children when they go to the springs or rivers for water, or dig long, subterranean galleries that open into the huts, and at night enter, kill the husband, and carry away the wife and children.

During this war, Dr. Traversi saw the parting between a woman and her two little boys, who had just been captured by soldiers of Menilek. The eldest boy wept and prayed to remain with his mother, and, when he could no longer cling to her, stretched out his arms towards her while they carried him away. In general, these poor people, once made slaves, accept the position quietly, only showing, by a fixed expression upon their faces, scorn for their captors. Menilek, persuaded by

Count Antonelli, frowns upon slave-stealing, and is not responsible for all that is done by his soldiers.

The Guraghè women braid straw mats with which to cover the roofs and the floors of their huts, cultivate little gardens, make straw baskets almost as pretty as those of Florence, and are clean and gentle in manner.

The women of an adjoining tribe, on the contrary, are careless and dirty, talkative and gay. Dr. Ragazzi met a number of these returning from market, who made him endless compliments—asking after his health and that of his relatives, friends and flocks—all with a gay and frank air; and one, with a smile, said, "Don't stop at our house. We are poor—poor, and have nothing to give you."

Tribes near each other are as different in language, dress, manners, and customs as their lands, the high, endless mountain plains, contrast with the low, volcanic lake regions.

Fatima, the wife of a chief of one of these tribes, presented Dr. Ragazzi with coffee, butter, and cakes, and waited patiently for his gifts in return. She was delighted with the earrings, beads, handkerchiefs, and mirror that he gave her, but yet asked for other things, saying, "Not for myself, but for you; for if I can say that you gave me much, your name will be great and I can then present you to all my relatives," and she was as good as her word.

The pewter cups, the coffee machine, the carpet of the Italian explorer were all objects of wonder to this African Mussulman queen, but most of all his watch. She cried out, when she saw it and heard its ticking, "Ohè, Arabbè! Ohè, Arabbè! Who is inside of your watch?" All travellers to them are Arabs.

These Ethiopian mountains are chiefly volcanic, and lakes in the deep, funnel-shaped, extinct craters are frequent. The tranquil waters of Lake Arra Scietan are so far down the steep sides of the rocky walls that the head swims in looking over, and the negroes say, "If we look too long the waters will call us." The fancy of the inhabitants peoples this lake with spirits, and attributes miraculous virtues to its waters. They say the lake is full of gold; that at night a red-red flame walks upon the water, and the cocks which live down there crow as the flame goes forward.

Another excursion made by the Italian explorers was to Rogghiè, five and a half hours from Entotto, which is a centre of the trade in "black ivory" for that region. The day before their arrival eleven hundred slaves passed through the town, only one of whom—a boy—succeeded in escaping. The traders are Mussulmans, all of whom are irritated against Menilek on account of his prohibition of the slave-trade in his new dominions. Rogghiè is reached from Entotto by a zigzag mountain road, and the town itself lies at the foot of Mount Jerer, the ascent of which is fatiguing. The mountain is destitute of trees, but covered with high grass. There are few birds, but swarms of grasshoppers and many deer. Once on the summit a splendid enchanting panorama is spread out before the eye. An immense plain, slightly

undulated, covered with crops of grain—some dry, some just out of the ground, and others ready to be harvested—stretching to the foot of a long straight chain of small spent volcanoes, strange in shape and treeless, and the crater of every one reflecting the sun, like a mirror, from the quiet waters of a lake. Wherever the Italian doctors went they were surrounded by throngs of the sick; their potions were swallowed with blind faith, and every prophecy of renewed health or certain death was received unhesitatingly. The crowds in the market-places separated before them as if by magic, and they passed through two lines of people, who reviewed them from head to foot—their hats, their shoes, their coats, and everything they wore were thoroughly examined. The old women looked sideways out of their cat-like eyes, and children cried desperately at sight of them, or, if they could, ran away.

Farther on in this mountainous region is the country of the Arussi Galla, where the power of Menilek is not yet established. His uncle, Ras Darghiè, whom he had appointed governor of that vast, unconquered province, entrenched himself in a strong natural fortress upon a mountain surrounded by deep, inaccessible precipices. His communications with Menilek were cut off by the rainy season, and he was in danger of surrendering to the fierce Gallas. But he went out and almost destroyed them in a bloody battle, obliging the remnant to abandon the country. Menilek then relieved the army, which was suffering from famine, and, crossing the other districts of Galla, took Harar, a large and fortified city, in January, 1887. Harar, the ancient metropolis of all the fertile Galla country, is 5,400 feet above the level of the Gulf of Aden.

This important conquest of Menilek, friendly to the Italians, is an improvement on the government of the Emir whom he has overthrown. This Emir was responsible for at least one of the three massacres of Italians which have taken place in Afar and near Harar in the last few years. The other two are attributed to the cruelty of Mohammed Anfari, of Aussa, a chief of the Danakili.

VIII.

THE exploring and commercial expeditions of Giulietti, of Bianchi, and of Porro were massacred in that terrible desert which lies along the Red Sea and the Gulf of Aden, and which must be crossed by the caravans that would reach the fertile mountain lands of Abyssinia, the Scioa, or Harar. The two Italian possessions on the Red Sea—Massowah and Assab—are at the extremities of this region. It is a frightful, sandy desert, undulated by low, spent volcanoes, and looks as if it had been passed over by a gigantic conflagration.

The horrors of Sodom and Gomorrah after their destruction may be supposed scarcely less than those of Afar, inhabited by the savage race of the Danakili. The valleys, burned dry during the summer, are rank with decaying vegetation after the rains.

The palm, the acacia, and high grasses alone

grow here; and the River Huash and its tributary, that come down from the mountains, instead of pouring into the sea, become wide pestilential marshes in the sandy soil. There is no agriculture. The cattle of the Danākili browse upon the scarce vegetation growing among the rocks, and are watered from wells dug here and there. The climate is tropical, tempered only by the monsoon, and varied by frightful tempests accompanied by storms of sand. This is Afar, inhabited by one hundred and fifty tribes of Danākili, who love their land, such as it is, pine away or die if absent long from it, and hate the people of other countries.

They need the tropical heat of their climate, and shrivel up in the cold like serpents in winter. Picture these fierce children of the desert, tall and dignified like the Arab; of chocolate-colour; little more than skin and bone, from their diet of sour milk; the legs slightly curved outward; the hair, black as a raven's wing, combed up in a bunch on the top of the head, curled on the sides, bathed in rancid grease, and shaved off like a wig behind; the face, arms, and legs tattooed; the nose and lips thin and regular, and the eyes bright and black. They generally go barefooted, but carry sandals to put on in rocky places. They wear around the waist a red-and-white striped apron, and over that a rectangular white wrap reaching to the knees. Necklaces and bracelets of beads or pieces of brass, and numerous little leather bags tied around or on the arms, containing verses of the Koran as preservatives against the evil eye, disease, or danger, complete the picture—except, indeed, the lance, which is their constant companion. The women wear the outer white garment longer than the men, and reaching to the ankles; a blue cloth over the breast, and another on the head. Long, crisp curls cover their heads; the ears are bored in two places for heavy rings; and their ankles are encircled by rings so heavy that they walk like chained prisoners, and often cannot walk at all because the skin is broken. The women also are tattooed, and wear the charms which are supposed by every Mussulman to be a protection against evil. They are shepherdesses, and when they are out with the flocks, braid straw mats from palm-leaves, instead of knitting or spinning, as in Europe.

This is the sole art of the country, the mats serving to cover their tents and the huts of the camels—for beds, for carpets, and for salt-bags. The women do all the work at home and out of doors, while the men when at home live in absolute idleness, gossiping and chewing tobacco. The tic-tac of the cream in bags of skin, which they beat patiently up and down to make butter, is heard by the traveller betimes in the morning.

Although ferocious and inhospitable to strangers, the Danākili are extremely courteous and affectionate to each other. The young kiss the hands of the old; they ask a thousand questions about the health of each member of the family, about the house, the flocks, and the fields. In their councils of war, when all are seated on the ground, with legs drawn up, and the lance erect between

them, no one is interrupted when speaking, and all are treated with respect.

The sovereign of one half of these tribes, without whose consent nothing is done in the land, is Mohammed Anfari of Aussa. He is fierce, cruel, superstitious, and afraid of white men, but covetous of the advantages which their commerce may bring him. His capital is Aussa, and there he received Dr. Traversi under the shade of an acacia, seated upon a stone, and surrounded by thirty of his warriors, all with the lance between their legs.

His neck, breast, and arms are covered with amulets to protect him from the white man's eye, as it was once foretold him that the first time he looked a European full in the face he would die. On this account he was hostile to the expeditions which crossed the desert going to Scioa, Abyssinia, and Harar, but was finally persuaded by Antonelli that the peril might be averted by charms, and his purse filled without danger. Unlike the other Danākili, he is fat and large, with a round face, full beard, and short, curly, iron-grey hair, with deep wrinkles furrowing his wide forehead. He has sixteen or eighteen wives, and all the children about the place are his.

In Afar three Italian expeditions have been massacred with the consent of Mohammed Anfari and the Emir of Harar. The first was that of Captain Giulietti and Lieutenant Biglieri, who, with thirteen Italian sailors from a war ship anchored in the Bay of Assab, left that place in 1882 to explore the country and find roads leading towards Abyssinia.

Assab, which has cost the Italian Government great expense, is useless unless roads are opened to the interior, by which the riches of Africa can find their way to Italy.

The brave young Lombard Giulietti with his party were massacred in the night while sleeping, by the Danākili, at a short distance from Assab. A rough granite monument now marks the spot.

Not long after this, in 1883, an expedition, of which Gustavus Bianchi was a member, visited the Negus of Abyssinia to carry him presents from King Humbert, and stipulate a treaty of commerce. Bianchi, having completed this mission, continued his journey with three companions, Salimbeni, Diana, and Monari, to the highlands of Ethiopia, bearing gifts to the King of Goggiam, who had aided in the liberation of Cecchi. There, on his return, he left Salimbeni, the King of Goggiam insisting on having a bridge built over one of his rivers, and caring nothing for the pretty baubles sent by King Humbert. Bianchi, with Diana and Monari, returned to the capital of Abyssinia and prepared to cross the desert in the direction of Assab, to search for the bones of Giulietti.

This was against the warnings of the King of Abyssinia, who assured them that, although anxious to protect them, he could not do so, as they would be in danger from the Danākili, and that water on that route was scarce. After wandering about for eight days, lost in the sands and finding no wells, deserted by their servants,

guides and interpreters, they returned to the confines of Abyssinia. When they again started out, they left behind nearly all their baggage, but determined to reach Assab by the route they had chosen. The Danākili, from the tops of the hills near, held long conversations in the night with a treacherous servant, whom Bianchi had bound with ropes, and the next day the number of their attendants was reduced by desertion to six.



GUSTAVUS BIANCHI.

But Bianchi, urged by the desire to find the bones of Giulietti in this unexplored region, pressed forward, and even, persuaded of the good faith of seven Danākili who presented themselves to him as friends, admitted them under his tent, and ate and drank with them. "If you are really friends, show me," he said, "where are the bones of Giulietti." On the very night of the massacre the savages led him to the spot at the foot of a mountain, and near a small lake. Towards evening they ascended the mountain, from which they could see Assab in the distance. "There is Assab; we are near," they said; but they never reached it, for they were surprised in their sleep, pinioned, and murdered before Bianchi could do more than give one cry for his faithful servant.

These savages will not bury a white man or touch his bones for fear of contamination, and thus it was possible several years afterwards to gather the piteous relics together that had been exposed to the wild beasts, whitened in the sun, and almost covered with sand, and bring them back to Italy.

In April, 1886, another party, consisting of Count Porro, President of the African Commercial Society of Milan; Count Cocastelli of Mantua, a Secretary of the Geographical Society of Rome; Professor Licati of Naples, and others, were massacred while on their way from the sea-port of Zeila across Afar towards the south to Harar. The object of Porro was to open a commercial route with Harar, Cocastelli and Licati being added to pursue scientific studies along the way. A band of Mussulmans sent by the fanatical Emir of Harar met the Italian expedition near Gialdessa, a native town under the English protectorate, of which they first killed all the garrison.

They bound thirteen of the escort and took possession of all baggage, but left the Italians their horses and arms, assuring them that their lives were safe. But as they advanced towards Gialdessa and Harar they held a short discussion among themselves, and then fired upon the Italians, killing them immediately. At Gialdessa the native escort were freed from the ropes that bound them and permitted to return; but, overcome by terror and fatigue, only four reached Zeila, and of these four only one crossed the Gulf of Aden to carry the dreadful tidings.

The expedition had crossed the level desert plain covered with low bushes, and was approaching the highlands of Harar. The roads were narrow, through rocky walls, on the summits of which they occasionally saw the natives seated as usual with their lances between their legs, and looking grimly down upon them. Flocks of white sheep browsed on the hill-sides and the chase was abundant.

Count Cocastelli, wearing a coffee-coloured suit, dark spectacles, and a broad-brimmed straw hat, made collections of butterflies, minerals, and plants. The letters of Porro, Cocastelli and Licati, received after the news of their death, were full of hope and interest in their work. But their imprudent confidence in their own courage and peaceful intentions led them to disregard the warnings of the friendly natives, and cost the lives of these explorers, as it had done those of Bianchi and Giulietti.

The bones of these brave men also lay where they fell for months, until they were gathered and transported to Milan, where they were buried with honour.

These repeated outrages induced the Italian Government, soon after the murder of Bianchi, to take possession of Massowah, an island on the Red Sea coast, which, without belonging to Abyssinia, was useful to her as a port for her products.

Through the influence of England, Italy was able to take quiet possession of the island, which was at that time occupied by the Egyptians. England was then engaged in the Soudan War. After Khartoum fell, the Italians remained at Massowah, with the temporary consent of the European Powers, though against the wishes of Abyssinia, and thus—though dangerous complications have since arisen—became masters of the eastern Red Sea coast from Massowah to Assab.

The city of Massowah, with six thousand inhabitants, is situated upon the island of the same name, which is one of several coral islands, so near the shore that one of them is connected with it by the accumulation of sand.

The climate of the island is tropical, but it is destitute of vegetation, except a few resinous plants. Its chief importance is due to its fine harbour, deep enough for the largest ships that pass the Strait of Bab-el-Mandeb. Remains of ruined cisterns made in the Persian style prove the antiquity of this town.

There are now, in the most prominent positions, a few modern buildings, and farther on is the Arab city, with its mosque and bazaar glowing

in Eastern picturesqueness of colour beneath a burning tropical sun.

Those of the inhabitants who can do so go to the mountains of Bogus in summer to escape the heat, or, without going so far, build on some low hills, about two miles distant, small huts made of boughs laid over poles stuck in the ground with skins over all. Dry leaves laid on the ground inside, with skins thrown over them, serve as beds or sofas for the family, and an outer fence, built like the hut, serves to hide the women from view. There is no grass in the dry season, but the deep wells furnish water in more or less abundance.

Caravans descend from the mountains of Abyssinia in June or July, bringing in goat skins on the backs of mules, coffee, ivory, wax, gold dust, and spices.

Here the Italian troops, under General Gené, established themselves, taking possession also of Moncullu, or the "Mother of All," and Saati, towns twenty-five or thirty miles distant on the mainland. Saati, the most advanced of these stations, was one day out of food and ammunition, and in danger of being taken by the Abyssinians, who, commanded by Ras Alula, were in the vicinity.

Early in the morning five hundred soldiers, under Colonel de Cristoforis, marched out from Moncullu with the provisions, anticipating nothing more than a little excursion from one town to the other. They went gaily over the slightly hilly country, and, at a place called Dogali, met a multitude of Abyssinians—some said ten thousand, others twenty. They were surrounded on the low hill, where they drew up to sell their lives as dearly as possible, and, when they had expended all their ammunition, were murdered with lances. When, at last, only the colonel and twelve soldiers were alive, they saluted, with their guns, their dead and dying companions, and a few moments after fell themselves. They were found a few hours later, by the company which left Moncullu in search of them, stretched out in line as if on parade—all dead or wounded. Only one reached Moncullu several days after, covered with wounds and in a pitiable condition. The wounded of Dogali were carried away in the arms of their companions, who expected to be attacked by the Abyssinians at any moment, and the dead lay there a prey to vultures and hyænas. The garrison of Saati made their escape in safety to Moncullu.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES AND ANECDOTES.

THE SCOTTISH MOUNTAIN HARE.

TRUE, the animal is a specimen of the varying hare (*lepus variabilis*), and it has several near relatives. The Norwegian hare, for example, bears a striking resemblance to its kinsfolk on the Scottish mountains. In structure it is nearly the image of the Scottish mountain hare. A difference of size distinguishes them, the Norwegian hare being slightly less than the Scottish mountain one. But this dissimilarity, slight though it may be, is not much less distinct than that which exists between the common hare (*lepus timidus*) and the American wood hare (*lepus sylvaticus*), a fine example of which was recently sent to the London Zoological Gardens.

It is stated in a recent edition of Cuvier's works that the varying hare is larger than the common one. The statement, however, as far as the Scottish mountain hare is concerned, is incorrect. Both in England and Scotland the common hare is more bulky than the varying one. There is a natural liteness about the Scottish mountain hare which is altogether wanting in the ordinary movements of the other. The common hare is the more sluggish of the two until it is sensible of danger. From this apparent inequality several writers have concluded that the common hare is not so swift as the mountain one. But the deduction is not based on fact. On level ground, in a race for life from the hounds, the Scottish mountain hare is not a match for its brown neighbour, because, if it had the nimbleness of the other,

which it has not, it is weaker, and its power of endurance is not so great.

The truth is, however, that the characteristics of the two hares are far from being similar, although, from the descriptions of the animal which have been published, it might be supposed there was only one hare in the world, and that it sat for its photograph to all the writers on zoology. Now, apart from colour and size, the two creatures are in some respects totally dissimilar. The common hare depends upon man, in a great measure, for sustenance. It feeds chiefly on turnips, potatoes, corn, and clover; and, failing these, the animal utilises the best green pastures it can obtain. It frequently rests in the daytime among the turnips or mangolds it has been eating during the night. The Scottish mountain hare is nicer in its tastes. If curiosity induces it to pay a visit to the farmer's fields, it will, after nibbling in its own dainty fashion at the good things to be found, go back again to its native habitat. Indeed, the mountain hare rarely troubles the farmer. It is a most self-reliant and independent little animal, and, for the most part, honestly satisfies its wants on the barren hilltops. Its ways of feeding are as different from those of the common hare as if the two animals had not been of the same species. It roams over hills and dales in quest of its favourite plants and grasses, and, provided there is no snow on the ground, returns home again. It usually makes its place of abode

in rough heather or moss, and, if unmolested, lies in the one spot during the day for months on end. Its bed, or home, has thus a nest-like appearance, and almost invariably indicates that puss knows full well how to make itself comfortable. If, in its absence on foraging expeditions, snow has fallen, it seems to know instinctively that its home is rendered uninhabitable, and extemporises a bed anywhere.

The Scottish mountain hare begins to throw off its dark coat in October, and, if the weather be frosty, will have donned its white garb in November. One of the strangest manifestations in connection with this animal is, that it thrives best in frost and snow. It is not only of a purer white colour in a snowy winter, but in a more plump condition. It actually grows fat in a prolonged and severe snowstorm. When all mountainous beasts and birds are shivering with cold, nearly bordering on starvation, puss is sleek and cosy, and in its element. On the other hand, wet weather does not seem to agree with the mountain hare, and even a fine, open winter is not particularly favourable to it.

Changes of weather also exercise corresponding influences in its habits. For example, at the beginning of a snowstorm, if the weather is calm, puss comes down from the hills to the low grounds, choosing a sheltered place for its bed, such as a peat-bank, and hares may be seen in great numbers where on ordinary occasions it would be rare to see one. When the snow has attained a greater depth, and keen frost has set in, puss goes back to the hills or mountains, and, in fact, shifts about with all the fluctuations of a snowstorm. The harder the frost gets the wilder does the hare become. During high winds, it is, in like manner, very wild, also in cold, wet weather, and commonly keeps the sportsman at a respectable distance. On the contrary, in calm weather, with or without snow, it is easily approached, and on tolerably even ground lies till the hunter gets within gunshot of it, sometimes until it is kicked out of its bed, for no true sportsman would fire at puss in its domicile. When a thaw sets in it also lies very close, and would seem to have become tamed.

A misapprehension widely prevails as to the way in which the varying hare changes colour. Its fur does not turn brown or white as a man's hair becomes grey or white. Puss shakes off its brown dress and has it replaced with a white one, or *vice versa*. This transformation does not take place at once. Towards the middle of October the Scottish mountain hare begins to shed its dark fur, or, rather, the white fur springs up and replaces the other. The new fur first shows itself above what nature intended for a tail, and about its shoulders. In the course of a few weeks after this sprouting commences, the hare loses most of its old fur, and a month later it will have fairly assumed its white robes. Again, about the end of March, it has a draggled look, and gradually drops its white fur, which is substituted by a dark-brown coat. This latter dress puss wears until the approach of winter, when it again puts on its white attire. The Scottish mountain hare is seldom of a pure white. A slight mixture of its

summer fur, more or less, according to its condition, often sticks to it all the winter. It frequently has light-brown or tan spots above its eyes, which, with its light fur, give it a very attractive appearance.

When there is no snow puss is easily seen in the winter. It usually lies a little raised in its bed, and may be observed in the moss or heath at a long distance. If atmospheric conditions, to which it is very susceptible, so affect it, puss puts down its head as flat as the ground will allow, forgetting, like the ostrich, that though its head is hidden, its body is exposed to view. If it is inclined to be wild, after taking a good view of the intruder, instead of crouching low, it springs out of its nest and runs in the direction of the nearest elevated ground. It invariably runs uphill in cases of danger or alarm; and, owing to the formation of its feet—its fore-legs being shorter than its hind ones—no dog is able to catch it running up a steep mountain. But when puss, through surprise or inadvertence, runs down hill, its days are numbered, it is soon caught and killed. Sportsmen sometimes take advantage of its instinct to run up the hills. Hunting parties with guns conceal themselves near the tops of the mountains, and beaters drive up the hares out of the heathery coverts below; thus puss, innocent of danger, runs into the jaws of death.

Hare shooting on the moors, in snow or otherwise, is accounted good sport. In fresh weather the colour of the animal betrays it. When puss is seen in its covert, the shooter, seemingly oblivious of its presence, takes an oblique route past it until he gets between the animal and the highest hill or mountain in the neighbourhood. This done, he then walks down to the game, for, if it can help it, puss will not run down hill, and, seeing or hearing its enemy above it, is afraid to run up. Under such circumstances a broadside shot is obtained, because, on rising, the hare will run past the sportsman to get up the rising ground. On level ground puss is easier stalked, but whilst not so wily as the fox, though some writers erroneously maintain it is the more cunning of the two, it is not devoid of cleverness. On certain occasions, in a snowstorm, it may be tracked to its lair. The windings and intricacies of its trail are sometimes very perplexing to follow, especially in immediate proximity to its home. These little arts are intended to delude its enemies. After covering the ground with a maze of footprints, going in every direction and leading nowhere, it springs aside (out of the confusion it has made) towards its bed, taking two or three very long leaps before it arrives. It not infrequently manages the first leap so dexterously that the hunter is put completely off his guard, and, on turning his back upon the chase in disgust, puss has been known to bolt, believing it has been discovered. The hare burrows in the snow, and wraps itself up, so to speak, in as snug a manner as the surroundings will permit. At times, if the snow is unaccompanied with much cold or wind, it lies on the side of a wreath in full view, and can hardly be taken unawares by the hunter.

A loud and uncommon noise stupefies the

mountain hare. On a particular occasion the writer came upon one in its bed, and, not having a gun, resolved to try what effect a vehement tone of voice would have on it. The first cry was one of those utterances that might be supposed only serviceable as an attempt to waken the dead. Puss lay as still as if it had been killed outright. The writer continued the cries, and, walking slowly up to the hare, caught it. He repeated the experiment on subsequent occasions with varying results. If puss remained in its bed after the first shout, the probability was that it would not move until it was captured. Its organs of hearing are exceedingly sensitive, and, from the uneasy way it moves in its bed, it hears its enemy long before it sees him.

The Scottish mountain hare seeks a mate for itself about the end of February. Its coquettish ways at this season have elements of amusement in them. The males and females keep together in pairs, and care but little for their ordinary nests. They lie, or rather sit, on high ground, the pairs being separated from each other by a space of from twenty to one hundred yards. They are restless, and constantly on the alert. Each hare sits in sight of its mate, and the one shares the alarm or contentment of the other. On being scared, unless the enemy comes in between them, they do not, as has often been stated, go in opposite directions. They frequently run off together; but if chased, each animal having an eye to self-preservation, takes a course for itself. When it gets a safe distance away, puss has now and then a habit of standing on its hind-legs, like the kangaroo, to satisfy itself as to the whereabouts of its pursuer.

The common hare is rare in most parts of the north of Scotland. With the exception of Caithness, where there are as many common hares as mountain ones, the two specimens are not plentiful in any of the northern counties, and are always separated from each other by the natural demarcation of high and low grounds. The common hare is as scarce in the north and west of Sutherland, for instance, as the badger, whilst on the cultivated lands of Caithness, in the neighbouring county, there are many fine examples of these animals, and coursing matches take place every year. During the winter shooting parties also get excellent sport in pursuit of the mountain hare on the highlands of Caithness. But though there is not a long way between the haunts of each, the common hare and the mountain one seldom associate with each other, yet the writer has seen a cross between the two. The hybrid retains some of the natural traits of each of its parents, and is more robust than the mountain hare.

The Scottish mountain hare produces from three to five young at a litter. Courage is not usually associated with the hare, but, nevertheless, if a dog is not in the case, puss defends its young leverets with great spirit. In its defensive moods it utters a hissing or whistling sound through the

nose, and screws up a surprising amount of bravery. But it never does this except when its young ones are in a very helpless condition. The leverets are born with a dark-grey coat similar to the summer fur of their parents. Until they are a few weeks old they will allow themselves, in their innocence, to be caught by the casual passer-by, and, as if hiding themselves, squat in the heather. These tiny things are very interesting, and may be tamed, but, owing to their nicety in the matter of food, they do not survive long when brought under domestic surveillance. A Scottish mountain hare and a Norwegian one were sent some time ago to the London Zoological Gardens, but, the confinement disagreeing with them, they soon died. If the common animal gets sufficient to eat, it will accommodate itself to any home arrangement, and, in the mode of Cowper's trained hare, does not object to be petted.

The flesh of the Scottish mountain hare is sweeter and more delicate than that of the common one. There is as much difference between the two as mutton fed on the mountains and that reared on an arable farm. Cæsar mentions that the ancient Britons did not regard it lawful to eat the hare, and whether this be a remnant of Druidism, or that the animal was considered unclean by the Jews, an occasional individual is still met with in the Highlands of Scotland who does not look upon it with a favourable eye. The hare is supposed to be an animal of ill-omen among the superstitious. Fishermen in remote places in the north detest meeting the animal on their way to sea. They believe that it is not only unlucky, but dangerous to go a-fishing if puss crosses their path, and, when such an incident occurs, they immediately return home. Many persons, until very recently, were fully convinced that witches, evil spirits, the personage of the nether regions, and individuals of that description, could make their appearance in the form of a hare. Puss was, therefore, regarded as a singularly suspicious animal. All countries have, in some way, their superstitions; and, oddly enough, it will be observed, each laughs at the credulity of the other. The writer remembers a common hare that, somehow getting out of its customary latitude, took up its quarters near a Highland hamlet, and so deep an impression did it make on the public mind that the animal was called after a poor, toothless old woman in the district who had the character (and was rather proud of it, too) of being a witch. A belief was entertained that the supposed witch could metamorphose herself into a hare and rob her neighbour's cows of all the produce, that the hare milked the bovine animals, and, consequently, that all the butter was lost to its rightful owners. But happily these superstitions are dying out, and puss is not now classed as a dangerous animal in the Highlands, save by an odd person here and there, and very few Highlanders refuse to eat it—when they get the chance.

JAMES MUNRO.

MY BEST SHIPMATE:

A SEA-OFFICER'S REMINISCENCE.

BY GEORGE CUPPLES.

CHAPTER IV.

ERICSEN afterwards explained to me why these ladies, as well as the captain, took notice of him.

It seemed Mr. Dill's sharp eye had lighted on one of his private "papers" when we first joined, which showed that he had been "a passed midshipman and *acting* sub-lieutenant," under the Danish flag, before his present adventurous escapade among American and British merchantmen, for the sake of further experience in practical seamanship. "Besides all that trifle," added he, turning me off his own matter again, "there is something for *your* particular benefit, Tom!" He then told me he had heard the two young ladies and an elder one talking in the boat about their families and friends at Brisbane, among them about his own uncle, who had been Mayor of Brisbane when they left. "When I heard Miss Gray tell how the Ericson girls were her intimate companions," he said, "I gave a start whilst I held the boat's yoke-lines, as you may well believe, and then the elder lady drew out of me that they were my cousins; so you see, Waynard," concluded he, "if you only keep up your heart until we reach Brisbane, there is hope for you! Englishmen say, do they not, 'Faint heart never won fair lady'? One rival is out of the way, at any rate."

No doubt all this might appear absurd, on my part, considering how I then ranked only as a common sailor; but my Danish friend did not at all regard it as laughable. We stood still, bending over the side together, talking away and enjoying the seething hiss of the black-blue brine as it swelled up under our very eyes, and as it sunk again, full of fiery bells and stars, into the wide hollow. We walked that watch out, or, at any rate, spent it in talk; and of all pleasant times, before or since, which good company ever made such throughout my whole remembrance—afloat or ashore—those same four hours were surely the pleasantest. We little thought it was to be the last regular night-watch we were to spend in each other's company, as it proved to be. Not that he and I were as yet to part altogether.

Next day, when matters were arranged about who should fill Turbiter's place, our honest boatswain, the New Brunswicker, got this post assigned him; consequently, in turn, *his* place was given to another man, a sturdy, but rather elderly, foremast hand, whose name I forget. Changes did not stop here, our new boatswain being taken from the starboard watch, they became less than ours by two hands; owing to which Mr. McAdam, backed by the captain, prevailed on Mr. Dill to let him have Ericson, who was taken over accordingly.

Light winds, baffling easterly squalls, with

awfully heavy rain, and occasional flat calms, delayed our progress thereabout. Still we were daily nearing the line, and the *Odalisque* by no means failed to show herself a fast, fortunate, seaworthy craft. Shortly following upon what has been last related, she one fine forenoon underwent a sudden thunder-squall, which gathered and broke over her, so to speak, out of the very eye of the light and heat. The deluge of rain lifted all at once, like sheaves of spears glancing to the blaze from leeward, with a howl and a roar that laid her half over, while she drove and wallowed away from swell to swell, everything as dark as sundown, with the thunder still flashing great guns through all. Every stitch of canvas had been furled except the jib, which Mr. Dill had kept up until the middle of the squall, then got it hauled down by such youngsters and idlers as were not otherwise busy aloft; none of whom, however, were fit to lay-out on the bowsprit and stow the sail, pitching, as the ship did at times, into a heavier sea than common.

"Two of you men, there," sang out Mr. Dill, as the starboard watch dropped down from the main rigging, "lay out and stow the jib, and have a care o' yourselves!"

Those who were first down, mostly youngsters, hung back, but behind them came Anderton and Ericson, who both, without a moment's hesitation, moved out to stow the sail. We who were aloft up forward could see the two of them go, by a more than ordinary glare of lightning; and it made us hold our breath to see them, but still more so when we almost lost sight of them as they came back inboard. You could feel, by the ship's motion at the instant, that she was going to meet a big green sea from ahead unless she were well humoured from the helm—namely, by letting her fall off from the wind before the men tried to come down the bowsprit-heel. But instead of that, she came up closer then, and met it slap, in full force. There was a cloud of spray thrown right up and over the fore-castle-head, followed by cascades of angry green sea, which drenched everybody there, including the mate himself, and for some moments we thought the two men were gone. What saved them Heaven knows. They had, at any rate, held on "like good ones," and forthwith came jumping in as she rose again, they shaking themselves like Newfoundland dogs.

"Who is that at the helm just now?" roared the mate, springing down and striding aft to see for himself.

It was Frederick Turbiter. He of course denied all blame, and the lad who was with him could say nothing to the contrary. Still, whatever might be said about his ability to manœuvre a

ship's yards in squally weather, there could be no doubt about his knowledge how to handle her wheel. A better or a cooler steersman than he had shown himself, ever since his being turned to foremastman's work, or one who could keep steadier to her course by compass or star, I for my part never knew.

In two or three days more we had got the *Odalisque* down as near the equatorial line as somewhere about 2° N., leaving us only some 120 miles to sail before we should cross into south latitude, which meant at farthest a couple of days more. She had taken nearly a month, so far, from Plymouth; the captain having given her the wide westerly circuit, and the subsequent long slant was to bring her across the "belt of calms" at what he considered a sure point; thus avoiding the tedious "eastern passage," safe enough for steamers, but where sailing vessels have more than once come to grief. "The more haste, the less speed," was a maxim he often was heard impressing upon Mr. Dill, when the latter twisted his hands impatiently within each other as he looked up at our slanted yards. It was chiefly by help of "squalls," no doubt, that she had got along so well, any one of which, being mostly thunder-puffs from the hot Guinea coast, might have caused difficulty about weathering Cape San Roque, in Brazil, if they had blown long on-end.

The captain himself, seeing his calculations fulfilled to the letter, was thus in extra good spirits. No sooner had these said results of his been announced, after "taking sun's altitude" at noon, than a round-robin was placed in his hands from those of our passengers and crew who had crossed the line before, requesting leave to allow Neptune to come aboard in due time with his train. "This custom on his oceanic majesty's part," as "Happy Jack" put it, "was by no means safe to deny him, as divers new-fangled craft had found to his own knowledge." The mate's look of disgust, whilst standing by, required no explanation. Nevertheless, the captain gave full leave—under proper restrictions. All the more so, it was thought, because of evident glee among the ladies, who had all crossed beforehand, not to say that it was easy for gentlemen to escape any rough usage scot-free, if they chose "to pay their footing."

Preparations went on thenceforward with great activity, though in secret from those who would come in for a share, including myself; and questions were being asked and answered as to previous crossings, when if there was any evasion of the truth it was all the worse for you under the hand of Neptune's barber.

At last the day arrived by "dead reckoning" among the men. Daybreak commenced with mere "cat's-paws" of air, a long swell, and furnace-like heat and light; ending, before noon came, in about as dead a calm as men ever saw upon blue water.

"Make it noon!" said the captain, sextant in hand, beside the officers with their quadrants. "Eight bells" were struck. Thereupon the fun commenced amidships and forward; whilst up aft, on the poop, were all the cabin ladies, with

most of the female emigrants and children, crowding to look on from under close awnings. No need to describe the tomfoolery here. It went on as usual, with a spare tank-full of rain-water, from the previous night, placed under a large tarpaulin full of brine from alongside, which latter was slung up by the four corners. At one end was Neptune's throne, with himself seated atop; "Mrs. Trident" by his side beneath, handling a tar-brush and bucket; whilst their barber and his mate, like two ourang-outangs, plied pieces of rusty hoop and old hawser, close by, upon the unfortunate subjects. I was among the first, myself, getting full justice done me in no agreeable style, but thus getting soon clear. As for my Danish friend, it had come out beyond question how he had several times crossed before, last time in a man-o'-war corvette belonging to Denmark, when he had been an *acting* sub-lieutenant, as he could not deny; and not only so, but it likewise became known, probably through Joe Willis, how Captain Evans had offered him Turbiter's vacant place. He accordingly met with no trouble now; besides which, it was evident that our *ex-man-o'-war's-men* thenceforth looked upon him with no little respect. As the afternoon wore on, the horse-play got always rougher, until things resembled a "cross-breed" between "April Fools' Day" at home and an Irish Donnybrook Fair, with no small touch of what I had seen ashore in Genoa during carnival-time. Some of the male emigrants and most of the soldiers being Irish, increased this said likeness.

The ship having thus no steerage-way whatever, her wheel had been made fast and left without any one by, all her canvas brailed up, clewed in, or else hauled down; and Mr. Dill, having been on deck throughout the whole previous night, as well as much fatigued before that, had taken the opportunity to go aft to turn in for some sleep. What with people's noise, what with youngsters skylarking aloft or trying to escape, and what with the flapping of canvas overhead and the rattling and creaking of sundries everywhere, as the *Odalisque* tumbled about on that lazy swell, it was, as Jack Jones afterwards expressed it, "Next door to Pandemonium let loose!"

Grog had been served out extra for the day, at dinner-time, though not beyond ordinary allowance; still there was more grog, wherever it came from; and not long before sundown, as the fun grew fast and furious, into something like a regular row, numerous rough fellows showed the effect past doubt, both among the single male emigrants, the soldiers, and ourselves. The usual spite between jack-tars and redcoats had begun to appear; some of these latter, including their sergeant and corporal, had been pitched upon for special barbership, which caused them to resist, until all at once their officer came flying forward, threatening, flourishing his cane, and swearing like mad. This was the signal for a regular scrimmage, young fellows fighting together, oldsters helping, some men running below, others rushing up, women beginning to scream and run from aft into the thick of it. Blood was drawn in various cases, sheath-knives were flourished, worse weapons were looked round for; and the worst of it was

that some among ourselves—who were under the influence of drink—manifestly inclined to take sides with the soldiers. At length they came rushing up again, using their belts, bottles, sticks or anything else which came handy, and Mr. McAdam, our second officer, got hustled down under foot. Our new third one, and our new boatswain, sturdy although they were, had both quite lost their heads, as the saying is.

Right into the midst of the hubbub, too,

notwithstanding the foreign accent, so as to be well understood by all men-o'-war's-men, and they at once did as required, all but Powell.

Ericsen had just then whispered to me and the carpenter to secure the arm chest—which "Chips" had under his care; the pikes and axes round the mainmast-fiferail were also made safe, and somebody sent running aft to rouse out Mr. Dill, whose failure to appear had much surprised us.



"MAN OVERBOARD!"

struggled the captain himself, puffing, blustering, and calling out with a sort of stutter when excited, "What—what—what's all this? Where's Mr. Dill? I'll—I'll—pup—pup—put ye in irons—whoever—"

His speech was cut short by his hat being either knocked off or falling off, whilst his eyeglass—which he had put on to see who was to blame—flew into shivers.

I marked Turbiter's look at that moment, along with Powell's and those of their closest chums. The two first, both of them, had their eyes fixed on Ericsen, who at once took the lead in forcing back the soldiers, aided by several more men, including Anderton, not to speak of myself. Ericsen had his back toward those two villains; he gave out his orders in thorough navy style,

Meanwhile "King Neptune," alias "Happy Jack," assisted by Mrs. Trident, or Joe Willis, with their two "ourang-outang" barbers, had obeyed Ericsen's order by training along the hose-pipe of the ship's fire-engine from the water-tank, and suddenly bringing it to play in full stream upon the soldiers and their allies. This changed the aspect of matters in a twinkling. The strong jet of water, backed by a sudden letting-go of the tarpaulin full of brine from above, not to say by Neptune's own extraordinary presence, and his still more extraordinary language, drove the refractory mob asunder like chaff.

The soldiers and young emigrants were shoved down below, and padlocked in; our half-drunk foremast men shrunk aside, with Turbiter and Powell behind them; just before our noble mate

appeared on the scene, striding and stamping, looking round like a lion for its prey, and, it must be owned, by no means picking his words. The whole affair thus ended in similar style to what it had commenced with, if not exactly in mere fun.

But if circumstances had been more favourable to evil, if real danger had occurred outside or below deck, with desert islands near hand at the time—as afterwards took place—I should not like to say what might have been the upshot. That things terminated as they did, not a few among us well knew was mainly due to Jan Ericson. It is my belief that if the mate had not been seen bursting out from aft, the Dane would have got a knife into him from behind, whereupon worse would have been sure to happen next moment; and how it was that Mr. Dill could not get sooner out of his state-room no one could ever tell, whether owing to some of those cabin gentlemen who were afraid of a "shave," or otherwise. At any rate, he declared he had found his door fastened, and had had to kick it into splinters.

We were still within tropical latitudes, but much more than half way through them to southward, with fine westerly air in our favour as before those squalls, when it so happened, one afternoon, that some considerable excitement took place among our cabin passengers about a shark which had been following the ship for several hours on end. The brute was bigger than common, evidently hungry, still it did not take what bait was offered; seeing which, the captain told his steward to bring up an extra large piece of rusty pork for their hook. The ship was then going gently but pretty fast, under full breadth of sail, through the glassy, bottle-blue swell of the main ocean; all hands were at various work, on deck or aloft or below; Mr. Dill forward on the bowsprit, looking back to see whether his upper sticks and his yards were all properly staunch; Mr. McAdam shuffling about one side of the quarter-deck; the third mate and boatswain busy elsewhere. Ericson—along with a youngster to "pass" his marlin-ball—was out on the larboard main-chain-plates "serving" a backstay; whilst I was similarly engaged farther aft, in the mizzen rigging. Half-way between us, outside, a stage had been rigged for Bill Powell and another man, with two boys, to do some caulking or painting job there. Powell had come inboard for a minute, then jumped back again, whereupon his sudden weight gave one plank a tilt, and he fell headlong down alongside; at which, of course, the cry rose, "Man overboard!" everybody running from their work or whatever they were about, this way or that, but few aware at first in what direction to look.

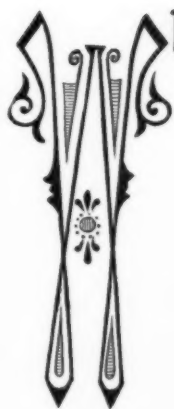
Powell could swim well enough, but as he came up to the surface it was evident his head had touched the ship's side and had got dazed, for he threw up his hands and splashed helplessly, till next moment Ericson was down in the water beside him, holding him up with one arm while he steadily supported them both.

I had not the slightest fear for him—knowing he was accustomed to the water from his

earliest boyhood—but I could see one of those nasty little cross-striped pilot-fish, from under the shark's side-fins, just then come cruising round our counter, as if it had heard the splash; and without any ceremony I dashed down at the newly-baited hook where it lay on the stern-gratings, and dropped it before the green monster's ugly snout. To my inexpressible relief he smelt at it lovingly, then showed himself with the yellow of his belly up, and mouthed the rancid pork, turning off thereafter with a taut jerk of the chain. By that time the two men were away out, off our larboard stern-quarter, some hundred yards; but a life-buoy had been promptly dropped, which they both got hold of; the ship's mainyard was backed, and a boat lowered and sent for them, so that they came safe aboard again. Meanwhile numerous hands had commenced hauling at the shark, which, however—most likely from the bait having been ill-fastened—got clear off, and at any rate troubled us no more.

There could be no doubt that Powell owed his life to Jan Ericson; yet, strange to say, he seemed to come in for greater hatred, if possible, from the fellow, though thenceforth he was incapable of either saying a word or lifting a hand against his rescuer. As for Turbiter, so much did he feel being thus left single in his enmity, that you would have thought he gnashed his teeth over it. With almost everybody else, the Dane's conduct told as might have been expected among even savages. Wherever he was seen, looks and whispers went round amongst women and children; ladies smiled sweetly if he passed, all showing how near he came to being thought a hero.

Though he and I were no longer watch-mates, still we had various opportunities for quiet talks together. Our favourite spot of a Sunday was either the foretop aloft, or out along the jib-boom. He went over Norie's "Epitome of Navigation" along with me, of which he had his own well-thumbed copy, whereas mine had been too little used; he thereby giving me no little help for future professional benefit. Besides, he took a special fancy to my copy of the "Pilgrim's Progress," spelling it out with my assistance, and he would have it that I was like Hopeful, whereas he ought to be like Christian, seeing his own first name was short for that, and added "seeing that both my parents were truly such." But if ever any man afloat could have made sure he was so, then Ericson might. Every one who came closely in contact with him was the better for it. How he gained as he did upon "Whaler" Anderton—to say nothing of "Happy" Jack—remained a mystery, except in so far as they were then watch-mates, and were sure to walk out their watch together; Anderton even slackening his panther-like pace, or lengthening his "fisherman's" walk, in order to suit Ericson's step. I can but speak for myself and say—over and above what I learned of him for professional purposes—that it was he who first made me fairly realise our Maker's care amidst every danger, and how answerable one must be to His judgment at last.



Where have you been to my pretty maid?

"A down the garden Sir" she said,
I went to see the opening flowers
All shaken by the evening showers.

And one frail lily white and fair
Is left alone
in beauty
there.



Where
have you
been to
my pretty
maid?
Along the
sea shore
"Sir"
she said
The waves
are rippling
soft and
low
As though a
storm they
might
not know.
And yet
a broken
mast lies
there
A silent
token of despair.

Life is a garden
fair and sweet
At rosy dawn of day,
Life is a sea that ebbs and flows
In restless change alway.
Some blossoms fall as sinks the sun,
Some masts must broken be,
But God is watching over all
Unto Eternity.

Edith Prince.

LEAVES FROM AN AUSTRALIAN JOURNAL.

OF records of Australian travel there is an abundant and continual supply. Journeys of geographical exploration, journeys of amateur travel and adventure, and other expeditions for purposes of trade or commerce, or in pursuit of mining or agricultural wealth, have been undertaken times without number in recent years. The books describing these journeys form a considerable library, while magazines and periodicals have given detailed accounts of such travels even to weariness.

A bulky manuscript journal, entitled, "Life in the Australian Backwoods," is now before us. In the object and nature of the expedition here described there is so much novelty that we are tempted to select some portions for publication. The journey was undertaken for business purposes, the agent of a life insurance office being sent to visit remote and lonely settlements in order to obtain policies, which the holders would never have thought of without personal solicitation. The agent was accompanied by a medical man for examining the insurers and transmitting the customary reports on the lives. On this mission the two emissaries made a three months' trip, five weeks of it on horseback, into the northern part of South Australia (while that province had yet its northern boundaries), and thence to Western Queensland, and home through New South Wales. The doctor kept a diary of the expedition, and from this journal our extracts are taken. Of the descriptive or statistical pages we can take little notice, for in these respects there are changes every year in a new and rapidly colonising land like Australia. But there are certain points in bush life of more permanent interest, whether as regards natural features or the inhabitants.

The start was made early in January, which is midsummer in those regions. From Adelaide the journey northward is at first by rail. The line is, or lately was, "a single one, and the pace slow, averaging not more than twenty miles an hour, with long stoppages at the refreshment stations, which are numerous." At Oronoko the journey on wheels began, the first day's halt being at Gawler, and the second at Hawker.

FIRST TWO DAYS ON THE ROAD.

Our turn-out consisted of a light buggy, with a hood and a pair of staunch horses, one a chestnut of some breeding, a very knowing old horse, the other a blue roan. Our baggage was stowed under the seat and between us, and the gun was strapped to the dashboard. The road was level and wide, but very sandy, and lay by the side of one range of hills, other hills bounding the horizon. Soon the sun became excessively hot, and we were glad to get the hood up. We passed a large flock of plover and an immense number of wild pigeons, in one huge covey, but out of shot.

On the road I first saw an Australian mirage, very beautiful, but in the bush, as in the desert, it is death to follow it. Another curious sight was the peculiar effect of the wind coming down the gaps in the hills, whirling up the sand in high columns looking like waterspouts. The columns, often a hundred feet and more in height, are whirled along for some distance, and then bend over, break, and disappear.

On the morning of the second day our journey was over a plain covered with a low bush, and partly over huge cornfields. After going up a gentle slope, and over ground infested by rabbits, we began to descend, and reached the road leading into Cradock. The heat by this time was very intense, and to home ideas—the thermometer 100° in the shade on January 16th—is almost beyond comprehension. Cradock is a very dusty place, and just before reaching it the whole town was hidden by one of the huge sweeping dust columns, which fortunately whirled away from us. Here we got dinner, after a kind, as we were late. We decided to push on to Hawker about seven, and to travel in the cool, and an eventful drive we had. The road was flat most of the way, and the taking the right track more a matter of luck than anything else. We soon found signs of a thunder-storm coming up, and, though they often threaten only, we had a race with this one. The road itself was fairly good, but off the track were numerous deep channels, cut out by previous rains, making any swerving from the road very dangerous work. It was now quite dark, and the lightning very vivid. We pushed on, however, by this uncertain light, hoping to make Hawker ere the storm burst, which we just effected. On coming into the light of the passages of the hotel we found in appearance we were millers, so thick and white was the dust.

AN AUSTRALIAN DUST-STORM.

Not many minutes after our arrival there was a mighty rushing sound, and a cry to shut doors and windows; a real Australian "snowstorm" was upon us. On looking out of the windows one could tell the air was simply a mass of dust, and this found its way speedily in through the chinks. One township is called Snowtown, from the nature of its dust and dust-storms. Half an hour later it was raining heavily. Sleep that night was almost out of the question, so great had been the heat; the walls were hot, the floors were hot, and even the bedclothes seemed to have just come out of an oven. Add to this the pleasure of crowds of mosquitos, and the elements for sleep had vanished.

Hawker is a most uninteresting town, lying on a flat plain surrounded by hills, with the Flinders range of mountains not far off. The railway passes through it, and there is much traffic in

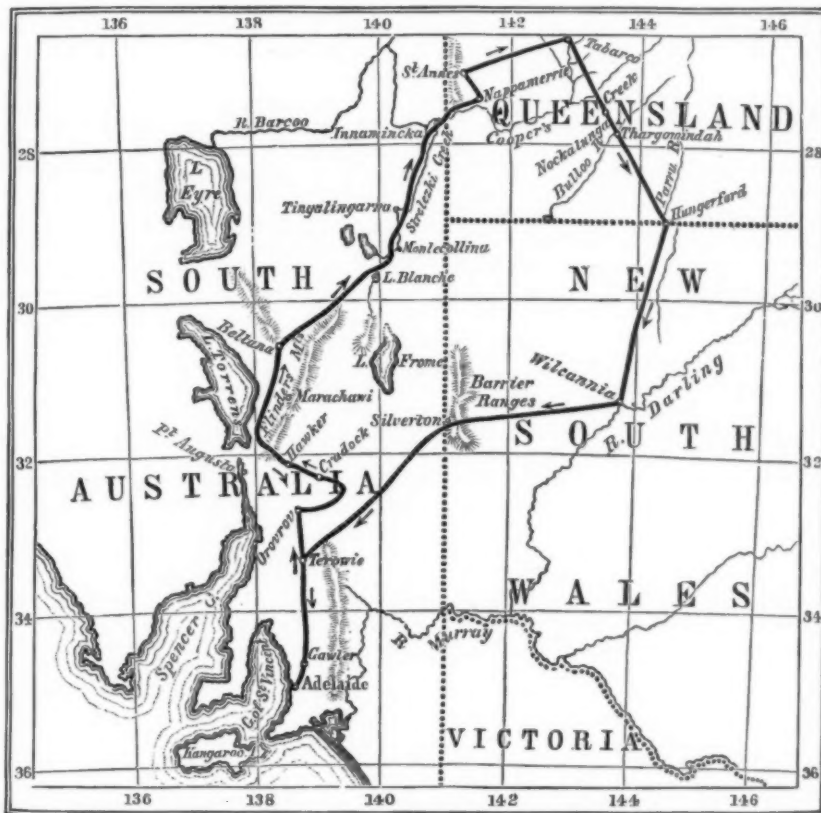
wheat. It is a place that will one day be decimated with typhoid fever or some other evil, as most of the water used is from the railway dam, and this gets the surface water of the town.

Not knowing how soon we might be out of reach of hotels or refreshment stations, we had laid in a small stock of preserved meats and biscuits, bought tin pannikins, plates, etc., and increased the number of our water-bags. No one thinks of travelling in summer without water, as it is not always certain that it will be found where it is said to be. The bags are of canvas, and we

miniature kangaroo; the skin is somewhat darker, but the other points of resemblance are very close. It is sometimes eaten. The best way of cooking is to jug it, as one does hare at home. To me the taste somewhat resembles veal.

It was a rough road all day, and towards night we thought we might have to camp out, but we found shelter at an inn at the Hookina Creek.

From the Hookina we made for our first station, Warrakimbo by name. The scenery was varied; at first uphill, with sandy soil, covered by salt bush, and then along a valley bounded on the



ROUTE MAP.

strapped ours to the hind axle. By evaporation the contents are kept cool.

On leaving Hawker and crossing the railway, we kept alongside for awhile, and then struck off to cross the range at a gap. Here we found the road very bad, covered with large, loose stones, with many small dry creeks to cross. The jolting was somewhat considerable, but did not hinder our admiration of the bold outline of the distant mountains.

WALLABIES.

Here we saw our first wallabies. Very pretty they looked, hopping about the rocks, going a little way, and then sitting up again to have another look at us. The wallaby is a sort of

right by a high, battlemented range of hills. Most of the way our course was guided by the posts of the first overland telegraph. Presently the scene widened out, and we were in a large tract of undulating country, with grass here and there growing amongst the salt bush. Warrakimbo being a sheep station, its wool-shed and shearing-places were the first buildings we came across. Watering the horses, we went on to the station, to find the manager away and his return uncertain.

MARCHOWIE.

The next station was fortunately close at hand, only some five or six miles away, and there we were hospitably received.

It would not interest the reader to hear of the successive stations where we halted, or the routine of life which we observed at them. At one place in course of conversation I asked how many sheep they could keep to the acre? "How many acres to a sheep, you mean," was the reply. It seems that it required an average of five acres to keep a sheep, so that very large runs are often a necessity. Want of rain is the great drawback; with a fair rainfall the country would be passing rich. The stations were very diverse, sometimes there was only a hut or a forge and store. Another was a large wooden building, with broad verandah-rooms large and square, but bearing the evident imprint of a bachelor's hall. Large "cattle stations" were always near creeks with good water supply.

A CATTLE-STATION.

At one station, the well and tanks being close to the hut, we had a fine chance of seeing the cattle come in to water. Some of the beasts were splendid, some of the bulls grand animals. The bulls were running with the herd, but, contrary to what one might expect, they are quite quiet, the cow being much more likely to run one down. The water is raised by horses by an appliance called a "whim." By the well are large tanks, and connected with these, troughs, which are kept full by ball-taps. The buckets hold from twenty to thirty gallons, and have a plug at the bottom, thus avoiding the necessity for tipping over. Being at the men's quarters, we had genuine bush-fare—mutton, bread, tea, sugar almost black, but no milk or butter. Bushmen are very free-and-easy and very good-natured, when grog is not in the way to cause quarrels. Sleep was sound on a shake-down of rugs. Before getting to Cotupena we had to pass over a large plain covered with kangaroo. It was very amusing to watch their movements, the quick way in which they look at one, sitting up ready for a start, and then bounding away with long leaps, their heavy tails balancing them splendidly. The Joeys, or young kangaroos, are very pretty little creatures. It has long been a dispute as to whether the tail of the kangaroo is used in jumping or not, but it is now generally admitted that they do not spring from the tail, but that it serves to balance the body for the next spring.

FLIES AND MOSQUITOS. OUR TENTS.

On leaving Beltana our proper bush experiences began. Ordinarily the track we were now taking was one of considerable danger from want of water. There had been exceptional rains, all the holes were full, the creeks had been running, and horse-feed was abundant. But nothing exists in this world without drawbacks. To make up for the good feed and abundance of water there were flies by the million and mosquitos without number. "Soon as the light of morning breaks" a gentle buzzing arises, quickly to spread into a sort of muffled roar. The day's duties have begun,

and all around you swarm the flies, and keep up their plague till night. Even amid the densest smoke of the camp fire they budge not. Breakfast is not a pleasant meal. The wretches commit suicide by the dozen by falling into your tea. A fly-veil when riding slowly is a necessity not a luxury. By night their busy labours seem to have somewhat exhausted their energies, then a good cloud of smoke enables you to eat fairly comfortably. A little after sundown they go to roost, but I have known them often to keep busy up till ten o'clock.

The sympathetic reader will imagine our troubles at an end. Not so. At sundown the "merry mosquito" hastens to salute you. The north-country mosquito *can* bite; the naked skin is not his only hunting-ground. He can bite easily through a shirt or jersey, and sometimes trousers; he has even been reported to bite through boots. Personally, I am glad to say, I have not met this one. There is one thing in particular the mosquito objects to, and that is the smoke from smouldering cow-dung. The aroma from this source is not unpleasant, and towards evening you are glad to scent it afar off, telling you that a station or camp is near. You camp at sundown and light your camp fire proper, then you make a sort of circle of small fires of cow-dung, having first foraged round for a supply for the night.

We carried with us light mosquito-tents. Very comfortable they proved, not only in keeping off mosquitos, but also in relieving us from the attentions of the flies. The tents were made as follows: Two lengths of unbleached calico, six feet long and about two and a half feet wide. These form the top and bottom. The sides and ends are formed of mosquito netting, three feet high. The sides are carefully sewn together, leaving only the bottom of one side undone by which to get in. To put it up takes a few minutes only. A couple of stakes are broken off a little over the width of the tent; these are tied to the top corners of the two ends. A single piece of rope tied to the centre of the stake and then fastened to the stem of a tree or shrub supports one end. A similar piece attached to a peg driven into the ground or to another sapling supports the lower end. You spread your blankets on the bottom piece of calico. The whole affair weighs about a pound and a half, and rolls up easily inside your blankets or coats.

At one station we were free from mosquitos, but when we lighted our fire to cook supper there arose a new discomfort. We were literally stormed by beetles, which flew blindly into the fire, into our faces, into our food. So quick was their flight that the hits from their hard skulls were quite painful. They were of a magnificent green colour, larger but resembling the pretty rose-heath of the southern English counties.

THE ABORIGINES—A NATIVE CAMP.

Near the Queensland border we visited a native camp, which was close to the station. The habits of the blacks are very simple and primitive, their

intellectual development small. People who have travelled much say they are the most depraved race they have come across. They are capable of improvement by education, as missionaries attest, here and in all parts of the world. In physique they are far below any I have seen; the Malays, Coolies, Zulus, the Fellahs of Egypt, will all surpass them. Some of the African races I have not seen; the Bushman race, for instance, are, I believe, even inferior to the Australian aboriginal. Their moral code is very low. To a certain extent they have their wives in common. For instance, some of the different tribes are further subdivided into classes—the "opossums," the "fishes," etc., and I believe no "opossum" of one tribe is allowed to marry with an "opossum" of his tribe, it must be with one of another class of the tribe. But the customs vary so much amongst the different tribes, and have been again so altered by intercourse with white men, that now it is difficult to arrive at the true customs of the tribes. In some of them, a female child may be sold by the father to any man of the tribe for a boomerang or other prized article, and when the girl is fifteen the buyer may claim her, unless he has been killed in the meantime, or some stronger man prevents him. On the whole they are very good-tempered, nearly always laughing and joking amongst themselves, and you have only to say a word to them to set them giggling. The "gins" or cubras (women) do most of the work; the young men do the hunting when occasion offers. Their dietary is comprehensive, including lizards, snakes, fish, ducks, roots, herbs, grubs, and their chief luxury the entrails of bullock or sheep. They crush their own flour between stones, chiefly from a plant called the "kardoo." The leaf of this plant resembles the four-leaved shamrock, and grows freely after rain. The seeds are flattened, of a slaty-black colour, and very hard; the flour very dark. In one camp I went into I saw a heap of several gallons of grass seeds. These, I found, they had collected to grind into flour. Their huts are called *wurleys* or *gundeys*, and are circular in shape, the ground usually a little hollowed out. They are composed of bushes, filled up with clay or sand. An entrance is left in front, but no means are taken to close it. Just outside the hut the fire is lighted, the smoke helping to keep away the flies. Their implements are very crude; a simple calabash, or *cooliman*, as they call it—merely a hollowed piece of wood—was the only one I saw. Their cooking is simple; nearly everything is cooked on the ashes, just thrown on. The method adopted by some of the tribes of cooking birds is not a bad one. Pull out the tail feathers and cut off the big wing feathers; then cover the bird with a coating of clay, and bake in the ashes. When cooked, the clay breaks off, carrying with it the feathers; all the parts usually "drawn" are collected into a ball and fall out. I tried a plover in this way, and the taste was really very good.

Their weapons are few in number, and consist of spears made of a hard wood called mulga; boomerangs—these are now so well known as not

to need description; clubs, called *nulli-nullis* or *waddys*. These are of two kinds—the heavy, for close quarters, and the light, for throwing. Their mode of throwing is peculiar. The aim is not taken directly at the object, but the club is thrown to strike the ground a few yards off, and then to hit from the rebound. In some few cases small shields of wood are used. I should mention, in addition to the throwing boomerangs, there are the two-handed ones, of the same shape, but about four to six feet long. These are the weapons of the gins. When the quarrel rises beyond words the women attack each other with these, and they fight till one or the other's skull is cracked. Some of the boomerangs are rudely carved, but their skill in this way is limited. Their chief artistic work is in the use of opossum and other hair, from which they make baskets. Their dress is simple—merely a sort of girdle round the loins, with a centre fringe of opossum hair. About the stations a shirt is usually the dress, but some of the men occasionally sport trousers as well. They have the usual savage liking for bright colours.

All of them smoke, women as well as men. As a rule, they will do anything for tobacco. There is a herb called *pitchery*, which has a much more powerful influence to get them to do anything for you. It is a narcotic. You may now and again find a whole camp under its influence; they are completely useless whilst the effect lasts. The taste is bitter and unpleasant. You will frequently see a native with a greenish mass behind the ear. This is half-chewed *pitchery*. It seems to have somewhat the same effects as opium.

The women nearly always have the septum of the nose pierced; the hole is large, and is used for carrying small things. It is a rare thing to find any native with the two top front teeth. It is considered a mark of beauty and importance not to have them; they are knocked out with a stone.

Nearly every camp has its "doctor"—usually some useless old fellow. All wounds are treated alike—covered with mud and feathers. When a black is sick, it is held that some enemy has "pointed a bone" at him. Woe to any strange black who may chance to come near the camp! He is the offender, and is killed. Most of the blacks at this camp were old, the younger men were away hunting.

The blacks can hardly be called cannibals, but at times they do not scruple to eat each other. Generally their cannibalism is confined to eating youngsters, especially half-castes. Just before our arrival a piccaninny some six months old had died. The mother was much cut up, but the other gins got her out of the way, took the dead child, cooked and ate it. This incident led to a general talk about the blacks. They seem to have some idea of a good and also of a bad spirit, and believe that when a black fellow dies he goes up aloft to form a new star. They are wonderfully observant of the skies, and have been known to have seen comets before the whites on the stations knew of them.

Varieties.

The French Minister of Agriculture on Saving Crops.

The French have anticipated us in possessing a Government Department and a Minister for Agriculture. During the unfavourable weather of the past summer a telegram was sent by this Minister to the *préfets* throughout the country headed "La Rentrée des Récoltes par le mauvais temps." The telegraphic circular stated that, in consequence of the continued bad weather, the utmost efforts ought to be made to diffuse among agriculturists information as to the best methods of protecting and saving the various crops. The *préfets* are advised to invite the professors in agricultural schools and colleges in every Department to make tours, and call meetings or conferences of farmers and others interested, instructing the people as to the best ways of saving crops, of adopting the plan of ensilage, and other practical matters. Similar instruction is much needed in our own country, and will doubtless be carried out when a Board of Agriculture is established.

Since this French circular was issued the following important letter on "Ensilage without Silo Pits" has appeared in the "Times":—

"Being an unfortunate landlord and having a farm thrown on my hands, I had to consider, especially during this inclement season, what course I should adopt; but it was my good fortune to have a visit, professionally, from a retired Shropshire farmer, who gave me an account of the mode adopted by some farmers in that county in making ensilage. I decided, to the astonishment of some of my agricultural friends in Worcestershire, to cut about twenty-five acres, and convert a portion of it into ensilage. The grass having been cut, and the weather continuing so unpropitious for haymaking, it was carried in the green state and made into a rick, and while this was being done, salt was scattered over it and it was well trodden down. On the following day the rick was cut all round with a hay-knife about a foot from the circumference, beginning at the top and extending to the bottom, the silage cut off being put on the top of the rick again, and again trodden down. Nothing, of course, could be more simple than this process; no haymaking, nor tedding machine; simply cut your grass, rick it, tread it and salt it, put no stubble, but put it on land that is usually dry, and when it has been topped up place some wires over it, from the ends of which on either side weights should be suspended; after a month or so the rick should be thatched and covered in in the usual way.

"The rick having been secured, what position is the farmer in? Why, he has a rick which contains all the nutritive qualities of ordinary grass, with its milk producing properties also. The man who cuts his grass and exposes it to the sun and wind for eight or ten days has a rick, it is true, but a rick of what? A rick composed of fibres, of threads in the form of hay, which is almost entirely devoid of nutriment, and the utmost that can be said of it is that it is a 'filler-up'; while in the other case, to which I especially wish to call your attention, he has a rick which contains all the succulent and nutritive qualities of grass, clover, etc., and he keeps it for fodder for his animals during the winter. And let me say its feeding properties are quite equal to those of the hay, grains, and meal given in combination, while its milk-producing properties are even superior, and this valuable crop of moving grass, of which there are some fifteen millions of acres in the United Kingdom, may in this way be secured during the most inclement season and with all its nourishing qualities in it. What an inestimable boon would this be to Great Britain, which, it is generally supposed, whether rightly or wrongly, is fast losing its food-producing powers! If ensilage were made wherever hay is now produced, double the amount of stock might be reared and fed in the United Kingdom; and taking the sheep, lambs, cattle, horses, etc., at fifty millions, it may be imagined what an immense source of wealth to this country would be the

addition of fifty millions more of such animals, and all fed on the produce of the same amount of land which has hitherto been required to feed half the number. What a rich and solid gold mine would be required to produce an equal addition to the wealth of the United Kingdom! In these days of foreign competition and home depression it is scarcely possible to over-estimate the importance of a system of production of food such as I have above referred to. Imagine beef and mutton 5*d.* per pound (best English), fresh butter 8*d.* per pound, cheese 4*d.* per pound, and new milk 2*d.* per quart, and the agriculturists—all three, the landlord, the farmer, and the labourer—all in a prosperous, happy, and contented state, to be followed, I trust, by a return to prosperity among manufacturers and merchants, professional men and shopkeepers, and artisans and labourers."

Another important communication deals with the saving of grain crops which are imperilled through continuance of wet weather:—

"With the lessons of former disastrous years still firmly impressed upon our minds, we should lose no time in preparing to act with promptitude whenever the corn is ready. Those who drilled early and have maintained clean cultivation throughout will, in all probability, again have the greatest advantage in harvesting. Should dry weather favour us we cannot well cut too soon in reason, making small sheaves and stooks. By early cutting we secure more valuable grain and straw of higher nutritive properties—a by no means small advantage in a season like the present one, when large proportions of the hay and of fodder of all kinds are seriously damaged. But should the wet weather continue, as there now appears every prospect of its doing, both corn and straw should be allowed to get fairly ripe, when, after a few hours' sun and wind, the crop may be cut and carted at once.

"In September, 1881, you kindly afforded me space in your columns for two letters upon the harvest results of that disastrous year. In the second of those I quoted the case of a large farmer in this district who, during the continuous wet weather, set on a strong staff of men to cut, cart, thresh out, and kiln-dry upwards of 200 quarters of wheat, which was immediately marketed at 55*s.* for the white and 52*s.* for the red. In another instance the wheat was cut damp, carried to the machine in a wet state, threshed off the waggons, and kiln-dried at the rate of 30 quarters in 24 hours, the accommodation in this case being very limited. As taken from the kiln in five-quarter lots, after four hours' drying, the warm grain was mixed with an equal quantity of the undried corn and allowed to lie in heaps for 48 hours, when it was thoroughly turned and mixed up and again allowed to lie for a similar interval, after which it was blown with a strong blast, bagged at once, and sold for 54*s.* per quarter all round.

"For the satisfaction of those who object to kiln-drying I may state that during two wet harvests more than a quarter of a century ago I dried several hundreds of quarters of wheat in this way, which were mixed from the kilns with nearly equal quantities of undried, turned several times, twice blown, and sold at the top price of the season. In a former letter I stated that 'what the corn-factor is not told the nose of the miller certainly will not detect, the heart of the baker will not grieve about, and the stomach of the consumer will greatly benefit by.'

"Hop kilns are admirably adapted to the drying of corn, and to insure the best results the fires should be bright and clear and a heat of about 125 deg. Fahrenheit got up before the hairs or tiles are loaded with the grain. Some judgment must be exercised in this as well as in hop-drying, and a thermometer should be used and carefully watched throughout the operation. The length of time must depend upon the more or less saturated state of the corn, from three to five hours being generally sufficient."

Long Distance Telephony.

In England the longest telephone connection is for commercial purposes between Bath and Llanelli, which traverses the trunk line between Bristol and Cardiff, or about half the distance covered by the projects of the Western Counties and South Wales Telephone Company. The Lancashire, Cheshire, and leading Yorkshire towns are in telephonic communication with each other by the trunk-wire system of the National Telephone Company, and long distance messages can be transmitted from Fleetwood to Sheffield, Liverpool to Leeds, and Sheffield to Manchester and other places.

The longest distance at which telephonic communication exists in the south of England is from London to Brighton. These places are telephonically connected with the system of the United Telephone Company, which serves the metropolitan area. A line belonging to this Company is now being constructed between London and Birmingham, and the National Telephone Company will probably before long connect their system with the midland capital.

Efforts are being made to obtain telephone wires between London and Manchester. The great obstacle telephone companies have to encounter is the expense of procuring a new way-leave. It is stated that telephone wires cannot be placed among the ordinary telegraph wires.

On the Continent there is a telephone between Vienna and Brunn, Paris and Brussels, Paris and Amsterdam, Paris and Rouen, Hamburg and Berlin. The most complete system of inter-urban telephone communication is in Belgium, where it is under Government control. A telephone line is being laid between Paris and Marseilles, a distance of five hundred miles, more than double that between Paris and Brussels. The wire, which is to be of bronze, will be underground as far as Voyent-sur-Marne, when it will join the railway telegraph line.

By far the longest distance in which distinct audible speaking by the telephone has taken place is between New York and Chicago. An experiment was this year tried between these places a little more than a thousand miles apart by the telephonic route. It was made by Prof. Rysselberghe, the eminent electrician, and he communicated the result of his experiments to the Society of Telegraph Engineers and Electricians in May, 1888. He said, "I spoke from New York, and when I called for the first time for my friend at Chicago, the reply came in such a loud sound that I could not believe myself; but there was no mistake, Chicago was there, and we called in everybody in Chicago in order to have it proved that we were speaking through over 1000 miles. . . . Everybody was of opinion that conversation could be easily carried on over three times the distance available, or 3000 miles. I think 4000 miles is possible, but I would guarantee and take the responsibility that practical working could be conducted over twice the distance, or 2000 miles, there is no doubt about that."

Some important observations have been made concerning the relative value of iron and bronze wire in relation to long distance telephoning. According to the "Electric Review," with an iron wire moderately good speaking for a longer distance than 150 miles is practically impossible, owing to magnetic inertia, but with a copper wire good speech is quite practicable through a line of 1000 miles and upwards. On this part of the subject the remarks of Prof. Rysselberghe are very interesting. He informs us that while up to 200 miles the result of speaking by an iron wire is good, there is nothing special about it, and adds that, although the volume of sound for long distance in iron wires is sufficient, the tone of the voice alters. "Everybody becomes bass, they are no longer tenor or baritone. . . . The articulation disappears, and everybody, as it were, speaks through the nose with a blurred effect." There were totally different results from experiments made by him and his confrères with copper wires. They tested the Nos. 14 and 12 copper and the compound wires of the Postal Telegraph Company. The last were of an iron or steel core of about 3 mm., covered with copper up to a thickness of 1½ mm., making an entire thickness of 6 mm. He says that with No. 14 copper "good commercial talking was obtained up to 300 miles. It was possible to go to 500, but 300 would be commercially serviceable. With No. 12 copper, a little larger than No. 14, we obtained very good results up to 700 miles, but when we came to the large compound

wire, which was tried between New York and Chicago, a length of 1001 miles, the result was tremendous."

The new telephone line between Paris and Brussels, 199 miles long, consists of two silicium bronze wires of three mm. in diameter. The conductors are carried on similar poles to the ordinary telegraph wires and are crossed at each pole. The weight of the wires is 223 lb. per mile, and has the enormous breaking strain of 28½ tons per square inch. The cost of the erection of the line was about £4000.

In each country there are special conditions to contend against in long distance telephony, which have to be specially dealt with. These include disturbances from induction and resistance.

According to the "Bulletin de la Société Internationale des Electriciens," it is only possible on submarine cables to talk over about twenty nautical miles.

Although it is only eleven years ago that at the Plymouth meeting of the British Association the telephone was, for the first time, explained by its inventor, Mr. Graham Bell, assisted by Mr. W. H. Preece, the electrician to the Post Office, it has now become an instrument of every-day use, which could not be dispensed with by those who use it in business without much loss and inconvenience.

Gordon's Memorial in St. Paul's.—A plain but massive monument, supporting a bronze statue of the great and good hero, General Charles Gordon, attracts crowds of sympathetic visitors in St. Paul's Cathedral. The figure is recumbent, one hand resting upon an open Bible. The likeness is admirable, and the whole effect of the portrait gives the idea of calm rest after heroic effort. The monument is worthy of the reputation of the sculptor, J. E. Boehm, R.A. The following is the inscription:—

"TO MAJOR GENERAL CHARLES GEORGE GORDON, C.B., who, at all times and everywhere, gave his strength to the weak, his substance to the poor, his sympathy to the suffering, his heart to God.

Born at Woolwich 28th January, 1833. Slain at Khartoum 26th January, 1885.

"He saved an empire by his warlike genius; he ruled vast provinces with justice, wisdom, power, and, lastly, obedient to his Sovereign's command, he died in the heroic attempt to save men, women, and children from imminent and dreadful peril.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend. St. John xv. 13.

"This monument is erected by his only surviving brother, whose eldest son also perished in the service of his country, as a midshipman in H.M.S. Captain, and is commemorated with others in the adjoining recess."

On the base of the pedestal a line, subsequently added, records the death of this then surviving brother, Sir Henry Gordon, K.C.B., in his seventy-third year, after having been in the public service fifty-seven years. One of his sons, in the Royal Engineers, was recently stationed at Suakim.

On the wall above Gordon's monument is fitly placed the memorial of General Sir Herbert Stewart, K.C.B., who fell in the attempt to relieve Khartoum. The bronze profile portrait is striking, and is flanked by scenes of the desert expedition.

A Canadian Display of "Northern Lights."—I think it must have been about ten years ago that I witnessed one of the most marvellous sights it has ever been my lot to see. It was the depth of winter, and, though the weather for the last month had been boisterous in the extreme, the day had been clear as crystal. As day merged into night the tops of the snowdrifts were tipped with a strange light, while in the hollows and under the snow-laden trees the shadows gradually grew in intensity, but only for a little while. The air was absolutely calm, which, combined with the natural quiet of the white, blanketed earth, gave one an eerie sensation. As the minutes crept on the silence became oppressive and even appalling. The villagers one by one crept, yes, crept, gradually out of their houses, and soon the greater part of them were gathered into one or two groups anxiously expectant as of some calamity. The very animals in the stables stood still. The horses ceased to stamp and dejectedly stood with hanging head, refusing even to eat. It was the same with the cows, and in fact with all the farm

stock. It was five o'clock, and should have been dark, but instead of this the unearthly light seemed to pervade everything until at last even all shadow was destroyed. The thermometer stood at 10 degs. below Zero (Fahr.), and as the wondering people drew their mufflers closer to protect their throats they glanced this way and that, vainly conjecturing as to the origin of the mystery. It was different to anything they had ever seen. The northern lights were familiar enough, but this was quite different. The most puzzling thing about it was that this light, whatever it was, apparently came from all points of the compass at once. It was no use looking at the north and calling it the Aurora Borealis, for the south was equally brilliant; so was the west that had seen the sun set, and so also was the east, where the sun would make his first appearance in the morning. Thus it continued some hours, until the half-frozen people, tired of waiting for any further development, gradually scattered to their homes. But not for long, for they were all soon called forth again by the most majestically glorious sight ever witnessed by man. It appeared as though we were standing within a tent the sides of which gradually grew together until they met at a point directly overhead. But the magnificence of that tent! It was composed of living fire. Flaming scarlet and orange; bright blue and vivid green, streaked here and there with chocolate hues merging into black. Nor were paler tints, such as violet, mauve, and pink, wanting to complete the startling beauty of the scene. From the zenith to the horizon all around the flaming canopy spread itself until we were almost turned to stone with awe. Suddenly a brilliant flash of blue would dart from top to bottom, then, as suddenly, a fiery stroke of orange would cleave for an instant the background of dancing colours. This would be followed by other flashes and leaps of living white light. But presently it seemed as if a gigantic *something* outside the monstrous tent had seized the latter by the top and was swaying it up and down and then alternating this by swinging it to and fro. Imagine, if you can, a tent reaching from the farthest horizon to mid-heaven all alive with glorious leaping colours being shaken as if by a whirlwind, and all the while on this earth there is silence absolute. In fact the only sound there is comes from the surrounding envelope of leaping, dancing colour. This sound is like the crackling of small arms heard in the distance. Sometimes it rattles as if made of sheet iron; always the sound is sharp and clear, never dull. About midnight our gorgeous canopy grew pale, and long before morning it was a thing of the past. I left Canada soon after, and have never since seen anything on land or sea that was half so beautiful.

H. W.

A Distinguished Burmese.—Among the students of the Middle Temple called to the Bar this year was Mr. Chan-Toon, a native of Burmah. During his studentship Mr. Chan-Toon competed for the eight principal prizes open to law students and gained them all. At a Parliament of the Benchers of the Middle Temple the following resolution was passed:—"The Masters of the Bench of the Middle Temple desire to offer their best congratulations to Mr. Chan-Toon on his most distinguished career as a student of the Inn, and, recognising the great honour Mr. Chan-Toon has, by his success, gained for the society, the Masters of the Bench express the sincere hope that his career throughout life may fulfil the promise of its commencement." In forwarding the resolution to Mr. Chan-Toon the treasurer, Sir Henry James, informed him that to no other student of the Inn has a similar compliment ever been paid.

Waste-paper Stories.—Many curious stories are told of the bargains which used to be picked up amongst waste-paper. A complete copy of the "Breeches Bible" was once found amongst some books which a grocer had bought by weight; and it is a traditional tale that the original of Magna Charta was rescued from the shears of a tailor who was cutting it up for patterns. A few years ago a rather curious story appeared in the public prints. A gentleman passing through the streets met several waggons laden with paper. The wind lifting the cover of one of them, a paper was blown out, and on being picked up was found to be an official letter of the last century, throwing a side light upon the history of our Indian empire. The reign of the great company had ceased, the venerable premises in Leadenhall Street were to be demolished, and the waggons, it appeared, were carrying all documents,

not of Imperial importance, to the waste-paper dealer's for destruction. The incident suggests uncomfortable reflections as to the fate of many of our historical documents. In this case, of course, their destruction was intentional; but it would seem as if the authorities at the Tower of London courted a great catastrophe when they stored gunpowder in the basement of the White Tower—probably of all places in London that in which an explosion would do most mischief—and filled the upper storeys with valuable records! Here, in case of an accident, would have been "waste-paper" with a vengeance! But the powder, we believe, is now removed, and the papers stored in the more appropriate quarters of the new Record Office. In the Rotunda of the Bank of England is shown a mass of charred ashes, representing a million of pounds, notes to that amount having been once destroyed when they had become "waste-paper." It is a very curious sight. The Bank of France, however, are about to adopt a wiser plan. Its notes are in future to be so destroyed that their *débris* may be again utilised. The apparatus is composed of a set of carding combs moved by a winch, which lacerate the notes in such a manner as utterly to prevent their reunion; the fragments are then reduced to a pulp for remanufacture.

The Ass as a Weather Forecaster.—A Scottish correspondent writes from Montrose:—"The habit alluded to in the 'Leisure Hour' Varieties on the part of the ass as indicating the approach of rain, consisted in his 'hanging his ears forward, walking more slowly than usual, and trying to rub himself against the walls.' This reminded me of certain passages I had met with in perusing an old book on husbandry. In recounting a great variety of prognostications of rain, the author includes these: 'If the asses bray; if asses, old and young mules, without present occasion doe rub their eares a great while.' And in a separate chapter devoted to the 'Asse' he concludes with this quaint paragraph: 'Although the asse be mocked of the most because of his long eares, yet, notwithstanding those eares, how great soever they be, doe serve him to show his vertue, and to make to appear his understanding and certaine knowledge which he hath of the change of the weather, seeing that if it will turne to raine, he then laith them so flat upon his necke, that one would say they were glued to it.' The work quoted from was originally written in French towards the close of the sixteenth century, I think, from allusions occurring in the text, but the title-page is wanting in the copy in my possession."

Scripture Circulation in Asia.—The New Testament in Calmuck has recently been published by the Russian Imperial Academy of Science, and copies have been sent to Astrachan, where they were rapidly purchased by converts, and the remainder sent for distribution by European missionaries in Asia. The British and Foreign Bible Society first moved in the matter, and entrusted the translation to Professor Pozniseff, of the University of St. Petersburg. It is stated from Beirut too that the Sultan of Turkey has approved of thirty-two editions of the Scriptures in Arabic, allowing them to be "sold, distributed, or shipped, without let or hindrance." In Damascus also the officials have authorised a large number of copies.

Comets.—One of the two periodical comets which, as was mentioned in the February number of the "Leisure Hour," was known to be due again in the present summer, was detected at the Royal Observatory, Cape of Good Hope, on the evening of the 3rd of August. Before that time it was only above the horizon during daylight, and as it is still moving farther to the south, it will, on the present occasion, be visible only in the southern hemisphere, and that probably for not more than a few weeks. This, which is Encke's comet, was nearest the sun on 28th of June, and nearest the earth on the 31st of July, when its distance from us was about sixty-six millions of miles. A new comet has been discovered by Mr. Sawerthal at the Cape Observatory on the 18th of February, and was for some time visible to the naked eye, though never conspicuous. It was nearest the sun on the 17th of March, and has since then been continuously getting fainter, excepting that a remarkable temporary increase of brightness occurred about the 21st of May, which was noticed at many observatories, including Greenwich. If this comet ever returns to the neighbourhood of the centre of our system, it

will not be until after the lapse of several thousands of years. Another new telescopic comet was discovered in America on the 7th of August. The other periodical comet to which we referred is that called Faye's, from having been first discovered by M. Faye at Paris in the year 1843. Its period is about 7½ years in length; it was seen about the end of 1880, and detected again at the Nice Observatory on the morning of the 10th of August.—W. T. LYNN.

Maclay, the Polynesian Coloniser.—The death in St. Petersburg of M. de Miklouho-Maclay, the well-known Russian traveller, took place recently. He was only in his forty-second year. He strenuously advocated the foundation of a Russian colony in New Guinea. On his return to Russia he declared in his lectures that this colonisation was to be the chief object of the rest of his life, but after the rejection of a project which he drew up on the subject by the Ministry for Foreign Affairs, he was unable to enlist any official patronage in favour of the scheme. Maclay came of half Scotch, half Cossack parentage. He was educated in St. Petersburg and attended the University lectures. About 1860 he completed his education in Germany, and in 1866 he started on his travels in the Pacific. He was popularly known among Russians as "King of the Papuans." He strongly denounced the disguised "slave-trade" in the Pacific by Australian planters for the Queensland sugar estates.

Scepticism.—Any fool can doubt. The smaller a man's mind is, and the less it has in it, the more easy it is to make a man an unbeliever. With very little trouble a few objections to Christian revelation can be got up, and the sceptic passes for clever among the ignorant. Thoughtful well-informed believers pity him, for they know all that he knows, they have heard it all, perhaps, before he was born; but they know more than he; they know the replies, they know the strength of the fortress, while he knows only the smartness of one or two assaults, which have been repulsed and have left the walls unbreached.

There are other sceptics who wish to be free to take their own course in life. The claims of religion interfere with their unlawful pleasures and sinful pursuits. They have sense enough to know that it would be folly to admit the great truths of revelation, and to go on as if there were no such truths. So they are glad to silence their consciences by doubting whether the evidences of religion are sure; welcoming doubts, and taking the statements of unbelief without honest examination.

But there are others who are honest doubters. They would gladly accept truths which they find it difficult to believe. They are sad and anxious, and no light seems to come to them. Let such be assured that if any man is willing to follow the light given to him, and to do the will of God as far as it is made known, he shall not be left without light enough to guide his steps. And as he goes forward with a sincere purpose to be right and to do right, he shall find the shadows clear away from before him. Faith shall feel firmer ground on which to rest, and shall see its object with more and more certainty. And the path of duty shall grow plainer, lit up by light from heaven. The dawn of truth on the soul is like the dawn of daylight, gradual and slow, but to those who have eyes to look for it, sure.—*Daily Life*, an admirable series of short practical essays by the author of the "Daily Round." (J. Whitaker, 12, Warwick Lane.)

Stratford-on-Avon Borough Mace.—At a reception given at Burlington House by Dr. John Evans, F.R.S., President of the Society of Antiquaries, one of the chief attractions was a collection of municipal and other maces, lent by the mayors and corporations of most of the principal cities and boroughs of the kingdom. Many of the maces were remarkable for their antiquity, or for peculiarity of design and ornament; the little Cornish borough of Marazion sent a pair of silver maces, dated 1590, of singular form, with conical heads and iron cores. The great mace of York, dated 1647, is a fine and singular example, with Virtues in the panels of the head, and leafwork knobs to the shaft. The silver parcel-gilt mace of the Tower Ward in the City of London, dated 1671, is a peculiar example, with its head in the form of a model of

the White Tower. In other maces the interest was as much historical as artistic. Such is the great mace of Stratford-on-Avon, of the Commonwealth period, remodelled from one given in 1632. Round the head are shields with the cross of St. George and the Irish harp. The coronet is formed of a looped cable with small shields, and has on the band, "The Freedom of England by God's Blessing Restored 1660." This date was substituted at the Restoration for 1653, when it represented the Lord Protector, Oliver Cromwell. The silver mace of Kingston-on-Hull is a plain one, also of the Commonwealth period. Its top originally bore the "State's arms" with the date 1651, but at the Restoration the plate was turned over and engraved with the Royal arms. The oldest mace exhibited was that of a Yorkshire town, dating from the reign of Henry VI. Previous to that time the mace was a military weapon only, and gradually the civic mace replaced the ancient tool, as law superseded force, and might gave way to right.

Atmospheric Phenomenon.—A very unusual atmospheric phenomenon was witnessed in the Channel on one of the cold days in July, when the atmosphere became rarefied to such an extraordinary degree that objects could be discerned with remarkable distinctness at a distance of between thirty and forty miles from Dover and Folkestone. The lighthouse at Cape Grisnez, Calais, and the dome of the cathedral and Napoleon's column at Boulogne could be distinctly seen with the naked eye, and every prominent object could be picked out along the French coast. The distance from Dover to Boulogne as the crow flies is twenty-eight miles.

"Company Director" Supply Company (Limited).—This Company has already acquired the life interest in a large number of noblemen and gentlemen, and is prepared to supply single directors or full boards on reasonable terms. The prospectus of this Company will be issued on Saturday, July 14th, and will be forwarded, post free, on receipt of three halfpenny stamps, by the promoter.—Address L. Rat, Esq., Eastcheap, London, E.C.—*Standard*, July 12th, 1888.

Royal Navy Club of 1765 and 1785.—At a special meeting of the members of two ancient clubs "the Navy Club," formerly of "the Thatched House Tavern," and the Royal Navy Club of 1765, formerly the Navy Society, it was cordially agreed to unite the two clubs under the title above given. The anniversaries of famous victories of the navy in the great wars of last century will henceforth, as in past times, be commemorated by the gallant successors of the men who upheld the honour of the navy, in defence of the kingdom, in the days of the "wooden walls" of old England.

Literary Remuneration Extraordinary.—The largest amount ever received by an author, or his representative, appears to be the remuneration for the "Life of General Grant." It is said that out of the 312,000 copies of this biography which have been sold, the estimated profits exceed 706,600 dollars, of which Mrs. Grant has received 70 per cent.—a sum equal to £98,924. This amount is more than four times the remuneration which Lord Macaulay received for his "History of England."

The Chairs of Great Men.—The interesting collection of chairs formed by the late Mr. George Godwin, recently noticed, was sold by auction at his late residence in Cornwall Place. The chair said to have been the one in which Shakespeare wrote was the chief attraction in the sale, and such was the contest for its possession that it brought the considerable sum of 120 guineas, but who the purchaser was the auctioneer declined to inform his audience. The auctioneer read several documents to prove the authenticity of the chair, and stated that it was once sold at Sotheby's, the well-known auctioneers of libraries, on March 1st, 1777, when it belonged to Paul Whitehead, the Poet-Laureate of that day. Gay's chair sold for 30 guineas. A drawing of this was in the "Illustrated News," October 27th, 1849. Lytton Bulwer's chair, which was illustrated in the "Builder" with several others of the collection, sold for 13 guineas. Theodore Hook's chair, with a curious back revolving so as to serve as a table, sold for 19 guineas. The Anne Boleyn

chair, notwithstanding the auctioneer declared it was the chair in which she had sat to be adored by her lover, went for 10½ guineas. Wordsworth's fire-screen went for 6 guineas. Sir Walter Raleigh's chair only fetched 2 guineas. Pope's chair sold for 5½ guineas. Lady Morgan's scarcely brought more than its value in a broker's store. Lord Byron's would have fetched the same price, 2½ guineas, called by any other name. But the simple bamboo of Mrs. Siddons, which it was stated the great actress sat in when she studied, sold for 7 guineas. Mrs. Browning's elegant embroidered chair only brought 5 guineas, Thackeray's comfortable seat only 3½ guineas, Walter Savage Landor's 3½ guineas, and Dr. Watts's quaint old oak chair also sold for 3½ guineas; while Charles II.'s chair, embroidered with the arms of Great Yarmouth, brought 10 guineas.

Coaching Feat.—On Friday, July 13th, the "Old Times" Brighton coach was driven from White Horse Cellars to Brighton and back for a wager of £1,000 to £500, that the matter could not be accomplished in eight hours. The proprietors of the coach accepted the bet in the interests of Mr. James Selby, with the resolve that, if they won, the £1,000 should be presented to that well-known driver. The proprietors of the coach accompanied the team, with only a few friends. Mr. James Selby, the whip, has driven the "Old Times" for many years, and is well known on the Brighton road, for the past 20 years having taught more men to drive in England than any man in the kingdom. Mr. Percy Edwards, watchmaker, of Piccadilly, started the team, and the times were taken throughout by Benson's chronograph. The start was effected from Hatcher's Hotel punctually at 10 a.m. The police did all they could to keep the road clear, and soon after the start 12 miles an hour was kept up. Streatham (Horse and Groom) was reached at 10.28, and the horses changed in 47 seconds, some of the gentlemen getting off and assisting in performing the feat. Everywhere the coach was enthusiastically cheered. West Croydon was passed at 10.45. In passing Croydon a uniform pace of 13 miles an hour was maintained. At the Windsor Castle, at Purley Bottom, another change of teams took place, which occupied 1min. 55sec. The roads after leaving Redhill at times became heavy, but nevertheless a good pace was maintained throughout, increasing at times, between Earlswood and Horley, to 20 miles an hour. Horley was reached at 11.51½ and Crawley at 12.11. Here the only hitch occurred through the level crossing gates being closed, but the coach was allowed to go on after a delay of only about two minutes. The coach arrived at the Old Ship at 1hr. 56min. 10sec., having accomplished the journey just under four hours. The stay at Brighton was only momentary. The horses were merely turned round and a few telegrams handed up. One to Captain Blyth, from the Duke of Beaufort, read—"Thank you much; sorry could not go; fine fresh day. Hope 6 o'clock will find you at the Cellars. Sharp work.—BEAUFORT." The whip proceeded to work, and drove off amid the cheers of a large crowd at Brighton. The party came back by the same route. Every one made way, and at numerous places *en route* bouquets were thrown on the coach. Stoppages were made at the Kennels, Friars Oak, Cuckfield, Peas Pottage, Horley, Merstham, Purley Bottom, and Streatham, to change teams, and ultimately Selby brought his party safe to town in splendid style, arriving at Piccadilly at 5.50, or ten minutes under the stipulated time to win the bet. Many members of the Coaching Club and naval and military officers were present and greatly cheered Selby on his success.

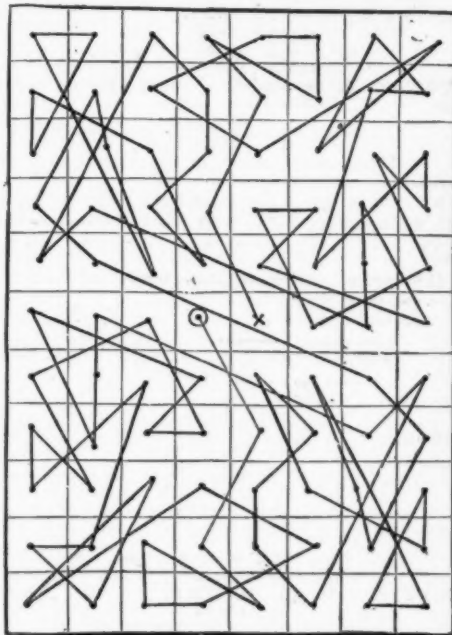
Astronomical Almanac for October.

1	M	☾ rises 6.2 A.M.	17	W	☾ rises 6.29 A.M.
2	T	Lyra S. 5.45 P.M.	18	T	Daybreak 4.37 A.M.
3	W	Clock after ☽ 11m. 38s.	19	F	Full ☽ 9.9 P.M.
4	T	Mars sets 7.52 P.M.	20	S	Twilight ends 6.48 P.M.
5	F	New ☽ 2.34 P.M.	21	S	21 SUN. AFTER TRINITY
6	S	☽ least distance from ☉	22	M	☽ greatest distn. from ☉
7	S	19 SUN. AFTER TRINITY	23	T	☽ sets 4.49 P.M.
8	M	☽ sets 5.31 P.M.	24	W	Mich. Law Sittings begin
9	T	☽ rises 6.16 A.M.	25	T	☽ rises 6.43 A.M.
10	W	Jupiter sets 7.5 P.M.	26	F	Pisces S. 11.0 P.M.
11	T	Cygnus S. 7.14 P.M.	27	S	Clock after ☽ 16m. 7s.
12	F	☽ 1 Quarter 5.29 A.M.	28	S	22 SUN. AFTER TRINITY
13	S	Fire Insurance expires	29	M	☽ 3 Quarter 1.56 A.M.
14	S	20 SUN. AFTER TRINITY	30	T	Venus sets 5.42 P.M.
15	M	Saturn rises 6.19 A.M.	31	T	Aries S. 11.20 P.M.
16	T	☽ sets 5.4 P.M.	31	W	☽ sets 4.34 P.M.

Symmetrical Puzzles.

The first correct key to No. III. received was from Mr. Robert J. Townley, of Dublin.

KEY TO PUZZLE NO. III.



Thus the birch canoe was builded
In the valley, by the river,
In the bosom of the forest;
And the forest's life was in it,
All its mystery and its magic,
All the lightness of the birch tree,
All the toughness of the cedar,
All the larch's supple sinews;
And it floated on the river,
Like a yellow leaf in autumn,
Like a yellow water-lily.

—Longfellow's "Song of Hiawatha."

The puzzle we give next also contains an extract from Longfellow. As before, the name of the reader who first sends a symmetrical figure indicating the right order of the syllables will be printed.

SYMMETRICAL PUZZLE NO. IV.

ter	ge	on	thered	cret	like	en	shak	if
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ther	wa	be	flows	a	chance	in	is	for
ver	some	care	and	ments	so	are	of	life
o	drops	ble	less	mo	that	full	the	when
its	it	word	peb	tion	mo	e	there	heart

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